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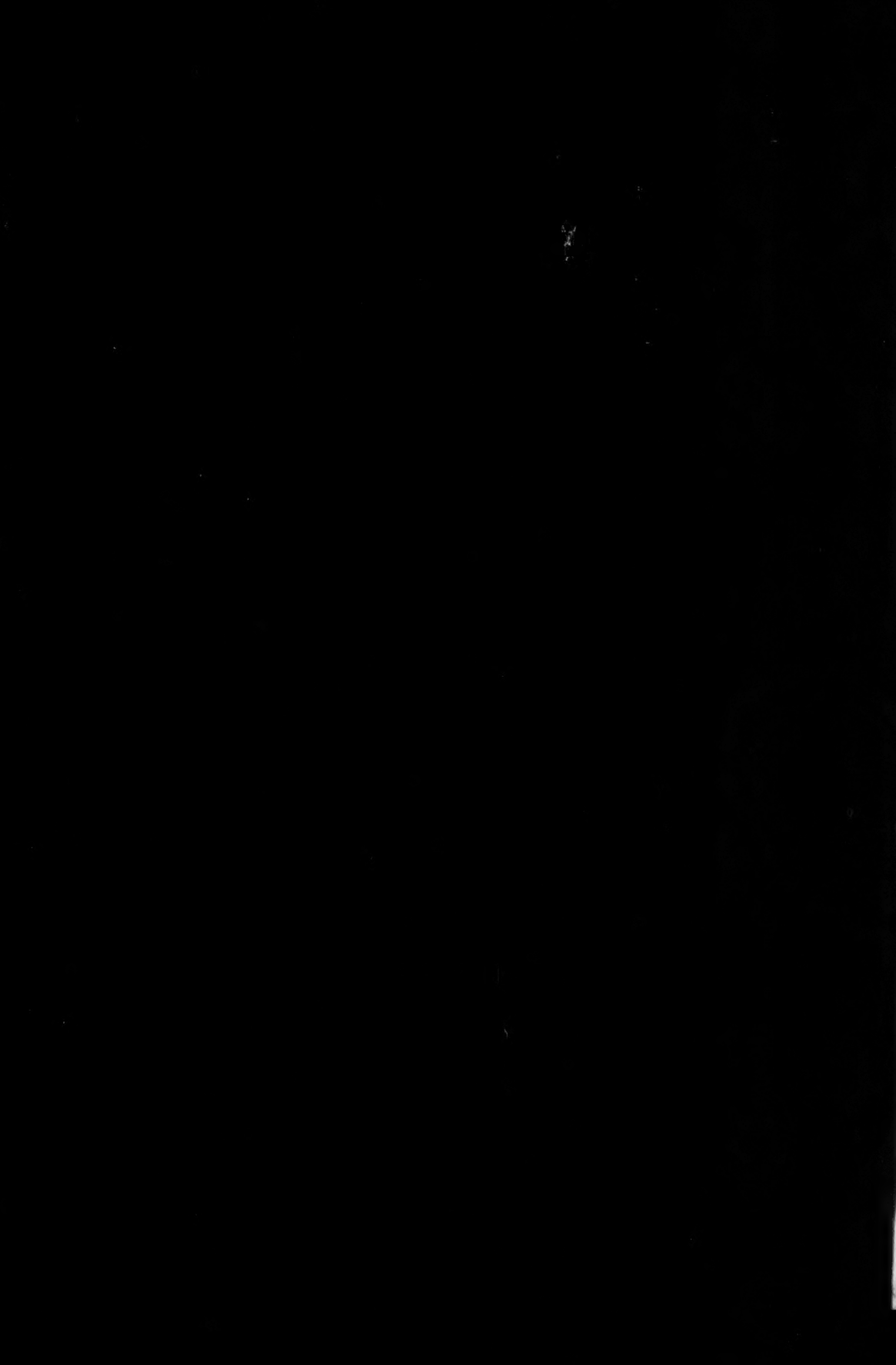
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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1907

SIN, SACRIFICE, AND ATONEMENT IN
THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD,
AND THE CROSS OF CHRIST

I.

‘THE primitive Christian community called Jesus its Lord,’ says Harnack, ‘because He had brought the sacrifice of His life for it, and because it was convinced that He, raised from the dead, was now sitting at God’s right hand’ (*Das Wesen des Christentums*, p. 97). In regarding the death of Jesus as a sacrifice the apostles had the warrant of the teaching of Jesus. ‘If we add,’ says Harnack, ‘that Jesus Himself described His death as a service, which He rendered to the many, and that He founded for it by a solemn transaction a continuous remembrance—I see no reason to doubt this fact—then we understand how this death, the shame of the Cross, must be moved to the central position’ (*ibid.* p. 101). He advances, as confirming this belief, three considerations, of which only the first now concerns us. ‘We will *first* of all,’ he says, ‘remind ourselves of a quite universal fact of religious history. Those who judged His death as sacrificial soon ceased to offer to God any other bloody offering whatever. This death,’ he continues, ‘had the

worth of a sacrificial death; for otherwise it had not had the power to invade and possess that inner world, out of which the bloody offerings came; but it was no sacrificial death as the others, otherwise it could not have made an end of them; it superseded them by consummating them' (ibid. p. 99). Christian thought on the Atonement has, following the example of the New Testament writers, connected the death of Christ almost exclusively with the sacrificial ritual of the Old Testament; the problem that this statement of Harnack's brings before us is the relation of the death of Christ to the sacrifices of the other religions of the world. There are two reasons why we should occupy our thought with the solution of this problem. First of all it should be, not a hindrance, but an encouragement to the world-wide missionary enterprise, if we are able to show that Christ on His Cross fulfilled not only law and prophecy, but the deepest desires and loftiest aspirations of the religions of the world. Secondly, the study of comparative religions has sometimes been used to discredit distinctively Christian beliefs; it is argued that, if any beliefs at all similar can be pointed out in other religions, all alike may be rejected as superstition. Now so long as the Christian apologist holds the position that all other religions are altogether false, and that the Christian alone is in all parts true, he lays himself open to this kind of attack. This argument is to be met by recognizing the truth, and respecting the worth of all other religions, in so far as these really do express the religious desire and effort of mankind; and then showing how the imperfect, inadequate expression is transformed and consummated in the Christian faith. The writer's study of the religions of the world has resulted in a much more sympathetic and appreciative attitude to the religious thought and life of mankind, and consequently to a more decided conviction that in dealing with Christian truth theologians will do well to acquaint themselves with the teaching of other faiths. This will not disprove, but confirm their certainty that to Christ

alone belongs the name above every other name, the name in which alone is salvation, complete, assured, final for all mankind.

It is not necessary here to prove that all the writers of the New Testament agree in regarding the death of Christ as a sacrifice, and apply to it many of the terms of the sacrificial ritual of the Old Testament. Neither is it necessary here to trace in detail the development of sacrifice in the Hebrew nation and Jewish Church. A summary statement must suffice. In the Judaism of the time of our Lord, the conception of sacrifice as *penal substitution* was prominent. In the priestly code the idea of *atonement* is put in the foreground; the *guilt* and *sin offering* receive special attention. In the earlier ritual the *thank offering* (a sacrificial meal) and the *burnt offering*, as expression of gratitude and dedication to God, have a larger place. The idea of *propitiation*, either as retaining favour, or as averting displeasure by a gift, is not absent. The *covenant sacrifice* represents a very primitive stage of development. This ritual, however, cannot be understood apart from the history of sacrifice generally, to which we now turn.

II.

(1) The older view of the origin of sacrifice was that it was instituted by God directly as an element in the primitive revelation given to man; but this view is now generally abandoned, and it is recognized that God did give man the capacity of religion, but that the beliefs and customs have passed through many stages of development, not without God's illumination and direction of the soul of man in its upward movement. Recognizing, then, a human origin for the institution of sacrifice, but not realizing adequately how lowly must have been the beginning of man's religious history, some thinkers have traced the deliberate institution of sacrifice to the one or the other of two motives; (1) man's sense of sin and desire

for God's pardon moving him to offer a substitute for himself to expiate his guilt; (2) man's sense of dependence on God and desire to express his gratitude and obedience seeking expression in an act of homage. But both of these theories assume too advanced a moral conscience and a religious consciousness at the beginning of the institution.

These theories are framed from the standpoint of the developed religion of revelation; and we must rather turn to the earlier stages of other religions to discover the simple and often rude forms assumed by the religious thought and life of mankind. One of the most obvious explanations is this, that just as the worshipper was pleased to get gifts, so he believed that his god would be, and as he tried to please men with offerings, so he endeavoured to please his god. This view is undoubtedly confirmed by the prophetic denunciation of the popular belief about sacrifices. 'Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, and with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?' (Mic. vi. 6, 7). The conception of sacrifice as a pleasing gift here passes into the later conception of it as expiation for sin. This view was criticized also by Cicero, a proof that it was common in classical antiquity. 'Let not the impious dare to appease the gods with gifts. Let them hearken to Plato, who warns them that there can be no doubt of what God's disposition toward them will be, since even a good man will refuse to accept presents from the wicked' (quoted by Paterson in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, iv. p. 331). Herbert Spencer connects this view with his own peculiar theory of the origin of religion in ghost-worship. 'The origin of the practice is to be found in the custom of leaving food and drink at the graves of the dead, and as the ancestral spirit rose to divine rank the refreshments placed for the dead

developed into sacrifices' (ibid.). While this theory explains many of the offerings presented in sacrifice, it does not explain how such importance is attached to the blood of the victim, and why sacrifice so often assumes the form of a common meal.

The *table-bond* theory is based on the very general custom of showing friendship, and even forming compacts, by eating and drinking together; in the sacrificial meal the worshipper and the object of his worship strengthened the bonds of friendship, confirmed the covenant between them. But inasmuch as the sacrificial meal consists in partaking of animal flesh, which is not the common diet of the worshippers, this theory does not appear to offer quite an adequate explanation of the origin of the institution, although it does interpret aright its intention at a later stage of development.

(2) This theory was developed by the late W. Robertson Smith into what may be described as the theory of a *materialistic sacramental communion of the deity and his worshippers*. This view assumes that sacrifice has its roots in *totemism*. The most primitive form of society was that of the clan or tribe, the members of which were bound to one another by common blood. As a rule different clans were hostile to one another, but they might make an alliance with one another by means of the blood-covenant, in which by the mingling of blood in various forms their blood became common. The different kinds of animals and plants around were thought of in the same way, as having a unity similar to that of the clan or tribe. To them also there might be hostility or affinity. Alliance was sought with a kind believed to possess supernatural power, or even the greatest supernatural power among other kinds so endowed. A kind thus revered is a *totem*. The totem animal is regarded and treated as a kinsman; and as one of the first moral obligations recognized in primitive society is to respect the blood of the kin, so the life of the totem animal was sacred. The human clansman also became a member of the totem clan, as is shown

by the practice of 'dressing in the skin or other part of the totem animal, arranging his hair and mutilating his body so as to resemble the totem' (Frazer) at the great crises of life, when the protection of the totem is most desired. At death the clansman was supposed to assume the totem animal's form. This affinity of the human and animal clansmen was explained by a common ancestor, conceived as animal and not human. As an alliance with another clan involved a mingling of blood, an individual in each clan being able to represent his whole clan in the rite of blood-brotherhood, so 'the blood of the totem species as a whole might be communicated to the person or thing over which the blood of any individual of the species was allowed to flow.' But the blood as the soul or spirit is, 'if not the totem god, at any rate that in which he, as the spirit or soul of the species, resides, and by which his presence may be conveyed into any person or thing. When, therefore, a totem clan required the presence of its supernatural ally, the procedure, we may say the ritual, to be adopted was obvious: the blood of a totem animal must be shed' (Jevons' *Introduction to the History of Religion*, pp. 130, 131). This was the beginning of sacrifice. As the sacred blood must on no account be spilt upon the ground, a heap of stones, a pole, or a pillar received it; and this was the primitive altar. 'The eating of the victim was part of the sacrificial rite.' The common features of this sacrificial meal are these: (1) 'the victim must be consumed there and then.' (2) 'As the rite originally was a blood-covenant, or the renewal thereof between the totem clan and its supernatural ally, the primitive usage required the presence of every clansman.' The eating was regarded as 'communication and communion with spiritual beings,' that is, the totem god; but 'it is not the natural but the supernatural qualities of the totem that the savage wishes to assimilate,' in order that he may overcome the evil spirits that threaten him. 'It is not at all times but once a year that the feast is held' (ibid. pp. 144-154).

As pestilence, famine, or war demanded that the help of the supernatural ally should be summoned, the annual rite came to be supplemented by other sacrifices. As the taste for flesh-food developed, these sacrifices became still more common; and as the transition from the pastoral to the agricultural stage loosened the bonds of the clan, the totem lost some of its sanctity, and so the sacrifice its solemnity, becoming a festival of rejoicing. The annual sacrificial rite, however, was maintained in its ancient form, invested with its former awe; and came gradually to be regarded as an atonement for the sins of the people, especially if the community fell from prosperity into any calamity. In order that the offended god might be the more thoroughly appeased, the whole victim was burned, and so conveyed to him.

As man distinguished himself more and more from the animals around him, and forgot the kinship that totemism assumed, in order to make the propitiation as effective as possible, a human took the place of an animal victim; if not, the animal was regarded as a substitute for the human sacrifice. 'This primitive, annual, nocturnal rite was also revived in the mysteries of the ancient world' (*ibid.* p. 162). On this theory, which has been stated as it is most persuasively expounded by Jevons, Professor Paterson (*Hastings' Bible Dictionary*, iv. p. 331) pronounces this opinion: 'As to whether we may regard as primitive the totemistic conceptions of the divine-human affinity of animals, and of the assimilation of the divine life through eating the totem, there is grave reason for doubt.' 'The main body of English anthropologists refuse to regard it as primitive, while in France the hypothesis has been subjected to close and learned criticism.' That these ideas have been prevalent in connexion with sacrifice is not denied; what is denied is that they were primitive and universal. 'Some have seen in this totem sacrifice the origin of all other sacrifices. But admitting the existence of this primitive sacramental system, there is not enough evidence to prove that sacrifice in all its details was

developed from it. It is only one of a group of kindred ideas in the whole system of primitive worship' (Macculloch's *Comparative Theology*, p. 176).

(3) It is probable that this account of sacrifice is too exclusive, and that other conceptions and motives must be recognized in its development. 'In the sacrificial observances of all religions three distinct ideas are to be observed as most prominent and definite, viz. sacrifice as a thank-offering, sacrifice as a gift to the god to obtain his favour, and sacrifice as an atonement. It appears probable (for the origin of sacrifice must always be more or less problematic) that this division represents also the steps in the development of the sacrificial cult, the more complex growing out of the more simple.' 'The thank-offerings to the gods proceeding from glad and thankful people, and the offering them gifts to obtain a specific boon, suggested that the barrier of sin might be removed and the sin expiated by such a gift' (ibid. p. 160). As an instance of the first kind of sacrifice may be mentioned the offering of the firstfruits by the Basutos, with the words: 'Thank you, gods, give us bread to-morrow also' (p. 163). The second kind has its motive frankly revealed in the classic phrases $\Delta\omega\mu\alpha\ \theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon\varsigma\ \pi\epsilon\lambda\theta\epsilon\iota$, *do ut des*. In the *Rig Veda* 'Indra is represented as saying: "I have verily resolved to bestow cows and horses; I have drunk the soma"' (p. 165). In the Babylonian hymns the formula is often used, 'He offers sacrifices; the lifting up of his hands finds favour with the gods' (p. 166). The sacrifices offered in times of disaster to change the anger of the gods into favour form the transition to the third kind of sacrifices, in which atonement is made for sin. This involves a moral and a religious development; the sense of sin must have deepened, and the conception of the gods must have been moralized. 'With the growing sense of sin, the vicarious nature of the sacrifice predominates; the worshipper sets some creature in his place by whose sufferings and death he is punished by proxy, and his guilt is pardoned. This idea is exactly

expressed in the Greek word ἀντίψυχος, "given for a life" (p. 168).

The idea of averting by sacrifice the anger of the gods on account of sin is expressed by Homer: 'Even the gods themselves can be moved from their purpose, even these, when any one may transgress or err, do men move from anger by sacrifice' (*Iliad*, IX). And the idea of substitution is expressed in Vergil's words: 'Unum pro multis dabitur caput' (*Aeneid*, V. 815), and still more beautifully in the words which Sophocles puts into the mouth of the King Oedipus:

For e'en for myriads, I suppose, one soul
Might do this service, if its will were true
(quoted by Macculloch, p. 171).

In one of the Babylonian Psalms the worshipper confesses:—

His limbs are sick, sick and in sickness he lies,
O sun-god, utter thy voice at the lifting up of my hands;
and then the priest intercedes for him, addressing the god:—

Eat his food, receive his sacrifice, show thyself his god,
By thine order let his sin be pardoned, his transgression
removed

(Sayce's *Hibbert Lecture*, p. 172). Legge quotes from 'the *Shu*, a document of the date B.C. 1766,' the words of T'ang, a Chinese ruler: 'When guilt is found anywhere in you who occupy the myriad regions, let it rest on me, the One man. When guilt is found in me, the One man, it shall not attach to you who occupy the myriad regions.' When there was a great drought or famine, and it was suggested at last by some one that a human victim should be offered in sacrifice to Heaven, and prayer made for rain, T'ang said: 'If a man must be the victim, I will be he.' His sacrifice was not required, as in response to his prayer 'a copious rain fell' (*Religions of China*, pp. 54, 55).

In the *Rig Veda* there is this hymn for forgiveness and sinlessness: 'Aditi, Mitra, and also Varuna, forgive, if we have committed any sin against you! May I obtain the wide, fearless light, O Indra. May not the long darkness come over us! May Aditi grant us sinlessness' (Max Müller's *Hibbert Lecture*, p. 231). It must be admitted, however, that the conception of sacrifice as atoning is not prominent in Indian religion; it is usually offered to gain a boon. Of the Celts of Gaul Caesar writes: 'They consider that, unless man's life be given for man's life, the divinity of the immortal gods cannot otherwise be appeased' (quoted in Macculloch, p. 173). 'It was an axiom among the Aztecs that none but human sacrifices were truly efficacious.' 'They had a system of confession, in which the priest received the statement of the penitent, laid a penance on him, and assured him of the pardon of the gods' (Reville's *Hibbert Lecture*, pp. 92, 104). According to Macculloch (op. cit. p. 172) this penance consisted in procuring and offering a slave in his stead. The conception of physical communion with the deity in sacrifice was prominent. 'At the third great festival in honour of Uitzilopochtli (celebrated at the time of his death), they made an image of the deity in dough, steeped it in the blood of sacrificed children, and partook of the pieces. In the same way the priests of Tlaloc kneaded statuettes of their god in dough, cut them up, and gave them to eat to patients suffering from the diseases caused by the cold and wet. The statuettes were first consecrated by a small sacrifice. And so, too, at the yearly festival of the god of fire, Xiuhtecutli, an image of the deity, made of dough, was fixed in the top of a great tree, which had been brought into the city from the forest. At a certain moment the tree was thrown down, on which, of course, the idol broke to pieces, and the worshippers all scrambled for a bit of him to eat' (ibid. p. 102). As consecrated to the deity, the victim comes to be identified with it. 'Almost everywhere, but especially among the Aztecs, we find the notion that the victim devoted to a

deity, and therefore destined to pass into his substance and to become by assimilation an integral part of him, is already co-substantial with him, has already become part of him.' Thus the sacrifice may become a sacrament, even where there is no direct evidence of the influence of totemistic ideas. 'The worshipper in his turn, by himself assimilating a part of the victim's flesh, unites himself in substance with the divine being' (ibid. p. 89, 90). A further step is taken when, as in Hindu mythology, creation itself is conceived as the sacrifice of a deity:—

Purusha gods and holy men made their oblation,
With Purusha as victim, they performed
A sacrifice. When they divided him,
How did they cut him up? What was his mouth?
What were his arms? and what his thighs and feet?
The Brahman was his mouth, the kingly soldier
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
The servile Sudra issued from his feet.

(Quoted in Monier Williams' *Hinduism*, p. 31.)

Elsewhere, as well as in Israel, the system of sacrifice, which had a religious and moral motive, sunk into a soulless, conscienceless ritualism; sacrifice, instead of being a confession of, became a substitute for, heart-contrition. Hence its inefficacy came to be recognized. Porphyry expresses the need of many hearts in the words: 'There was wanting some universal method of delivering men's souls, which no sect of philosophy had ever yet found out' (quoted by Macculloch, p. 177).

III.

It is impossible to treat this universal practice of sacrifice as a superstition. Against the outward forms our consciences may and must revolt, but its inmost essence must command our respect. As the expression, however crude, of man's gratitude, submission, and penitence towards the divine, it is both religious and moral. The conception of sacrifice as expiation, propitiation, atone-

ment is an advance, not a relapse. It implies a closer connexion between morality and religion, and a progressive development of each. That sin deserves punishment, and that the innocent may suffer for the guilty, are ideas so universal and permanent, that they cannot be contemptuously dismissed. The revolt of the higher moral conscience and religious consciousness of the race, as seen in its prophets, against the formalism and externalism of the sacrificial ritual, must not be taken to be a condemnation of the essential ideas expressed in sacrifice, but against their degradation and perversion.

Is not the broken and contrite heart substituted by the Psalmist for burnt offerings? (Psalm li). When Micah (vi. 8) opposes to sacrifice the divine requirement: 'to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God,' he fails fully to meet the soul's need. Deeper depths of the human are fathomed, and higher heights of the divine are scaled, when the Prophet of the Exile depicts the Suffering Servant of Jehovah as bearing the sin of many, and making intercession for the transgressors, as made by God an offering for sin (Isaiah liii). The purely forensic conception of an external substitution, and an equivalent penalty, even if it was the current conception of sacrifice in Judaism in the time of Christ, must not be taken as an adequate explanation of what sacrifice has meant in human history. It is evident that for Jesus Himself His vocation was defined by the ideal of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah; and that, in so identifying Himself in love with the sinful race as to suffer vicariously for it, He not only presented to God the sacrifice of an obedient will, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews insists on (x. 7), but also the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, which the Psalmist claims as God's acceptable offering. In self-identification with man through sympathy and with God in submission, He combines the perfect human penitence for, and the perfect divine condemnation on, the sin of mankind in the act of enduring the penalty of sin, the darkness and desolation of death.

In this actual endurance alone could both the human penitence and the divine condemnation be finally expressed. We may spiritualize and moralize without rejecting the meaning with which the conscience of mankind has invested sacrifice, as expiating, propitiating, atoning; and so may find ourselves in accord with Paul's interpretation of the Cross.

The reference to the covenant sacrifice in the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the eating the bread and the drinking the wine in remembrance of Christ, connect with His death another circle of religious ideas, to which so far inadequate justice has been done by Protestant dogmatics.

In the ideas of totemism and its sacrificial meal, we may find suggestions to be purified and elevated in the interpretation of the Cross. The kinship between the divine and the human conceived physically in totemism must be thought of spiritually and ethically, as God's fatherhood and man's sonship. The affinity of life in the deity, the victim, and the worshippers in the sacrificial meal is transfigured in the oneness of God and man in Jesus Christ; as kin to God and man this sacrifice is both God's and man's. The partaking of the flesh and blood of the victim, and thus the assimilation of the divine life by man, prefigures the mystic union of the sinner and the Saviour, whereby in Christ he dies unto sin, and rises again unto God. For us not the blood, but the Spirit is the life, so that they who have the Spirit of the Crucified and Risen Christ are one with Him, and in Him one with God; they themselves condemn and renounce the sin which in Christ has been forgiven.

It is significant that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper should thus link the fulfilment of all sacrifices with one of the earliest, if not the earliest form. A study of the religions of the world will probably not justify the attitude of unbelieving Jew or scoffing Greek, but of the Christian apostle, to whom Christ crucified is the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation.

A. E. GARVIE.

ITALY'S TRIBUTE TO GARIBALDI

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.)

Giuseppe Garibaldi: Memorie. Edizione Diplomatica dall' autografo definitivo. A cura di ERNESTO NATHAN. (Torino: Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale. 1907.)

Giuseppe Garibaldi: Scritti Politici e Militari, Ricordi e Pensieri Inediti. Raccolti su Autografi, Stampe, e Manoscritti da Domenico Ciampoli. (Roma: ENRICO VOGHERA, Editore. 1907.)

IN the preface to his vivid and exhaustive volume on *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, Mr. Trevelyan tells us that he did not prepare and publish the book with any special reference to the fact that the present year is 'the centenary of Garibaldi's birth, which took place on July 4, 1807. The coincidence,' says this admirable writer—who seems to possess much of the brilliancy, much of the fervour, of his famous kinsman, but who happily has not the counterbalancing defects of the great Whig historian—'the coincidence may be an additional reason why some Englishmen should be curious to read about the man for whom their fathers entertained a passionate enthusiasm, pure of all taint of materialism and self-interest.' Those who can remember the hero's famous visit to England in 1864 can endorse fully the statement that the outburst of popular feeling, amounting to passion, which greeted him, 'was so universal and so overwhelming that there was nothing in the nineteenth century like it, except, perhaps, the Jubilee procession of the Queen herself.' That great

reception showed that the England which its own poet had very recently denounced for mean and murderous Mammon-worship could worship with impassioned devotion at other and nobler shrines, desiring no recompense but the joy of so doing homage to heroic greatness. Is the England of to-day too much sophisticated, too materialistic, to respond in like fashion to such a call as thrilled it more than forty years ago? 'I doubt whether we have really changed so much,' says Mr. Trevelyan.

'The chord of poetry and romance' touched by Garibaldi 'is still latent in the heart of our city populations, so far removed in their surroundings and opportunities from the scenes and actions of his life.' And to-day, as in that distant yesterday, there is something 'peculiarly captivating to the English' in the unique personality, the unique achievements, of the liberator of Southern Italy. 'The rover of great spaces of land and sea, the fighter against desperate odds; the champion of the oppressed, the patriot, the humane and generous man, all in one,' was something more than all this. It was his to make heroic failure more glorious than many a victory; to lose neither heart nor hope, when many of his fellows sank down in despair; to retire from a position of high eminence into humblest private life, 'working willingly with his hands' for daily bread, but never doubting that the time would come when the cause to which he had vowed his life should triumph, and triumph through him. And when his patient hope was realized amply, when his splendid daring achieved utmost success, and he was acclaimed dictator of the realm he had enfranchised, then, believing that the welfare of Italy would be best served so, he handed over his conquest of the land that idolized him to 'King Honestman,' Victor Emmanuel II of Savoy, the one sovereign who could be trusted to deal loyally with the Italian people both in north and south; and that done, the victorious dictator retired with unostentatious modesty into the congenial life of a simple sailor and farmer, in the rocky little isle of Caprera.

Such was the Garibaldi whom England greeted with more than royal honours in 1864.

The Garibaldi whom Italy has risen up as one man to honour and to celebrate in this centenary year of his birth had further claims on the loyal homage of true Italian hearts. His career, which came to its close in 1882, when there lacked only thirty-two days to complete his seventy-five years of life, had been a chequered one indeed, during the twenty years between his South Italian triumphs and his death in little Caprera.

There are those who have found a parallel between this inspired sailor and soldier, this fisherman's son who set a nation free, and Joan of Arc, the shepherd girl of Domrémy, who broke the English yoke from off the neck of France. The parallel goes far. This hero was requited somewhat as was that heroine, only the requital fell short of the flaming pile; the saviour of Italy was merely maimed for life. And the passion of the Italian nation for its unique hero has in it some far-off touch of wrath, of remorse, of a longing to atone to a great injured memory.

'They are beginning to appreciate him truly at last!' I said to a Garibaldian veteran, a Venetian, who had fought beside the General at Mentana, and who had come to Rome to share in Roman homage to the mighty dead.

'Too late!' said the veteran, with a look and a tone not easy to forget.

Is it too late?

Surely it is not an irrational hope which is cherished, and which has been expressed with a certain confidence by not a few Italians, who desire the true greatness and the true welfare of their lovely and illustrious land: the hope that the surprising revival of Italian enthusiasm, of Italian gratitude, for the hero who achieved Italian unity, is of the happiest augury. It has been observed that those who stand and gaze on some great work of the sculptor's art, some statue nobly majestic in its form and

attitude, will quite unconsciously straighten their own figures, assuming the stately position of the ideal shape on which their eyes are admiringly fixed. So this people, gazing with sorrowing, earnest admiration on the well-remembered lineaments of the liberator's character—the character which a hundred tongues, a hundred pens, have been toiling to describe for the Italians of to-day—may be stirred to more than admiration, to a generous emulation. This 'Hero of Two Worlds,' as he is lovingly styled in remembrance of his career in America, was sublimely, as simply, indifferent to worldly wealth—it could not be said that he scorned riches, or despised those who prized them; it was merely that these things lay wholly outside his thoughts. His entire life, as revealed in every word that fell from his pen, in every decisive action that he performed, was ruled by the worship of high ideals—the brotherhood of man, the enfranchisement of the enslaved, the uplifting of the down-trodden and oppressed, the championship of pure and holy womanhood; to these we find him devoting himself with unfaltering ardour through a very long career of restless activity. Is it not most hopeful, most encouraging, to find new Italy—now that her heroic period of strife and victory is long past, and that she is eagerly advancing on the lines of commercial, industrial, material development—stirred to impassioned enthusiasm for the great memory of one who thought, lived, strove, for moral, not for material greatness? one who, indeed, may be, and has been, charged with mistakes of judgement, with rash impetuosity, with rebellious insubordination to 'constituted authorities,' but of whom no one has dared to say that self-interest ever ruled him, or that there was the slightest taint of doubleness in his unwavering lifelong consecration of all his energies to the cause he deemed holy and sacred? This 'armed courtier of beauteous freedom' surpassed in absolute singleness of aim all those patriot heroes of old Republican Rome on whom he, like all his loyal comrades, loved to dwell. Untruth of word, untruth of deed, were not in

him. Both are too easily common among his compatriots, on whom the blighting casuistry of Papal Rome has told with disastrous effect. Well is it that they are now aroused to fresh delight in the simple, straightforward hero who regarded Papal Rome and her tricks of casuistry and chicanery with a burning scorn, that he was nowise backward in expressing.

The popular feeling of the hour finds its echo even in the comic press. The *Asino*, the humoristic paper in high vogue at Naples, which, in its unrelenting warfare on the Papal clergy, displays somewhat of the wit, and even more than the coarseness, of Boccaccio in his rude attacks on the same clergy, has risen to something like dignity on this occasion. 'Should the lion of Caprera awake—what a leap on the Vatican!' ran the legend below two coloured cartoons, which showed the hero, a colossal ghostly warrior on a steed gigantic like himself, preparing for a leap under which the vast Papal Palace, with its swarming priestly population, appeared crashing into formless ruin and destruction. The same formidable phantom shape was shown, in a later number of the *Asino*, towering with uplifted threatening hand above a council board at which the civil and the clerical powers—two very unpleasant but unmistakable symbolic mannikins—were seen laying their heads together and plotting mischief.

Nothing, be it noted in passing, would awaken fiercer resentment and disgust in the breasts of the intelligent majority of Italian men than any real *rapprochement* between the House of Savoy and the Vatican. That reconciliation, much dreamed of and hoped for in certain quarters, would be almost enough to overturn the dynasty. The streets of the cities, rich in pictorial, highly sensational advertisements, are a startling thing to study to-day; the most popular 'posters' are those which set forth, with rough but real power, the *least* odious episodes of recent transactions in which certain of the clergy are deeply implicated. It would be difficult for reputable journals to

reproduce these disgusting scandals with any verisimilitude; but the hinted horrors are enough. Popular indignation runs furiously high; and unhappily popular fury does not distinguish between the innocent and the guilty among Rome's priesthood. There has even been peril to the life of unoffending clerics; and it will be well if worse do not come of it; which would be a sequel much to be deprecated to the recent Garibaldian 'Feste' in all the great cities—Milan, Naples, Rome, the most prominent in organized rejoicings.

The Roman demonstration was intended to be, and really was, the most numerically important, and in its own way it was abundantly impressive. The arrangements made by the 'Popular Committee' in charge of the demonstrations were excellent; and their programme was an ample one. It began on the 28th of June, 1907, with a 'pilgrimage,' by special train and steamer, to the house and the tomb of the hero at Caprera.

The house is a modest, but not mean, typically Italian farmer's dwelling; the tomb, surrounded by graves of other members of the family, is merely a huge rough-hewn block of stone. The hero's express behest, in the prospect of death, has been disregarded. 'You will make for me,' he said, in 1877, 'a funeral pile of acacia-wood; you will lay on it my body, clad in the red shirt, with my face turned to the sun; and you will burn me!' But this cremation 'in the open air,' as Garibaldi had wished it to be, was thought to present insuperable material difficulties, and the 'family council,' assisted in its deliberations by intimate friends, decided on embalming the beloved remains instead. Garibaldi, to whom opposition in his cherished plans had never been lacking, met the same fate even after death. The survivors have, however, been well inspired in the rugged simplicity of the tombstone they have raised.

Monday the 1st of July was devoted to an assembling of the Federated Garibaldian Societies in the hall of the Gymnastic School, and to a gathering of Garibaldian

veterans, to lay commemorative wreaths on the graves of the brothers Cairoli, and of others who had fallen gloriously in the armed attempt to capture Rome for Italy in 1867. July 3 was distinguished by the presentation of the Garibaldian relics and treasures to the Syndic of Rome; and July 4, the hero's birthday, was observed as a great national festival. The solemnities of this day opened with the laying of the first stone for the monument to Angelo Brunetti, affectionately nicknamed 'Ciceruacchio,' Garibaldi's comrade, martyred by the Austrians in 1849. The surviving Garibaldian veterans and the delegates of popular societies, assembled in Rome, were present at this ceremony. But the event of the day was the 'pilgrimage to the Janiculum,' the hill memorable for the furious strife that raged around it in 1849, on the fatal third of June, when the attacking French and the Roman republicans met in mutual slaughter at the neighbouring Villa Corsini. Here sits in monumental bronze the General on his steed, looking down on the city which once he defended with such heroic daring—in vain!—the city which he lived to see enfranchised from priestly tyranny, and restored to its rightful position as the capital of United Italy; the city which, as a Milanese lady who sat beside me on the Janiculum proudly told me, is now 'a new Rome,' so steady is the inflow of immigrants from all parts of Italy, but chiefly from the energetic, industrial North. These new comers, who are not bound on pious pilgrimage to the 'Prisoner of the Vatican,' but on errands of business, being attracted by the swiftly-advancing commercial development of the city, come to stay; and they bring with them a breath of freedom, hope, and courage.

The Eternal City has no need to-day to look for a precarious sustenance to the sight-seeing tourists, no need to bow in meek subservience to the priestly parasites of the Vatican. The absolute domination of priest and cardinal and pope is ended. Looking on Rome from this commanding height, and seeing river and bridges

and crowding buildings bathed in the sunset glow of that memorable fourth of July, it became evident that materially as well as morally here was 'a new Rome.' That weird aspect as of a city half alive, half dead—of a feebly living, ghostly modern Rome, chained in strange Mezentian marriage to the crumbling, mouldering corpse of dead imperial Rome—is gone; and one may be bold to say it is gone for ever. A new, stately, living city spreads below us as we look from the Janiculum—a city that reverently guards the relics of its past, but will no longer feed ghoul-like amid the ruined sepulchres of perished greatness. The change will doubtless be deemed a painful one by many whose interest in the Eternal City was merely aesthetic or ecclesiastical; it will be gladly hailed by true lovers of their human brothers of Italy, by all who prize a living working man beyond a bronze or marble emperor, beyond enshrined bones of departed saint, or fading fresco from a dead master-hand.

Perhaps the procession of that day, with its mingling of red-shirted veterans and of representatives of Italian 'Popular Societies,' which made its difficult way, with waving of countless banners and clash of ever-following bands, through the enormous crowd massed on the green summit of the Janiculum, and under the shadows of its lofty encircling trees, may have lacked the imposingness of a well-ordered festal procession, such as England has often seen of late, passing through streets where the roadway was kept scrupulously clear, by police and by soldiery, and where an orderly populace, accustomed to obey the word of command, looked on well contented from its appointed position. This Italian crowd lacked the well-drilled proprieties of England, but did something to compensate that lack by its exuberant enthusiasm and its sovereign good humour. The comic element was not lacking. The majestic monument, beside whose pedestal we had posted ourselves, was guarded by red-shirted old heroes, who greeted the English strangers like long-lost well-beloved friends, and displayed the most courteous

anxiety for the comfort of the sympathizing aliens. But they were sorely overtaxed by the audacious enterprise of the Roman 'gamins' ('monelli' is the Italian synonym, and the 'monello' rivals his Parisian brother in impudent cheerful daring). Of all ages, from six to sixteen, the 'monelli,' ragged and gay, charged the Garibaldi monument, swarmed up the granite pedestal that towered high above us, and perched in scores, like city sparrows as they were, on the bronze groups at the base of the statue; till crowned and beneficent Liberty sheltered many little rebels under her outstretched arms; and the struggling shapes of French and Italian soldiers, that reproduce in life-like bronze the glorious struggles of '49, could scarce be distinguished from the bold scapegraces nixed amongst them. The Garibaldini, agile as deer, had mounted the pedestal promptly, and waged good-tempered war on the intruders, who, often dislodged, always returned to the attack; till, overborne by numbers, the defenders acquiesced in the lawlessness they could not restrain.

So it came to pass that when the procession—which had to make its way from the distant Piazza del Popolo through all the great thoroughfares of Rome, to cross the 'Garibaldi Bridge,' which we saw below us spanning the Tiber, and so by 'Via Garibaldi' to climb the Janiculum—did at last debouch in the vast arena already well packed with people, it found much living, chattering, gesticulating statuary adorning the Garibaldi monument in a quite unexpected way, not in the programme. Speeches were duly made; 'Garibaldi's Hymn,' beloved of Italy, was duly sung; but *we* could only hear the wild chorus the 'monelli' contributed to the festal music. It may be doubted if their tribute of enthusiastic praise might not have pleased the great human-hearted hero as well as any part of the programme; and whether the stern look his bronze image bends on Rome—stern with anxiety—might not have softened into that irresistible smile of his, could he have been bodily present, for these too-enterprising urchins.

The summer day was fast passing into the rich-coloured evening twilight before the great gathering broke up, and the joyous crowds streamed away in various directions. Leaning over the parapet, before we, too, descended from that historic height, we saw how Rome began to glow with universal illuminations; the distant façade of the Quirinal shone out resplendent; Ponte Garibaldi was wreathed from end to end with varicoloured electric lights; Ponte St. Angelo showed a rainbow-hued triumphal arch at its centre, from which lines of lamps followed right and left to either end of the bridge. There were grander displays to follow, which we lacked time to see; the Colosseum, the Forum Romanum, other stately relics of old Rome, were to shine fiery red with Bengal lights on succeeding evenings. The pilgrimage to Mentana, organized for July 5, we would gladly have shared. Here was the scene of the last armed attempt made by the hero, followed by six thousand Redshirts, to capture Rome for Italy; but, as he was checked, and wounded, at Aspromonte in 1862 by soldiers of his own Italy, obeying the behests of the French Emperor transmitted through Italian statesmen, so at Mentana, in the hour of victory, the fruits of victory were snatched from him by the troops of France in overwhelming numbers. 'I never could have believed,' wrote Garibaldi to Quinet the historian, 'that the soldiers of Solferino would have fought against their brothers whom with their own blood they had enfranchised; and my credulity cost me that defeat!'

Dearly did France pay, only three years later, for that treason to the cause of freedom, and that misplaced loyalty to the papacy, when, obedient to papal instigation, she plunged into the disastrous war of 1870 with Prussia. But the retributive justice of God willed that the calamity of France should achieve for Italy what her beloved, twice-foiled hero had vainly striven to secure for her. The gates of Rome opened to the troops of Victor Emmanuel, ere the echoes of the cannon of Sedan had quite died away; and the temporal power of the Pope was trampled under

the feet of the armies of Italy entering through the breach of Porta Pia into Rome.

There was no more need that the sufferer of Aspromonte should take the field for Italy.

It was quite in keeping with the whole tenor of Garibaldi's life that, utterly forgetting the evil service France had thrice rendered to the cause of Italian freedom, the grievous disasters of France should impel this 'knight-errant of humanity' to offer his puissant aid to Republican France struggling to repel the invasion of triumphant Prussia. In that tremendous strife 'shone for the last time the glorious sword of Giuseppe Garibaldi'; but it was not in mortal man, heroic though he might be, to turn aside the overrunning flood of the vast, well-armed, well-disciplined, well-commanded armies of Prussia. At the utmost, the leader of this true 'forlorn hope' had but eight thousand followers at his beck. With these he did what could be done; 'no man, no cannon of his was taken by the foe; instead, he saved a whole army division for France, and preserved for himself the right of returning his sword with honour to its sheath.'

He had not worked for gratitude or for praise. The leaders of France, ferociously proud in their hour of deepest humiliation, gave him neither; though the common people were truer of heart.

Mindful of all these things, as unwillingly we turned our steps southward and left Mentana unvisited, we mused with pleasure on the unforgetting love of all Italy for the hero who, born in the North, famous for deeds of daring and for philanthropic effort at Rome, where he served his country also in the Italian Parliament, is cherished with peculiarly impassioned love in Naples and Sicily. Would that the Southerners could in all things follow the shining example of the man they so adore!

'He was a good Christian man' was said to me earnestly by an English minister of the Established Church; the site of the beautiful little Anglican Church in Naples was a free gift made by Garibaldi during his

dictatorship; 'a very slight return,' wrote he in his deed of gift, 'for the help and friendship given by English hearts to the cause of Italy.'

The violence with which Garibaldi, like many another noble Italian, recoiled from the caricature of Christianity presented by Rome may have a little impaired the orthodoxy of his opinions on certain points; but this never affected the uprightness or the purity of his personal life, nor lessened that truly Christ-like passion which burned in him to the end, impelling him, with absolute disregard of personal interest, to live for the service of humanity, and for that alone.

In this connexion we must not omit to note the real service which Mr. Trevelyan has rendered to this great memory, by clearing up the story of Garibaldi's first marriage. The heroic, the devoted Anita was never, as has been mistakenly said, the wife of another. Betrothed against her will to an unloved suitor, she was nevertheless quite free from marriage-bonds when she threw in her lot with that of the impetuous lover who wooed and won her in their first interview, and to whose fortunes she clung with indomitable love and courage to the end of her too-brief life. The facts are now sufficiently proved.

The headlong impulsiveness which had served Garibaldi well in his first marriage served him very ill in a second, contracted in ignorance of a fatal impediment, and dissolved almost at the altar, though its *legal* annulling took thirty years to bring about.

But no vicious smirch dishonours the 'stainless shield' of one who erred not rarely in judgement, but never in purpose; and who would not endure that irreverent lips should blaspheme holy womanhood in his presence.

It is well—again we say it—for Italy, that such was the character of the man whom she still delights to honour as she honours no other.

ANNE E. KEELING.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AS A REACTION

Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures. By MARY BAKER G. EDDY. 366th Thousand. (Boston : Joseph Armstrong. 1905.)

THE leaders of the English Churches have not yet taken into serious account the spread of the Christian Science movement. It has not, I believe, reached the dignity of an item on the programme of Church Congress or Free Church Council. The new cult has commonly been regarded as merely one of the many strange exhalations that have arisen from the peculiar soil of the United States.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them,

has been accepted as an adequate explanation of Christian Science, as of Dowieism, Mormonism, and other phenomena illustrating the vagaries possible to the religious spirit. The publication of Mark Twain's indictment and of the results of the careful investigation made by Miss Georgine Milmine for *McClure's Magazine* shows that in America, at any rate, this movement is making itself felt not as a mere temporary freak but as a menace to the spiritual independence and sanity of the whole community. The *coup de grâce* was given to Dowieism by the colossal fiasco of the Prophet's invasion of New York, when his blatant claims to an almost divine authority were dissolved in the disgusted laughter of the Madison Square crowds. But the pretensions of Mrs. Eddy have hitherto suffered no eclipse, and she has gained and is gaining followers from classes untouched by the vulgar charlatanism of Dowie. Mark Twain's prediction of the imminent overwhelming of all other Churches by a Christian Science deluge is, of course, one of those aberrations

into which the lure of statistics sometimes decoys clever men. In the history of almost every religious movement there are periods of abnormally rapid growth, which, if interpreted as predicting the rate of future expansion, would justify an expectation of its near predominance. There was doubtless a time in the early history of Quakerism when an arithmetical calculation on Mark Twain's basis would have led to the conclusion that long before the twentieth century the majority of the English people would be members of the Society of Friends.

In spite, however, of the unreasonable exaggerations of some forecasts of the spread of Christian Science, there can be no doubt that its history is at least as significant a feature of the early years of the present century in America as was the Salvation Army of the later years of the nineteenth century in England. And it is no longer possible to believe that in England we shall continue to enjoy the comparative immunity that was our good fortune in the case of Dowieism and other faiths of trans-Atlantic origin. The converts made in the West End of London are already so numerous that one can scarcely say of the 'Church of Christ, Scientist,' that 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called,' while considerable progress has been made in several of those northern cities which are supposed to have little tolerance for creeds that cannot approve themselves to a robust intelligence. Newspaper editors, as a rule, are shrewd judges of the public mind, and the fact that a paper like the *London Tribune* should have thought it worth while to publish a verbatim report of a long lecture by Mr. Bicknell Young in the Albert Hall is a notable evidence of the success of the Christian Science propaganda in arresting general attention. We may as well admit that, as Mrs. Eddy's compatriots would put it, Christian Science has 'come to stay,' and not only to stay, but, for some time at least, also to grow. Within a short time there will be few towns in England in which Christian Science will not have made inroads upon the

membership of important Churches, and added a new anxiety to the task of clergy and ministers, to say nothing of the solicitude it will have caused to the guardians of the public health.

The discussion of the specific doctrines of Christian Science is the concern of writers who are especially equipped to deal with subjects on the border line of metaphysics and medicine, and will not be attempted in this article. Nor do I propose to undertake that psychological analysis of Mrs. Eddy's career for which Miss Milmine has provided such valuable material. My object is rather to call attention to the significance of the whole movement as an exemplification of a principle familiar in all such changes—the tendency to reaction.

It has been suggested¹ that this tendency may be observed at work even on the physical side of the movement; that the spread of Christian Science is in part a reaction from that belief in the power of medicines which 'has grown immensely in the mind of all modern peoples'—a belief which is not confined to town communities and sedentary populations, but may be found among American farmers, Australian squatters, and miners in new settlements. This view of the antecedent situation is, however, open to criticism. In spite of the large sale of pills and patent medicines, the belief in drugs has long been seriously on the decline in civilized countries. 'Materia Medica' occupies a less important place in the training of the physician than ever before, and the emphasis laid by professional authority on sanitation and on attention to the laws of health in matters of diet, exercise, fresh air, &c., has powerfully affected the daily habits of the general public. On the whole, the proportion of the population, even in America, which to-day spends its money on advertised drugs is probably smaller than that which half-a-century or a century ago dosed itself steadily with home-made concoctions or doctors' prescriptions.

¹ London *Nation*, April 13, 1907, p. 247.

And it is precisely those classes of the community among which the preaching of hygiene in place of drugs has made most headway that have also been most affected by the preaching of Christian Science. Thus while the adoption of these new doctrines may, in the case of certain individuals, be a reaction in some measure against their own excessive dependence upon drugs, facts will scarcely allow us to interpret the rapid spread of the new cult as a reaction against a generally increasing tendency in this direction.

It is obvious to any one who has read *Science and Health* that the teachings of Mrs. Eddy are, from a philosophical standpoint, about as far removed as one can imagine from the materialistic doctrines which have found favour in many quarters. It would probably be a mistake, however, to suppose that the acceptance of Christian Science is in any considerable degree a protest against these doctrines, for the majority of its adherents are not primarily interested in philosophical speculation and were not drawn to it by its offer to solve any philosophical problems. However that may be, I wish now to draw attention rather to the evidence given by Christian Science of a certain reaction from the teachings and methods of the older Churches. Insufficient importance has been attached, in my judgement, to the distinctively religious side of the cult. The startling nature of its claims in relation to the healing of disease has tended to concentrate public interest on the medical question, to the consequent ignoring of other phases of its influence. The testimonies to its alleged successes in the restoration of health have no doubt been the most serviceable weapons in its campaign, but it would be a mistake to limit our conceptions of its attractions to its promises of physical benefit. Mrs. Eddy herself says that its mission is 'not primarily one of physical healing' (*Science and Health*, p. 150). The Church of Christ, Scientist, is more than a new therapeutic agency: it is a formally constituted religious organization offering not merely to rid its members of depend-

ence upon medical aid, but to take the entire responsibility for such nourishment and guidance of the spiritual life as is normally associated with the idea of a church. That is to say, it makes its own definite provision not only of the means of healing but of the 'means of grace.' It has won its followers from communities accustomed to public Christian teaching and familiar with the usages of public Christian worship. It has devised a theological and liturgical scheme of its own, which is remarkable for the boldness with which it breaks away from the precedents set by other religious organizations. It is not unfair to suppose that some of its popularity is really a quick response to the offer of emancipation from creeds and practices which had become unedifying and wearisome. All the Churches nowadays are eager to discern between the essential and the non-essential, the abiding and the transitory, in their traditional methods; and a study of the unconscious protests of the Christian Science movement against some of these methods may perhaps suggest directions in which reform is desirable. It is a commonplace of ecclesiastical and political history alike that in the momentary popularity of every heresy and rebellion, as well as in the permanent success of every reformation and revolution, we may see the swinging of the pendulum, and the spread of Christian Science is no exception. The working of this law may be most clearly observed by reference to its theology, its methods of public worship, and its ecclesiastical organization.

1. Theologically, the power of reaction is illustrated by the doctrine which practically underlies the Christian Science system, namely, that God, being wholly good, is incapable of producing sin, sickness, and death, and that therefore it is not possible for Him to have created man subject to this triad of errors (*Science and Health*, p. 356). It is a common phrase of Christian Science that God cannot have 'arranged for' human suffering. This is the doctrine that is put in the forefront in attempts to commend the system to outsiders. They are told over and over again

that God is not only good but perfect goodness, and that accordingly suffering cannot be ordained by Him. Mrs. Eddy's peculiar theory of matter is practically a device for explaining away such facts of life as appear inconsistent with this position. We can see here a definite protest against certain forms of teaching which were once widely accepted and which have lingered in America longer than in this country. The belief that God, a being possessing absolute power over human suffering, inflicts or permits it even when it can serve no purpose but the exhibition of His own authority, is not so obsolete as some readers may suppose.

But it is not so much in specific details as in general tendency that the Christian Science system has most to suggest to us in this connexion. It is a manifest reaction from a type of religious teaching which has little direct bearing upon the facts of everyday life. The charge of otherworldliness has less force against the preaching of our own time than against that of a generation ago, but it does not follow that a preacher who has dropped the next world out of his reckoning has thereby come into close touch with this one. There is a cloudy intermediate region in which his ideas may now be roaming, so that his exhortations are those of one *bombitans in vacuo*. It must be confessed that there exist Churches which show little distinct conception of Christianity as a strong and living power for the immediate strengthening and enlightening of the individual in the problems of his daily round. It is from Churches where religion is thus largely a formality that Christian Science wins most of its converts. People are rarely attracted to it from Churches where their perplexities, their weaknesses, their temptations, are recognized as the very questions with which theology has to concern itself. It is those who have been accustomed to go to church merely because it is the proper thing to do on Sundays that welcome with a glad surprise the news that religion can really be a vital and helpful thing.

The simplicity of the Christian Science theology is

another great point in its favour. That it possesses any such advantage might not, perhaps, suggest itself to a casual reader of Christian Science literature. But while its peculiar language appears at first to need the services of an interpreter, this theology is not, after all, a complicated system. 'There is not a human being upon earth but may understand it,' says Mr. Bicknell Young in his lectures. 'It is all quite simple' is a claim that is made in them again and again. The doctrine already quoted is practically all that you have to believe: everything else is merely its application. In place of the elaborate catechisms and confessions of the Churches the disciple has nothing to master but a creed of one article. No subtle discriminations test his skill to 'divide a hair 'twixt south and south-west side.' The study of religion, so perplexing hitherto, is purged of its technicalities, and the great controversies of centuries are resolved into one plain formula. There is no longer any need for apprehension lest, by some inadvertent excess here or deficiency there, one stray unawares into heresy. The day is even past for any concern about the result of conflicts between science and faith, for the teaching of Mrs. Eddy is at the same time 'essentially pure religion' and 'essentially pure science.' Christian Science appeals to its adherents not only as bringing theology into touch with practical life, but as relieving it from the odium of being a subject that taxes and worries the intelligence. It may be suggested, in passing, that the most curious incident in the whole of the Christian Science campaign will be its invasion of Drumtochty. Will it be welcomed there, too, as bringing to an end the complexities and perplexities of generations of theological debate, or will Jamie Soutar repeat upon its apostles the vivisection he so successfully practised upon Mr. Urijah Hopps?

2. In worship, as well as in creed, the Christian Science movement indicates a notable reaction towards simplicity. It is well known that in America many of the non-liturgical Churches have developed an order of service much more

elaborate than that which is usual in the corresponding denominations in England. The choir, in particular, has extended its functions to such a point that a great part of the average service could with difficulty be distinguished from a musical festival. It will be found that the followers of Christian Science come mainly from the liturgical Churches, or from those in which the regular worship has been thus elaborated. It offers a routine whose freedom from any possibility of display would satisfy a Quaker or a Plymouth Brother. Its reaction from the usual methods is carried so far that it even dispenses with audible prayer. 'Audible prayer,' says its textbook (*Science and Health*, p. 7), 'is impressive; it gives momentary solemnity and elevation to thought; but does it produce any lasting benefit? . . . The motives for verbal prayer may embrace too much love of applause to induce or encourage Christian sentiment. . . . The danger from audible prayer is, that it may lead us into temptation. By it we may become involuntary hypocrites, uttering desires which are not real.'

A more surprising feature of Christian Science—indeed, one of the most startling facts we meet in the whole course of this study—is the absence from its services of any preaching, in the ordinary sense of the word. We have come to think of the pulpit as the most effective agency both for propaganda and for edification. It is by preaching that we expect new members to be added to our Churches, and believers to be instructed and established in the faith. Now Christian Science has gained its rapid successes without availing itself of this customary means of influencing the public mind. Residents in any English town where it has gained a foothold will be able to recall only an occasional visit from a Christian Science lecturer, and even these visits are not undertaken except when the establishment of a local branch has already aroused the curiosity of the neighbourhood to such a degree that it is thought desirable to remove 'misconceptions.' It is not by preaching, either outdoor or indoor, that the numbers

of the sect are augmented, but by the public testimony and private conversation of adherents. In the regular services no attempt is made to profit by the personality of an able speaker. The place of the sermon is taken by the reading of extracts from Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, which are introduced as expositions of the scriptural lessons. All independent public instruction or exhortation is prohibited by the laws of the Church. Preachers of all denominations may well ponder the significance of this peculiarity. Does it mean that people are tired of homilies, short or long, plain or ornate, eloquent or dull? Does it point to a desire for such teaching as is ostensibly a paraphrase of Scripture in preference to an argument or an essay or an appeal? Or is the clue to be found in the *ex cathedra* character of Mrs. Eddy's commentary, as opposed to the unauthorized and varying opinions of individual minds? Whatever the reason, here is the fact, that Christian Science has made its converts and kept them without using the possible resources of the pulpit.

3. The same regard for simplicity distinguishes the ecclesiastical organization of the movement. Its 'impersonality' in this respect is alleged to be one of its virtues. Being able to do without preachers or pastors, it is free from the complications which tend to arise from the existence of a clerical body. The only organization that is required is the very simple one of directors elected for the management of financial affairs. There can emerge in Christian Science no controversies concerning patronage, or the limits of priestly authority, or the proportion of ministerial to lay representation in Church courts. There are no problems of ministerial training or support. A regular order in the public services is guaranteed by the election of official 'readers' responsible for the conduct of worship according to the prescribed routine, but their duties can be performed by any person of average education. The college which has been established in Boston is not a place of clerical education, but a 'school of

Christian Science mind-healing' for the professional training of such practitioners as prefer the system of Mrs. Eddy to that of the ordinary medical schools. It is certainly curious that just when the Society of Friends is in many places showing an aspiration for a modified form of the regular ministry, there should appear this reversion to the simplicity of the early Quaker organization.

4. It is not, I think, altogether fanciful to regard Christian Science as exhibiting one phase of the contemporary movement against the domination of the male sex. It is the first Church, since the time of Joanna Southcott¹—whose followers, it may be observed in passing, once numbered as many as 100,000—that has been founded by a woman. It appeals, more perhaps than many of them realize, to the craving of women for religious equality with men. It is emphasized by *Science and Health* that just as woman in the Garden of Eden was the first to confess her fault and to abandon the erroneous belief in material life and intelligence, so to-day woman has been the first to interpret the Scriptures in their true sense (p. 534). The same textbook calls attention to the rights especially accorded to women by Christian Science, and urges the equalization of the laws affecting the two sexes (p. 63). In striking contrast with the restrictions of the older Churches is the Christian Science practice of appointing a lady member to one of the two readerships in each local church. Christian Science has therefore strong elements of attraction for women who resent the status of inferiority imposed upon them by most other religious communities. In this Church, the founder and infallible authority, revered by all its adherents as the discoverer of profound religious truths hidden from the world since the beginning of the Christian era, is a woman; and whatever distinctions, offices and opportunities of service or

¹ It should be noted, by the way, what a fascination Rev. xii. has exercised over both Joanna Southcott and Mrs. Eddy. Joanna Southcott identified herself with the woman depicted in that chapter; to Mrs. Eddy the woman typifies Christian Science.

administration it offers to men are habitually shared by women on precisely the same terms.

This article will not, I hope, be interpreted as a plea for a recasting of either theology or methods of worship or ecclesiastical organization on the lines of the Christian Science system. It is simply an attempt to point out in what directions the rapid growth of that system suggests points for consideration. We shall at any rate do well to reflect whether the efficiency of our own Churches might not be promoted by a greater emphasis on the direct application of religion to daily life; by a simplification of theology, methods of worship, and organization; and by a fuller recognition of the apostolic truth that in Christ there is neither male nor female. While the spread of this movement teaches the need of constant vigilance and alertness on the part of religious teachers, there is no room for panic. Christian Science provides within itself material for a far more vigorous revolt against its own teaching and practice than the reaction which it exhibits at present against the older Churches. Its followers will not always be content to accept an interpretation of the material world which ignores or distorts one of the most insistent and inevitable facts of life, or to seek spiritual instruction from the farrago of pseudo-philosophy and grotesque exegesis of which their textbook is composed, or to submit themselves to the dictatorship of a woman whose character and career have been proved to be so little in keeping with her pretensions. The needs of the human soul go deeper than any provision Mrs. Eddy has made for their satisfaction. For the present, however, the situation is summed up in the words of Isaiah: 'He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?'

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

RUSKIN AS A PROSE WRITER

THE striking success with which the issue of the splendid 'Library Edition'—now almost complete—of Ruskin's works has been attended, and the present widespread and enormous sales of the cheap reprints¹ of many of his books, may lead to a further study of Ruskin's style, since it cannot be doubted that his popularity is mainly due to the beauty of his prose.

Whatever may have been the influence of Hooker and George Herbert, and, beyond these, perhaps, of Scott and Byron and Carlyle, and, possibly, Plato and Wordsworth, on Ruskin's style, it is far beside the mark to say, with some who have written about him, that he 'played the sedulous ape,' to use Stevenson's words of himself, to a whole company of men of genius. That, in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, he caught the tone and style of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, perhaps 'not wisely, but too well,' may be without demur admitted—that volume of Ruskin, while containing examples of his noblest passages, is, in parts, somewhat stilted and artificial; and we know also that 'great havoc makes Plato among our originalities.' It has been well shown that Ruskin undoubtedly studied Byron for perfect fluency and realistic truth of vision—'Byron told me of, and reanimated for me,' he said, 'the real people whose feet had worn the marble I trod on'—and Wordsworth for the beauty of simplicity and naturalness of language and expression; and that Carlyle, his friend, admirer, and acknowledged master, may have given him the final turn of originality of expression, and that effective directness and apparent ruggedness so characteristic of his style. But it has even

¹ Delightful shilling volumes published by George Allen, Dent, and Routledge, and in 'The World's Classics.'

been declared, gravely and oracularly, that Ruskin was largely indebted to Emerson, whereas he himself unhesitatingly stated, in a letter to Mr. Alexander Ireland: 'I have never cared much for Emerson, he is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterates itself to provocation.' When an enterprising editor once inquired as to the books that had most influenced him he replied, possibly with irony, 'These are inaccessible to the general reader.'

It must, however, be strikingly apparent to students of his books how slight was the effect produced by all writers compared with that produced by the Bible. Once at Oxford, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, in a difficulty about the exact wording of some Bible passage, asked Ruskin if he had a concordance. 'I'm ashamed to say I have,' he replied. Mr. Collingwood did not quite understand. 'Well,' Ruskin explained, 'you and I oughtn't to need Cruden.' His prose is saturated with biblical influence—we feel it especially where he is solemn or divinely simple in his descriptions; and his wonderful style is mainly formed on our English translation—the beautiful rise and fall of his cadence seem due to his early and constant reading of the Bible; he even catches its prophetic note—it rings out in every key and tense and mood; and there are long sentences, not a few, of superb quality, which depend for their force and form mainly on a masterly use of biblical phrases. Ruskin is in prose the chief inheritor of the glories of our English Bible.

I take almost at random two passages; the first, 'Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire,' &c., from the beginning of the section on Cloud Beauty in *Modern Painters*; and the second, 'That ford, gentlemen, for ever,' &c., from the close of the lecture on Sir F. Leighton and Alma Tadema, in one of his last books, the Oxford Lectures of 1883 on 'The Art of England.' Surely we can hear in these passages the note of our King James's version—the great utterance of one of the greatest periods of English prose. What Dr. Van Dyke said in his estimate of Tennyson

may well be said of Ruskin : ' He owes a large debt to the Christian Scriptures, not only for their formative influence upon his mind and for the purely literary material in the way of illustrations and allusions which they have given him, but also, and more particularly, for the creation of a moral atmosphere, a medium of thought and feeling, in which he can speak freely and with assurance of sympathy to a very wide circle of readers.'

It cannot be denied that Ruskin owes something to his instinctive love of bright colour, about which and its effect upon his work a pleasant paper might easily be written. There was something more than a covert sneer in Professor Saintsbury's reference, in his *Corrected Impressions*, to Mr. Ruskin's ' favourite craze that bright colours are virtuous, dark and neutral tints wicked.' But his industry is certainly a factor that cannot be ignored. The literary travail endured by Carlyle caused Ruskin ' total amazement and boundless puzzlement,' and yet that the latter wrote with curious care cannot be doubted. In *Fiction—Fair and Foul*, the third article of which has a valuable and comprehensive enumeration of the essentials of ' good style,' he tells us that a sentence of *Modern Painters* was often written four or five times over in his own hand and tried in every word for perhaps an hour, perhaps a forenoon, before it was passed for the printer; and in *Love's Meinie* we are assured that the use he had then of language had taken him forty years to attain. ' Every sentence set down as carefully as may be,' is how, in a casual letter quoted in Hunt's *Talks on Art*, Ruskin characterizes his Oxford Lectures; and though no books of his were prepared with more pains than these, such words may be taken as descriptive of everything he wrote. His copy and proof show with what closeness and patience his corrections were made. What was said of him may be perfectly true : ' Ruskin writes beautifully, because he thinks beautifully, because his thoughts spring, like Pallas, ready armed'; but it cannot also be said of him with truth that ' the fashion of the armour cost him nothing,' for—as we find from Mr. Spielmann, the art critic—his

notebooks still exist, with beautiful descriptive sentences, sweetly turned and carefully moulded, ready for use when required; thus attesting the constant and almost excessive care, as well as the constructive method, of his style. He did not, certainly, labour as Flaubert, that master of French style, laboured. The sombre French novelist sat month after month, seeking, sometimes with much pain, the expression, the phrase, weighing the retention or rejection of an epithet, wrestling, as his own favourite phrase expressed it, for the language that was to clothe his thought, and declaring, 'What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience.' With Ruskin the message, not the manner, was ever the supreme consideration. With him there was no conscious attention to the decorative element in language apart from the subject-matter; none of that preoccupation with style hit by the inversion of Lewis Carroll's dictum, 'Take care of the sounds, and the sense will take care of itself.' Indeed, had he not been 'to the manner born' how could he have achieved his herculean literary labours? Apart from his books he wrote an astounding number of brilliant and interesting letters. As to these he told James Smetham, 'I never wrote a private letter to any human being which I could not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly, and say "I did it"'; and he assured one of his friends that even on his newspaper letters he expended the utmost pains at his command. But if he had not believed with all his soul that he had a momentous message to deliver, he would have scorned to commend his speech with beauty and barb its terms with wit. He could well say of his letters as a whole, as he did of those in *Arrows of the Chace*, that they were 'designed for his country's help.' 'I don't care whether you enjoyed them: did they do you any good?' was his rejoinder to a Yorkshire working man, who once told him how much he had been delighted with his books. Again and again he bewailed the fact that 'many people thought of the words only and cared nothing for their meaning'; if others admired his writing

he generally took occasion to find fault with it; and once, about thirty years before his death, he exclaimed, probably in a fit of depression, 'Oh, if I only had the power I would destroy every word I have written up to this hour.' But, undoubtedly, he had always what the French stylist said every writer should have, 'the conscience of one's work'; and though no one ever poured more contempt on fine writing, some of his depreciation of his earlier style may have been due only to a humorous perversity, and he must have realized that while, on the one hand, sentences might be articulated and balanced with tolerable skill and have only mean and lack-lustre words to enchase the well-wrought setting, on the other hand, good ideas, intellectual force, moral and spiritual impulse, combined with other gifts and graces, could not, without style, gain the audience he desired or save him from extinction. He must have known that his power as a teacher was largely exercised through his marvellous skill as an artist in words, and that his moral earnestness was made effectual by his supreme literary gifts.

'Each phrase,' said Stevenson in his *Contemporary* essay on style, 'is to be comely in itself, and between the implication and the evolution of the sentence there should be a satisfying equipoise of sound, for nothing more often disappoints the ear than a sentence solemnly and sonorously prepared and hastily and weakly finished.' With Ruskin there are no ragged edges; we find always, as in true architecture, construction decorated and not decoration constructed; mechanism and matter are inseparably inwrought; there is no facile flimsy art or mere smooth winsome words; with all its special quality his imagination does not gambol on the verge of the grotesque, and he does not use violent and far-fetched figures when plain statements of fact would be more to the purpose. With a few favoured men of the race he combines the poetic and imaginative with the analytic and reasoning mind. His words are correct, his images congruous, his vision clear, his grasp large and strong; he has grudged no toil to make himself master of

his subject; and ever with him the one indispensable beauty is truth—truth in accurate thought, truth in accurate expression. There is no necessity that as we read we should be advised in the interests of true literature not to honour fraudulent drafts upon our imagination. The fidelity with which he gives his impressions of places and things is such that the traveller seeing that in reality with which he was acquainted by Ruskin in writing feels that it is already familiar. Whether he sets before the eye a significant example of architecture lit by the Italian sun, or the unsuspected beauties of a bit of moss in an English hedgerow, the picture is perfect, and there is nothing more or better to be said, for Ruskin has found the final and most fitting word. His mind is susceptible enough to yield its fealty to the humblest and most unobtrusive forms of beauty, and strong enough to apprehend and to describe Nature in her sublimest and most solitary paths. His minuteness and delicacy of observation cannot receive superfluous praise; his skies and winds and seas, his mountains and fields, his trees and rocks, his birds and flowers, are described with an unerring accuracy of sound and colour and season, and a clear-sightedness, subtle knowledge, and heartfelt love, never surpassed, if indeed rivalled, even by Tennyson. Much of the secret of his authority and much of the vital beauty of his style spring from his direct reference to and clear and sympathetic interpretation of Nature. Lucidity is always there. It is only when we are for the moment overpowered by sheer brilliance and profusion that we find it necessary to re-read a passage in order to catch its meaning. Ruskin accurately and almost cautiously determines the values of words, each term being exactly proportioned to its purpose, and whatever finish he introduces seems but to bring out more clearly the original thought that he wishes to express, to make expression more absolutely accord with the idea. Whatever appears most elaborate to the eye satisfies the mind as being rightly elaborated, and there is seldom a single word really superfluous or a single epithet

that does not really tell. He uses his rich vocabulary with consummate selective tact, and his noble sentences never draggle to a helpless and invertebrate conclusion, but throughout are musical, balanced, and harmoniously proportioned, failing not of true articulation and delicate poise, and challenging successfully the closest scrutiny. And with all this so triumphantly accomplished Ruskin's prose is never laboured and affected, and is without that self-consciousness of literary science which does so much to impair the charm and allurements of some most brilliant stylists.

Prose, said Walter Pater in one of his most characteristic essays, is 'a coloured thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor.' It may be said, with little if any exaggeration, that Ruskin's prose seems to be all this, and possibly more. He commands the whole instrument, and touches it with the freedom of a master who is acquainted with, and willingly obeys, every musical law. He sweeps the lyre and brings out every note of every string. He is not limited to a few sentence moulds, and so condemned to any weary monotony of cadence; he has the widest range, with an unfailing rhythm that assigns to every syllable its true musical value, and is never at the slightest loss for words that throb and glow and sparkle and sing. Even when the winds of passion rise, what storms of melodious sound! In all his magnificent declamations there is preserved the rhythmical rise and fall of his noble sentences. Who would not say, as, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom thinks he will make the duke say: 'Let him roar again, let him roar again'? But one might as well try to paint a sunset in lamp-black as attempt to explain these passionate utterances by cold and unimpassioned language.

It is waste of energy to contend against those who satisfy themselves by charging Ruskin with such faults

as prolixity, undue paradox, excessive alliteration, and lack of self-control. When such assailants speak they often praise him in their own despite. A man of Gotham once perceived, after staring at it with his naked eyes, that the sun was only a spot with some splashes of light in it! The objections of those who cavil at Ruskin's long sentences and test them by a matter of simple enumeration deserve but scant regard. One sentence, we are told, has '255 words without a pause, and 26 intermediate signs of punctuation'; and another, 'a mammoth sentence—the most gigantic sentence in English prose,' has '619 words without a full stop, and 80 intermediate signs of punctuation, together with four clauses in brackets.' But Ruskin's long contending and victoriously intricate sentences are familiar and ultimate facts, and who, after all, would wish them brief or broken? He never produces the impression that he is prolonging a passage because unduly enamoured of his own eloquence. Even men of the strictest classical taste, whose acknowledged standard is the severe simplicity of the Greek, must find in him a charm they can neither resist nor explain. His phrasing is so admirable and his selection of imagery so fertile; we have in him such force and form, such subtle resources of harmony, such fragrance, colour, and atmosphere; such swiftness of argument, sure command of logical form, and mastery of satire; such penetrating analysis, ingenious analogy, and acuteness of perception; such brilliant successions of praise and blame, tears and laughter, enthusiasm and invective; and such an infinity of ideas,—that we are reminded of Mr. Walter Raleigh's felicitous words in his book on Style, in which he refers to thought and taste being introduced to a vocabulary of some hundred thousand words that quiver through a million of meanings. Over all the resources of the English tongue he wielded a consummate and indefeasible authority. Well did Mr. Frederic Harrison say in his *Fortnightly* protest against a number of *Fors*—reprinted in his *Choice of Books* (in which, however, he showed a lamentable lack

of humour, and allowed absurd indignation to get the better of tolerant amusement)—that to reason with Ruskin about language was, he felt, to argue with the master of forty legions.

However variously it may be rendered, Ruskin had undoubtedly that 'certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing in all its intensity and colour.' But his full, free, powerful expression of personality cannot be accounted for by any such critical method as Taine's, which, applied to the study of literature, analyses the conditions of soil and climate under which the literature was produced, the prevalent political and social conditions that attended its development, and the ideal tendencies of the race that gave it birth; and, applied to the individual, takes further account of his special circumstances, his ancestry, his place of birth, and his education, and of the particular tendencies of the age into which he was born. The whole, or nearly the whole, problem would thus be one of heredity and environment; individuality finds little place in this scientific system, and genius is really the necessary product of forces whose origin we may trace and whose effects we may determine with considerable accuracy. In Ruskin's case those factors cannot be ignored whose influence upon literary production Taine believed to be paramount. But to account for his work we need a deeper psychology than Taine or any other thinker has had at command. His style is primarily the outcome of undefined and indefinable genius—that spark without which talent, industry, environment, and all the rest, are but kindling. That which is of its very nature finite may be accounted for, but who shall account for the light and colour in which the finite is bathed—light and colour that come from the sunrise and sunset never seen on sea or land? Ruskin's work will remain a great touchstone of our literature, to tell us unerringly, as no filched formulas can tell us, how to distinguish the true from the false, the pure gold from the mere tinsel.

It is impossible to indicate here the striking qualities

of Ruskin's style as shown in some representative passages from his many works. Attention must, however, be directed to that wonderful word-picture of a night on the Rigi; the description of the Falls of Schaffhausen, the despair of all subsequent prose artists; the unsurpassable picture of the Campagna of Rome; the great passage on war, written at the time of the Crimean campaign, embracing all the beauties of his prose; the account of the Old Tower of Calais Church, and that of the peasant of the Valais; all of which are in *Modern Painters*. There is, too, the passage on Swiss scenery (in Part IV of Vol. III of *Modern Painters*)—a passage of truth and beauty which Matthew Arnold seems to select, in his *Essays on Criticism*, to show the utmost perfection to which prose description can attain. Mention must also be made of that 'splendid hymn to the sea-boat' in the *Harbours of England*, which no one can read without feeling that every boat will henceforth be transfigured; the short sentence in the same book describing a great breaker against rock: 'One moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thundery rain'; the passage on the Cumaean Sibyl of Botticelli in *Ariadne Florentina*; and the description in *Praeterita* (Vol. II) of the Rhone at Geneva.

Where can these passages be equalled? We may go to the great poets of land and sea, and to the great prose writers whose works will never be permitted to die; still, in all the domain of English literature Ruskin's descriptions remain unapproached and unapproachable. Here, possibly for the first time in literature, is a man with 'the eye of the landscape painter and the voice of the lyric poet.' Passages of wide appeal are to be found everywhere in his works, even in the more technical, as, for instance, the paragraph concerning the unknown architects of the grandest of our ecclesiastical monuments, in the opening pages of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. The one fault that can be with any show of reason alleged against Ruskin is a lack of reserve, with a consequent tendency to occasion-

ally lavish profusion. His defect, if defect it should be called, might resolve itself into this: he made prose do that which it has been considered should only be done by poetry, and sometimes introduced the melody of poetry into the other melody of prose. But this may simply mean that much of his prose possesses those magical qualities which hitherto, rightly or wrongly, have never been dissociated from the loftiest achievements of poetry. It may almost be said that Ruskin discovered the art of descriptive writing, and that with him the essential secret died, as with the old Italian masters and craftsmen died the secrets of the colours they mixed and the violins they made.

He is a master of many styles—at least two contend in *Modern Painters*—and with no writer can more perfect adaptation of language be found. The later manner and matter in which the spirit of Plato held sway and Hellenic ideals were clearly recognized, he himself preferred; but critics such as Mr. Frederic Harrison, and, strange to say, even Professor Saintsbury, regretted the change. 'There is but one art—to omit!' said Stevenson, in one of his published letters, probably echoing Schiller: 'The artist may be known rather by what he *omits*.' This may be largely true, but there is much to be said for Ruskin's earlier style with its purple glories, as well as for the less clamorously beautiful and simpler manner of later days, so graciously supple and so sturdily direct. Would the strongest advocate of Ruskin's chastened style seek to alter such a description as that of the Campanile of Giotto, in the chapter on 'The Lamp of Beauty' in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*? There the well of English undefiled is transmuted into liquid gold. Such passages live 'on the ear,' as Faber said of the English Bible, 'like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forgo.' The author of the *Religio Medici* was said to possess pre-eminently the art of making music by words. But in the whole range of English literature no one, I think, not even Milton, or

Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, possessed the art to such a degree as Ruskin did. At any rate, he is the most splendid master of English in the last century. Even the professional critic of style, who has, after years of experience, an instinctive distaste for ornament, discovers that Ruskin, fine, full, and free as he is, is not overloaded with a burden of words that cry for removal.

If, as one has said, Ruskin 'expanded the Gospel of the Eternal Beauties into three hundred exquisite volumes,' he did not form what Voltaire called 'the insane project of being perfectly wise.' Still, he had not the originality of ignorance, and with him it would indeed be difficult to draw De Quincey's distinction between the literature of power and the literature of knowledge. Imagination transcendent in its quality and intellect quite abnormally acute were served by a large and an intimate acquaintance with the things of God and man to which few great writers have a claim. We are bewildered by the all-embracing range of subjects that he knew and treated. He touched subjects throughout the range of human thought and achievement, and scarcely ever touched anything that he did not by touching adorn. And with all his knowledge, and art, and appreciation of the beautiful, a noble moral and spiritual enthusiasm was blended: the beautiful must also be the pure, the good, and his great plea was ever for the beauty of truth and the truth of beauty. He said as an author what he felt as a man—turning about the French dictum, it may be significantly declared, 'The style is the man'—and with his great principles he never paltered. If sometimes it may be thought that 'the light of the Seven Lamps is dim, and the music of the choir where they burned comes from afar like sweet bells jangled harsh and out of tune,' no one can say that he who has proclaimed himself priest of the Highest ever, even in secret, sacrifices to Baal.

I do not here seek to discuss Ruskin's introduction of moral judgements into estimates professedly critical, or the details of his theories as to the relation of art to moral

and even religious belief. The key-stone of his system was Justice in the Platonic sense: proper and complete adaptation to the end. He was one of the mightiest influences for worthy living that ever moved the world. More than any other man he determined the change in our attitude, not only towards social problems, but also towards things artistic, and the revolution has been wrought in every department of life into which taste can possibly be introduced. Whatever progress has been made in art has been chiefly through the perception of new significances to which Ruskin has awakened us. If art is, as Mr. Henry James has said, mainly a point of view, Ruskin has almost entirely changed it. He created a new artistic criticism, he delivered art from the conventionality and vulgarity into which it had fallen, he revealed nature in a new light, he opened the eyes of those who had substituted blindness for their own trustworthy vision, and breathed into man much of that reverence for what is to be seen in nature which once he thus expressed: 'When I reach the Alps I always pray.' Dr. Walter Lock, of Keble College, said, after one of Ruskin's Oxford Lectures, that it 'only roused enthusiasm.' But what an 'only' is that! No books of rules and regulations can do for man that which is done in a moment of vision. These times of vision Ruskin gives us, and always, by precept and example, he, with Spenser, bids the hearts of men

lift themselves up higher,
And learne to love with zealous humble dewty
Th' eternal fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

I close with a few pensive nightfall words from Ruskin—words with which he ends one of his 'Lectures on Landscape': 'See that when Death draws near to you, you may look to it, at least, for sweetness of Rest; and that you recognize the Lord of Death coming to you as a Shepherd gathering you into His Fold for the night.'

R. WILKINS REES.

SOME MODERN HISTORIANS

WITHIN the last fifteen years English history has lost such masters of the art as Freeman, Froude, Seeley, Stubbs, Gardiner, Creighton, Lecky, and Lord Acton. And, as probably no other branch of English literature can point to an equally illustrious group of votaries within a like compass of time, we are led to consider the modern tendency in writing history as illustrated in the work of modern English historians.

The proper period at which to commence a study of modern English historians is the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in confining our study to some of those who have lived within the last fifty years, we are compelled, in order to gain a true view of the very great advance that has been made in the conception and study of history during the last two centuries, to notice at the outset the names of two eighteenth-century writers, who stand as representatives of their class and of their own days.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, writing in 1735, speaks of historical compilers and archivists as men who grow neither wiser nor better by their study. He compares their labour to the spadework of the army, which it is only consonant with the dignity of generals to undertake personally when the emergency is pressing. His assertion that the materials for writing history were few, and that there was a moral impossibility that there should ever be more, has found signal contradiction in our own time.

David Hume recommends history as 'entertaining' and 'amusing,' most appropriate for 'those who are debarred the severer studies by the tenderness of their complexion and the weakness of their education.' He recommends history to his female readers especially, 'as

it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.'

In contrast with the views of Hume, Lord Acton, in his Inaugural Lecture in 1895, regarded the historian's office as a solemn calling, demanding high moral as well as intellectual powers. He described the study of history as the most powerful ingredient in the formation of character and the training of talent, and went so far as to say that 'our historical judgements have as much to do with our hopes of heaven as public or private conduct.' Professor Bury, in striking contrast to the verdict of Bolingbroke, expressed his conviction that for a long time the business of historians must be simply that of compilation and research, and that history, 'though she may supply material for literary art or philosophical speculation, is herself simply a science, no more and no less.'

Modern historiography begins with Macaulay. When he wrote his article on history in the *Edinburgh Review*, in his twenty-eighth year, he was laying the foundations of the great work which was to be so largely admired by the general reader and so freely criticized by the expert. There were, even in his days, champions of what they were pleased to call 'the dignity of history,' advocates of plain unpolished truth, the measure of the truth being the absence of the polish. It was against this *nuda veritas* school that Macaulay wrote in 1828. He saw that, in the first instance, history is simply a huge mass of data, a series of phenomena, a heap of undigested facts involved in almost inextricable confusion. In his essay he held that the historian should use all his literary skill in weaving history into one connected story by judicious selection and arrangement. 'The perfect historian,' he says, 'is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature.' He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner, and he only performs half his office if he does not seek to explain the phenomena which he narrates. Macaulay does not desire the historian to surrender all personality, and seems to suggest that history

must almost inevitably be written by advocates rather than by judges. He was himself indefatigable in research, though his critics find the secret of his errors in the use he made of his materials. Macaulay's defects lie so manifestly on the surface, that criticism is easy. His partisanship, his uncritical way of dealing with his authorities, the subordination of everything to politics, the faulty scale of his book, and his plausibility have been exposed again and again. But he still remains almost the chief glory of our English school of historians, and to him belongs the honour of attracting a class of readers who had hitherto left the study of history to students and experts. Lord Acton told the Trinity College Historical Society at Cambridge: 'I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford (Bishop Stubbs) and the present Bishop of London (Mandell Creighton). On another occasion I was with two far more eminent men, the two most learned men in the world. I need hardly tell you their names—they were Mommsen and Harnack. On each occasion the question arose: who was the greatest historian the world had ever produced. On each occasion the name first mentioned, and on each occasion the name finally agreed upon, was that of Macaulay.'

Thomas Carlyle, the cast of whose mind and the date of whose work place him among the post-Macaulay historians, though he was born in 1795, still remains somewhat of an enigma. Froude acknowledged him as a master, but Lord Acton treats him as 'the most detestable of historians,' Froude himself only excepted. But he had an immense influence on at least the democratic reading of history, and on that account even those who disagree most strongly with his methods cannot lightly pass him by. Carlyle proceeds from a narration of facts to the construction of a philosophy. He is thus more modern than Macaulay, and discloses truer historical insight in his fuller grasp of the inter-relation of the different parts of human life. He would not divorce the historian from the artist, and sometimes has passages of

perfect artistic beauty. But he is a very unequal writer, and in his straining after effect he is often led into sins of inaccuracy. The charge applies with most force to his *History of the French Revolution*; yet that book is one of the most remarkable products of English literature. It is a fusion of history and poetry, the modern descendant of the ancient saga, which Macaulay looked upon as an ideal unattainable to himself. Professor Grant describes it as 'a rhapsodical sermon, a series of pictures seen in the flashes of a thunderstorm, and commented on by a Hebrew prophet.' The inaccuracies are so many that hardly a chapter can stand the test of the historian's higher criticism, and yet the book gives a truer picture of the French Revolution than is obtainable elsewhere. Carlyle had sought out and carefully weighed all the important evidence, and bringing to bear on it his large grasp of intellect, his warm human sympathy, and his high imaginative power, he gives a more accurate interpretation of that difficult series of phenomena which form the history of the French Revolution than historians of deeper historical research have yet been able to attain. Whilst they had the greater knowledge of facts, he had the greater knowledge of man, and hence the superior psychology of the mob in the days of mob-rule.

In his *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, where he rescued a great name from unmerited obloquy, and in his *Frederick the Great*, where he beat the German historians with their own favourite weapon of patient study and assiduous collation of documents, as well as in his other historical work, Carlyle shows himself a philosophical teacher first of all, and only secondly a historian. He formulates theories and gives those theories historical settings, thus using history as a means rather than as an end. So long as he is allowed to stand alone, admired rather than copied, so long will his influence be good; but when taken as the founder of a historical school his inaccuracies are copied, and not his psychology; his eccentricities, and not his philosophy.

Historians have found it difficult to speak of Carlyle's friend and biographer, James Anthony Froude, with any degree of patience, and the incomparable brilliance of his style has only been an aggravation of his offence. But he caught the public taste, and his *History of England* enjoyed a greater sale than any historical work save that of Gibbon and Macaulay. Amidst many disagreements he is at one with all the historians of his age in his lofty moral view of the value of history as 'a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong.' In his view the one and only lesson which history might be said to repeat with distinctness was that the world was built upon moral foundations, and that, in the end, right must prevail. Froude was so far from being a scientific historian, in Buckle's sense of the term, as to maintain that even if history did enable us to prescribe given results in given events, the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves, and the actions of the human mind are too complex to be codified. History, he said, was durable or perishable as it contained more or less of the writer's own speculations. He considered it his duty as a historian to master the leading principles which determined his period by a careful study of contemporary documents, and then to use the material so gathered to illustrate artistically the views at which he had arrived; to give his readers truthfulness of impression rather than accuracy of detail. His honesty cannot be impeached, and the industry with which he worked up his authorities was exceptional; but he held the view which, though not false, is dangerous in a historian, that anecdote, even if false, was useful if it had a moral, and useless, even if true, if it had none. He wrote for those who desired to have all their thinking done for them, and all the morals pointed out. Hence his popularity.

But if history is ever to be dealt with in the way Froude dealt with it, it must be by a more judicial mind than his. He shows a too obvious zeal in upsetting established conclusions; he was too controversial in every-

thing he took up, and, apart from his famous quarrel with Freeman, his attitude towards Ireland, and his contempt for Gladstone, for oratory, and for the clergy, lay him open to the gravest suspicion. He generally wrote to prove a special historical point, and it thus became almost inevitable that he should contract the spirit of the advocate where he should have been controlled by the temper of the judge. He was an Erastian, and took the side of individual liberty against ecclesiastical authority, but when he came to apply these views to the history, he produced a picture of Henry VIII probably as falsely white as that of Lingard is falsely black.

If it be once granted that the true impression of historical events can only be gained as a true verdict in a court of law is gained, by the arguments of the ablest men on both sides, then Froude must take his place almost at the head of modern historians. But those who read Froude will not read Lingard, and those who read Lingard have no taste for Froude, and even if we could empanel a jury which would read both, they would probably compromise the dignity of history by deciding that absolute truth lay somewhere between the two, the exact position not being very material. Such a conception of history is not now acceptable to the reader who studies history for something more than pleasure. Froude pushed the predominance of art in history-writing too far, and is in part responsible for the reaction from which we are now suffering. His attitude has tended more than anything else to the opinion that, if the facts be not in accord with history brilliantly written, then so much the worse for the facts; that fiction stated as fact may have a moral value greater than that of positive fact itself.

It was a strange irony of fate which placed Froude in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, vacated by the death of his lifelong critic and rival, Edward Augustus Freeman. The controversy between them began immediately upon the publication of Froude's *History*, and Freeman returned again and again to the attack, reiterating his charge of

'utter carelessness as to facts, and utter incapacity to distinguish right from wrong.' This comes oddly from the man who is known as the one great historian who declined to consult manuscript authorities, or to work outside his own library. Apart from the historical merits of the case, the honours of the controversy go to Froude, whose admirable temper shows itself in pleasing contrast to the bitterness of Freeman. Freeman was an ardent Home Ruler, a Liberal in politics, and a Little Englander (using the term in no reproachful sense); Froude was an equally intense Imperialist and Unionist. The former allowed no imagination to enter into his work, treating the life of a community as a map rather than as a picture, writing for the thinking classes, and despising the general reader; the latter was the apostle of the pictorial in history, and left the student to his tutor while he instructed the general public.

Freeman's great contribution to historical study was the protest which all his work implied against the treatment of history in periods, his never-wearying reiteration of the 'unity and indivisibility of history,' a protest so successful that we now accept Freeman's view almost as a truism. Every epoch was to him a scene 'in one unbroken drama which takes in the political history of European man,' and his own concise dictum was that 'History is past politics, and politics is present history.' His great work, the *History of the Norman Conquest*, brings out his characteristic merits, and at the same time displays his limitations. His aversion from the use of manuscript authorities was no insuperable difficulty, considering his period; but his consistent endeavour to maintain historical accuracy at all costs made him careless of literary grace, and his book will always remain a student's book. He is a legal and constitutional historian, dealing with just those points which attracted Froude so little, and—again in contrast to Froude—he shows no interest at all in religious and philosophical questions, in ethical and social phenomena, or in the study of

economic conditions. He always thought of the present in terms of the past, thus inverting Macaulay's method; and, bringing neither imagination nor personality into his writing in any marked degree, he regarded style merely as a machine for pounding definite propositions into somewhat unreceptive minds.

Turning from Froude and Freeman to Stubbs, we pass from all the unpleasantness of controversy to the calm assurance of undisputed greatness. Bishop Stubbs stands highest among a group of great contemporaries for the work he achieved, and he united with brilliance of achievement, a cheerfulness of disposition and a kindliness of feeling which raised him above all controversy. He fully lived up to the spirit of his own dictum on historical criticism, 'God forbid that we should speak contemptuously of any honest worker.' In his view the purpose of historical knowledge was the acquisition of a stock of facts, an ignorance of which unfits a man from taking an intelligent part in politics, and an educational discipline for the cultivation of those powers for the development of which no other training is equally efficacious. He openly held that honest partisanship was no fatal objection to the historian, and was indeed in a certain measure necessary to make a man write at all. The weakness of treating history as a science lay partly in the fact that generalizations become more useless and obscure the wider they grow, and cease to have any value at all as they grow narrower, and partly also in the fact that the dealings of the human will, in all its countless combinations, which no theory can ever exhaust, are not the field for dogmatic assumption or speculative classification.

Bishop Stubbs placed students under abiding obligations by his work in connexion with the *Rolls Series*, and by his *Select Charters*; but his *Constitutional History of England* is his *magnum opus*, and at once took its place as the standard work on the subject. The average reader finds in it too much of institutional development and technical law, and his highly original plan of alternating annalistic

and analytical chapters, and treating everything with a certain 'tentative caution of phrase,' is more adapted to historical accuracy than literary grace. But assuming the writer's aim and the direction he marked out for himself, his history is as free from blemish as any history in our language, and Stubbs takes his place among the greatest historians of all countries and ages.

The writers so far dealt with have done much to fashion the historical thought of our time, and later writers embody their teaching rather than advance new views of their own.

John Richard Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, combined rare gifts for exposition with fine gifts for investigation; and if he owed the cultivation of these gifts to the influence of Froude, his friendship with Freeman taught him the value of accuracy, and the way to handle original authorities. But he never belonged to the Freeman school; history was to him something more than past politics: it not merely embraced, but *was*, religion, and social life, art and literature, as well as politics. He wrote his history from the standpoint of the people, and not that of their kings. He falls in with one of the dominant currents of historical thought, and approximates more nearly to the method of Carlyle than to that of Freeman in the synthetic treatment of human development. His books possess fire, life, organic unity, and form a satisfactory firstfruits of modern historical developments and tendencies.

The world has found less cause to be enthusiastic about the work of Samuel Rawson Gardiner, but we have equal cause to be satisfied with it. With deep research and scrupulous fairness he devoted his life to the elucidation of one period. As Professor Yorke Powell said, he found the story of the first Stuarts and Cromwell legend and left it history. Faithful in original research, he never consented to become a mere annalist. He knew that when the work of investigation was ended, the work of constructive imagination came in; and he was so far from

separating history from art as to declare it to be the historian's duty, after completing his research, 'to pick out from the manifold facts of history those which seem to him to be more important than the others.' That he was not more successful with the general public was due to the fact that they had been trained to expect something more artistic and less dispassionate; they missed the easy flow of Gibbon, and the majestic roll of Macaulay, and they are not to this day tolerant of episodes and digressions that break the flow of the story. Gardiner, himself no opponent of style, chose to set forth his results plainly and clearly. Style did not come naturally to him, and he refrained of set purpose from sacrificing research to the cultivation of a literary form of writing.

Gardiner was not uninfluenced by the question, 'What is the use of history for present purposes?' He laid it down as a canon that he who studies the society of the past will be of greater service to the society of the present in proportion as he leaves it out of account. Such criticism condemned the methods of the Macaulay school. The historical student, being removed by his vocation from that intimate knowledge with all classes which formed the statesman's most valuable book, must regard himself as the ally of the statesman rather than as the statesman himself. Such views were expressed in order to counteract the influence of Sir John Seeley at Cambridge, a teacher more stimulating and enthusiastic than the universities generally acquire. He held that history was the school of statesmanship, and should concern itself exclusively with politics. He claimed for history a place among the sciences, declaring it in a fair way to become an exact science. He tried to found a school of broad generalizations, but when Lord Acton succeeded him, he succeeded to his position but not to his views. Great credit, however, is due to Seeley for the originality of his conceptions, and for the way in which he roused at Cambridge the somewhat dormant study of history.

The influence of Lord Acton is embodied in no great

historical work, though his anonymous and miscellaneous articles form a long list, and each article has the value of a book in itself. But many books written by others have been inspired by Lord Acton, and many a student first gained the true historic perspective sitting at his feet. 'To be in his company,' says Mr. Herbert Paul, 'was like being in the best of historical libraries with the best of historical catalogues.' He believed in scientific method in the treatment of origins and authorities, but he had a high ideal of history as an art, and was himself both artist and philosopher in his views and in their expression. Almost unparalleled for research and precision of knowledge, 'at home, no doubt, upon the front stairs, but supreme upon the back stairs, and (as he once said) getting his meals in the kitchen,' as the late Professor Maitland puts it, Lord Acton was yet an idealist and moralist during the whole of his life. He said that to him 'the inflexible integrity of the moral code was the secret of the authority, the dignity, the utility of history.' The more we think of it, the more we are driven to the conclusion that it is quarrelling with the inevitable to lament that Lord Acton never actually wrote that *History of Liberty* to which he so often refers as in contemplation. One who had so lofty an idea of the value of history, and such an intense moral code, could never conceive of himself as adequately equipped for such a sacred work.

Professor Bury, Lord Acton's successor at Cambridge, now stands as the chief exponent of the scientific school. He agrees with Seeley only so far as to admit that 'History supplies the material for social and political science,' and he has no sympathy at all with Lord Acton's claim that history not only may but must sit in judgement on men and on events. He carries the negation of the practical utility of history to a logical conclusion—some might say, to a logical absurdity—when he defines the scope of the historian as 'the gathering of materials bearing upon minute local events, the collation of manuscripts, and the registry of their small variations, the patient drudgery in archives of states and municipalities,' and

in his declaration that the use of it all is not so much our business as the business of future generations. Students who heard these words delivered at Cambridge in 1903 were then quite prepared for the closing declaration of the inaugural lecture that history was neither literary art nor philosophical speculation, but 'simply a science, no more and no less.'

Little objection can be raised to the claim for a more scientific recognition of history, but when Professor Bury seeks to drive literature away from it we must respectfully decline to follow him. History began with the ancient saga and ballad, and was described by one of the famous critics of antiquity as 'poetry free from the incumbrance of verse.' Only very gradually has its claim to scientific treatment been put forward, and only very recently has it been admitted; and now, having established its claim, it is—in some directions, at least—seeking to discard that art which has been its chief glory in the past. Human affairs are too infinitely complex, the conditions of human problems never exactly enough reproduce themselves, and the difficulties of cataloguing mind and emotion are too great for history to be an exact science. These are conditions which future ages will feel as much as we ourselves do. Why, then, should our historical work be limited to the collection of data which may never be definite enough to be of any practical use? It has been justly said, 'The accumulation of material for the builders of the year 5000 is a noble and wise project, if only in the meanwhile the art of architecture be not lost.' We had better accept several imperfect readings of history rather than remain in the dark altogether; and whilst working for posterity, we may accept the lessons which history has to teach us now, without impairing the value of the heritage to be handed on.

It would be a thousand pities if the work of the imagination were left solely to the poet and the historian. The inevitable result would be that the general reading public would go to Shakespeare and Scott for their history, and would cease to care whether the history they read

were true or not. The personality of the historian is already being discounted in the new co-operative form of history which finds its best exposition in the *Cambridge Modern History*, where it is laid down as an ideal, that no one should be able to tell, without examining the list of authors, where Stubbs put down his pen, and whether Fairbairn or Gasquet, Liebermann or Harrison took it up. This method, involving as it does a certain levelling up of knowledge, seems to entail also a certain levelling down of style. It is essentially unliterary, and emphasizes the divorce between the historian and that personal quality which we have hitherto regarded as inseparable from a great historian.

Literary charm may, of course, overcome the eager pursuit of truth and the thirst for knowledge, but such a perversion of true literature need not cause us to refuse to recognize literary art as a most powerful ally, without which history, as constituted by facts alone, could not adequately fulfil its functions. If history has a lesson to teach, it must attract its pupils first of all; hence a literary style becomes as essential to the historian's equipment as eloquence is to that of the preacher. The perfect historian, Lucian tells us, must start with two indispensable qualifications, 'the one is political insight, the other the faculty of expression.' The moral element also is necessary. The true historian performs but a part of his duty if he does not show the relation which exists between present standards and those of past ages.

The influence of historical teaching has during the last century been extending itself in all directions. It is the recognized training-school for the statesman and the politician, and it forms the basis of all moral teaching. Lord Acton was speaking to a wide body of students when he advised a pupil to read history as giving 'force and fullness and clearness and sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity' to his mind, and as teaching the way in which error is conquered and truth is won.

STEPHEN R. DODDS.

THE PAUL GERHARDT TERCENTENARY

Paul Gerhardt: Sein Leben und seine Lieder. Von PFARRER ERNST KOCH. Preisgekrönte Festschrift der Allgemeinen Evangelisch-Lutherischen Konferenz. (Leipzig: A. Deichert. 1907.)

Der alte Glaube. 8 Jahrgang. Nos. 22, 23, 24. Articles on Paul Gerhardt, by W. LANG, E. SCHERER, A. BARTELS, &c. (Leipzig: A. Deichert.)

Paulus Gerhardt's geistliche Lieder in neuen Weisen. Von FRIEDRICH MERGNER. 30 ausgewählte Lieder. (Leipzig: A. Deichert.)

A FEW months ago German Protestants celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of Paul Gerhardt's birth. Not only in his birthplace and in the towns where he was pastor, but also throughout the land his name and his work were remembered with appreciative gratitude. At the command of the Emperor a festival service was held in the cathedral of Berlin. One evidence of the widespread interest aroused by the celebration is the circulation of more than forty thousand copies of Pfarrer Koch's prize essay on *Paul Gerhardt: His Life and Poetry*. The Lutheran organs call attention to the silence of the secular press. Some complain that Liberal newspapers are, for the most part, under Jewish control. Others ask a question which applies not to Germany alone: Ought there not to be a more systematic attempt to supply non-religious journals with information in regard to events which do not lose their national importance because they have a religious significance?

To Paul Gerhardt 'the holy Church throughout all the world' is debtor. One of the Tercentenary publications contains translations of his hymns into most of the

languages of Africa, Asia, America and Australia. It is not unworthily entitled: *Sing to the Lord, all the Earth*. 'His sacred poetry, multiplied a hundredfold by foreign versions, belongs to the literature of the world; like a rainbow of promise, it spans the whole of Christendom.' His biographers state that, during his lifetime, Christians belonging to other confessions—Roman Catholics especially—attended Lutheran services solely because his heart-stirring hymns were sung. For nearly two centuries they have had a place of honour in Romanist hymn-books.

The Methodist Hymn-Book contains more of Gerhardt's compositions than of any other German writer—twice as many as are contributed by Luther, or by Tersteegen, or by Zinzendorf, who wrote fifteen times as many hymns as Gerhardt. Spitta comes next to him both in quality and quantity; but it would be difficult to select many groups of six hymns which recall more hallowed memories than those beginning respectively—

'O sacred Head once wounded,'
'My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,'
'Jesu, Thy boundless love to me,'
'My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me,'
'Commit thou all thy griefs,'
'Give to the winds thy fears.'

Methodists have good reason to join with Lutherans in giving thanks for the precious gift to His Church of this sweet singer of the grace of God revealed in Jesus Christ. Some of the lessons of the Gerhardt Tercentenary may, with profit, be pondered by Evangelical Christians of every name.

In 1607, when Gerhardt was born, the clouds were gathering ominously which began to discharge themselves, during his boyhood, in the lightnings and thunders of the Thirty Years' War. He was a student of theology at Wittenberg when, in 1632, through its ancient streets was carried the body of Gustavus Adolphus, 'the Northern

Gideon.' Muffled bells and popular lamentations gave expression to the general opinion that the death of the Swedish hero-king was a death-blow to the hopes of German Protestantism. In truth, it meant that the terrible struggle was not quite half over.

The suggestion has been made that some of Gerhardt's hymns bear traces of his having served his country as an army chaplain; but all that can be definitely said is that the war with its horrors forms the dark background of his faith. In 1637 his native village was almost destroyed by fire; in the flames kindled by soldiers the church and many buildings, including his father's house, perished. Such incidents left their mark upon his sensitive mind—and perhaps also upon his hymns. But in interpreting his warlike allusions it must be remembered that both in domestic sorrows and in ecclesiastical strife Paul Gerhardt was called to 'endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

A century separates Gerhardt from Luther. In 1507 Luther was twenty-four years old, and was about to begin at Wittenberg the lectures which were to make the university famous. They were destined also, as the rector said, 'to puzzle our doctors and to bring in a new doctrine.' At the beginning of the seventeenth century Wittenberg had become the central stronghold of Lutheran orthodoxy. Its renowned teachers were setting themselves against the tendency to a doctrinal syncretism which leaned towards Calvinism. Paul Röber, Professor of Theology, described as 'a man of the Bible and of Christian moderation, a lover of poetry and music,' greatly influenced Gerhardt. Indeed, it was faithful adherence to the Lutheran faith, as expounded at Wittenberg, that brought him into unwilling conflict with the Calvinist Elector of Brandenburg. It is, however, needful to mention a few incidents in Gerhardt's career, before referring to the great trouble which shadowed the closing years of his life.

In the prime of his manhood Gerhardt was in Berlin; in what capacity is uncertain, but happy friendships

formed at this period led him to call the city his 'second home.' The first of his hymns that can be definitely traced to its origin was composed in 1643 for the marriage of a friend. It is 'full of life, and not devoid of humour.' His best work was done in the ten years that immediately followed. The earliest extant edition (the third) of a Berlin hymn-book (1648), entitled *Praxis pietatis melica*, contains eighteen of his hymns; the fifth edition, published five years later, contains no less than eighty-one. Meanwhile he had taken pastoral charge of Mittenwald, four miles from Berlin. In 1655 he married, and two years later was appointed to the St. Nicolas Church in Berlin. Here he exercised for nearly ten years a fruitful and most happy ministry.

Gerhardt was emphatically a man of peace, and it is one of the ironies of history that the only period of his life fully illuminated by the chronicles of his day should be a period of ecclesiastical strife. The Elector, a zealous member of the Reformed Church, issued in 1662 a decree prohibiting the clergy from holding 'disputations' in their pulpits; he also forbade to his subjects the study of theology and philosophy in Wittenberg. The tension became great. A conference was held, and Gerhardt, as the most accomplished theologian on the Lutheran side, was obliged to take a prominent part. In the end the Lutherans declared that they 'held unwaveringly to their doctrines, but were ready to show the Reformed party all neighbourly and Christian love.' Pastor Wackernagel's testimony is that 'Gerhardt appears in the entire course of the proceedings as a man of the purest character. He was the soul, indeed I might say the good conscience, of the Berlin clergy. He was never influenced by self-will or passion. It was his duty to prepare a summary of what was advanced as well in attack as in defence.' These articles, interspersed with Latin according to the taste of that age, present a striking contrast to the pure and lucid diction of his hymns; their clear logic proves that in him 'the critical understanding is not incompatible with the

poetic temperament'; it was whilst composing some of his finest spiritual hymns that 'his soul cleansed itself from the stains of the conflict.'

In 1664 the Elector required the clergy to sign a declaration which seemed, to earnest Lutherans, to involve a violation of their ordination vows and to be an unwarrantable assumption by the State of power over the Church, as well as an attempt to coerce the individual conscience. In those days it was an almost unheard-of thing for the people to oppose a State decree, but Gerhardt was so universally beloved that two appeals were made on his behalf to the Elector. 'He has never preached against the faith of his Highness, not to speak of having denounced it.' But although the people's intercessions were in vain, the Elector, probably influenced by his wife, so far favoured Gerhardt as ultimately to relieve him from the necessity of signing the declaration, being well assured that without signing Gerhardt 'would obey the edict.' He might have continued to discharge his duties as before without disobedience to the Elector, but his conscience would not allow him to retain his position on these terms, and in 1667 he resigned. The Lutherans do well to honour his memory, not only on account of his distinction as a sacred poet, but also on account of his guileless and dauntless courage as a confessor of the faith in troublous times.

During these years of storm and stress Gerhardt was sore stricken by the loss of two children; at the time of his resignation his devoted wife was dying of consumption, and entered into rest within a year. A few months after her death Gerhardt was glad to accept a call to Lübben in Saxony; there for nearly eight years the lonely-hearted man fulfilled his ministry. Once he was found in the church kneeling before the crucifix and pouring out his soul to God in prayer. In the church wherein with his 'latest breath' he published the 'steadfast truth,' the 'love and guardian care' of God, there is a life-sized oil-painting of Gerhardt; it bears the inscription, 'A Theo-

logian sifted in Satan's sieve'; these words, obviously recalling Luke xxii. 31, are followed by a Latin epigram, quoted by Pfarrer Koch in a German translation. After speaking of the Divine Spirit which breathes in his songs of faith and hope and love, it closes with the exhortation :

O Christian, often sing his hymns with hallowed joy.

As a lyric poet Gerhardt's fame is established. Sometimes he is described as 'the father of German lyric poetry'; Scherer says: 'What Gerhardt did in the religious sphere was completed by Goethe in the secular.' Schiller was grateful to his mother for introducing him to the beauties of Gerhardt's poetry; a special favourite was the evening hymn: 'Now all the woods are sleeping.' In his description of the wife and mother in 'The Song of the Bell' Schiller is indebted to Gerhardt's 'Praise of Woman,' written within a year of his happy marriage and based on Prov. xxxi. Goethe's 'Who never ate his bread with tears' contains unmistakable reminiscences of Gerhardt's 'How long shall I in sore distress my bread with tears be eating?'

Literary critics agree in ascribing to Gerhardt a fine ear for the harmony of words. He had, to an exceptional degree, the gift which enabled him to detect the rhythmic and melodious capabilities of the German language. Examples of his happy use of alliteration it is not possible to reproduce in English. Some idea of the variety of his metres may perhaps be given by the following renderings, offered with diffidence :

I tread my path with singing,
I dare not to repine;
My heart-bells all are ringing,
For bright is the sunshine.

The sun that shines above me
Is Jesus Christ, my King;
My Lord in heaven doth love me,
He makes my heart to sing.

How great on earth Thy beauty, Lord!
The bliss which now Thou dost afford
To gratitude impels us;
But hope awaits beyond this scene,
The heavenly glory passing e'en
What Thine own promise tells us.

Thou art mine,
I am Thine,
Naught can separate us;
In Thee am I, in me art Thou,
And ever shall we be as now.

The saying that Gerhardt 'wrote his poems to the music of church bells' is true, whether it be taken to signify that he is the poet of home joys and sorrows, or that he delights to celebrate the festivals of the Christian year. His first hymn was composed for a wedding, and his swan-song was written for the funeral of a friend. In his hymns for the sacred seasons, words and rhythm so completely harmonize that suitable thoughts find as fitting expression when the subject is the joy of Christmas or the gladness of Easter, as when the theme is the sorrows of Calvary or the solemn awe of the Judge's Advent. His Passion hymn, 'O sacred Head, once wounded,' is one of seven translated and adapted from the *Passions-Salve* of Bernard of Clairvaux. In the original, the poet addresses the *Salve* to the various members of our Lord's body. Next in popularity to that which refers to the head, is that which refers to the feet which were 'nailed for our advantage to the bitter Cross.' Gerhardt's poetry is a worthy embodiment of his own confession of faith, 'The sun that shines upon me is Jesus Christ, my Lord.' Whatever may be thought of the derivation of the emphatic word in another poet's statement, the etymology adopted enables him to express the simple truth: 'Gerhardt was a pilgrim on this earth; in all his hymns there are heliotrope (cf. *turnsole*) seeds. For as these flowers always turn towards the sun, so Gerhardt always turns to the bliss of eternity.'

Two very different causes combined to keep Gerhardt's hymns in the background for more than a century. When he died in 1676 Pietism was spreading; soon 'luscious emotional poetry became popular and Gerhardt's simple verses were deemed insipid.' The decline of Pietism was followed by the era of 'Illumination,' when Rationalism prevailed. Evangelical hymns were watered down, if they contained too large a proportion of 'the fiery wine of faith.' Gerhardt's hymns were first mutilated, then buried. No new edition of them appeared between 1708 and 1817. Pfarrer Koch mentions some remarkable incidents which prove that there was little desire to keep in remembrance the great facts commemorated by the sacred festivals. Preachers would have no use for Gerhardt's hymns if on Christmas Day they were content to discourse on such themes as 'The desirability of keeping cattle-stalls clean,' and on Easter Sunday to expatiate on 'The benefits of early rising.' At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were hundreds of hymn-books 'filled with the miserable rhymings of rationalists,' but even then Gerhardt's hymns were sung by little companies of Christians, in whose hearts the glow of the Reformation faith had survived the wintry frost.

Goethe and Herder are mentioned as having entered their protest against 'the barbarism which threw away the treasures of ancient hymnology as though they were paste jewels.' Baron von Stein declared that pious worshippers would excuse 'a poor sermon, if only a hymn by Martin Luther or Paul Gerhardt might occasionally be sung.' But to Ernst Moritz Arndt, the patriotic poet of the War of Liberation, belongs the honour of reviving national interest in the 'spiritual hymns' which, next to Luther's translation of the Bible, he regarded as the most precious inheritance of the German people.

Writing in 1819, Arndt speaks of these hymns as preserving 'the sound kernel of Protestantism,' and proceeds to pass severe censure on those who had sanctioned the neglect of this precious heritage. The kernel of

Protestant truth had until lately remained in the undisputed possession of the German people. 'But within the last half-century mice, with not very sharp teeth, have begun to destroy it by gnawing. The strong, wholesome food provided in the old hymn-books has been taken away, and that which is weaker and more watery has been substituted.' His complaint is that 'neither the virtue nor the language of the fathers was understood. . . . Miserable spiritless hymns are sung in the churches because the calm fervour expressed in the older, animated hymnology is no longer felt.' To the question: Ought the old hymns to be restored? he replies: 'I will not call "holy" either the compositions of Luther or the clear and melodious songs of Gerhardt, for they were both mortal and sinful men. But in mortals there may dwell, and through mortals there may work, the immortal and infinite Spirit. Therefore, I venture to prophesy that so long as German is spoken the majority of Luther's and of Gerhardt's hymns will live and will be sung in Christian churches, because it was neither Luther nor Gerhardt that composed them, but the Spirit of God.' A century has almost passed since Arndt's appeal was made; it had its influence on the founders of the new hymnology. Vilmar, Wackernagel, Bachmann and Ebeling not only restored Gerhardt to his rightful position in the choir of Christian poets, but they also restored the text of his hymns to its original purity and beauty. They could have adopted no means more likely to ensure that from the place of honour, which is his by the glad consent of the universal Church, Gerhardt will never be deposed.

Almost all the writers who have contributed to the Gerhardt Tercentenary celebration have, from one point of view or another, instituted a comparison between Luther and Gerhardt. Referring to Melanchthon, Luther once said: 'I am the rough forest-clearer, whose work it is to open up a path. But Philip goes softly and gently along, joyfully sowing the seed and watering it, according to the gifts which God has bestowed on him.' Gerok,

himself a poet of no mean order, happily applies this description of Melancthon to Gerhardt. Luther does indeed resemble the men who made themselves famous because they 'lifted up axes against a thicket of trees'; his words were 'half battles,' and his hymns have been called 'creeds with wings.' But on the lips of Gerhardt the Church's confession became a song of personal experience. The difference between the two men was, however, more than a difference of natural temperament, and more than a difference of character. An appreciative critic in *Der alte Glaube* rightly says that the two men respectively embody the spirit of two different centuries—'the one creative and the other assimilative.' Hence, although the contrast between Luther's *objective* hymns and Gerhardt's *subjective* poems has often been over-emphasized, as though the two words described mutually exclusive alternatives, it is fair to say that Gerhardt's poetry marks the transition from the age in which hymns gave collective expression to the Church's confession of faith, to the age in which spiritual songs were the outpouring of an individual Christian's personal trust and love.

Where Luther says 'we,' Gerhardt says 'I.' To the Reformer's 'A safe stronghold *our* God is still' corresponds Gerhardt's hymn of trust: 'If God is on *my* side'; where the former says: 'Death surrounds *us* throughout life,' the latter sings: 'On earth am *I* a stranger.' But 'the new element' was not, as Pfarrer Koch reminds us, that 'I-hymns' were composed and sung, but that they were given 'a place in the public worship of God.' For such use Gerhardt's Christian lyrics are eminently adapted. They describe no mystical experience peculiar to the singer, but the comforts of divine grace which all may aspire to enjoy, and which in every Christian congregation there are many who possess. Implicit in Gerhardt's use of 'I' and 'me' is the argument to which Charles Wesley gives full utterance when he writes:

Thy goodness and Thy truth to *me*,
To *every* soul abound.

For this reason his sixteen hymns beginning with 'I' and the three beginning 'my' are quite appropriate as expressions of common prayer and praise. 'In the "I" the "we" is never swallowed up.' Even his hymns written for special occasions could, without alteration, be inserted in collections intended for use in public worship. 'But this was a departure in an essential principle from the mediaeval rule which sanctioned only impersonal hymns.' Did Gerhardt learn this use of 'I' from his study of the Psalter, in which it is sometimes impossible to say whether the 'I' represents the experience of an individual or of the saints of God and sometimes of the nation? Twenty-eight of his hymns are christianized versions of psalms, and, like all his poems which treat of biblical themes, they bear many traces of the influence on the poet of the phraseology of Luther's great version. What Dr. Davison says of the psalmist's consciousness may be applied to the experience of this later singer: 'At once individual and generic, it refuses to be analysed by the scalpel of the acutest critic. . . . The more fully a writer is under the influence of the Spirit of God, the more completely his language is likely to lose what is minutely and incommunicably personal, and the more aptly and fully it will embody the experience of those who, like himself, are the servants of God' (*The Praises of Israel*, p. 185).

In estimating the influence of Gerhardt's hymns, account should be taken of the melodies to which they have been sung. As Luther was indebted to Johann Walther, so Gerhardt was indebted to Johann Crüger for the fitting music to which his verses were set. Ebeling composed no less than one hundred and thirteen tunes to Gerhardt's hymns, and some of them are described as 'unsurpassably beautiful.' In the Tercentenary memorial services the compositions of Friedrich Mergner have been specially prominent and have received emphatic praise. 'Beyond all doubt they ought to have a permanent place in the service of sacred song.' Attention may be called to a new edition of a selection of thirty of Gerhardt's most

popular hymns with Mergner's music (see above, p. 255). But the fascination which some of Gerhardt's lyrics possess for the German mind is largely due to the soulful interpretation of the selections which Johann Sebastian Bach has introduced into his numerous cantatas, his Christmas oratorio, and, above all, his famous settings of the history of the Passion. Who that has listened to Bach's *Passion* (St. Matthew) can forget the thrilling effect of the noble music which so perfectly interprets the hymn, 'O sacred Head, once wounded'? That effect reaches its climax in the rendering of the last verse, beginning in Dr. J. W. Alexander's translation :

Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thyself to me.

No words have been more frequently on the lips of Gerhardt's countrymen than the two limpid lines :

Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden,
So scheide nicht von mir.

The charm of the repetition it is hardly possible to retain in English, but perhaps the fundamental thought may be suggested thus :

When I 'farewell' am saying,
Say not 'farewell' to me.

A fruitful theme for the writers of appreciations of Gerhardt's hymns has been the use made of them by Christians of all creeds and of all nations. They have been quoted by kings and by peasants, on historic occasions, and by Christian heroes unknown to fame. Most of the following incidents are narrated in Pfarrer Koch's admirable monograph. In November 1870, as the Wurtemberg troops were encamped before Paris, the festival of Advent was celebrated by the holding of a solemn sacramental service. The stillness of the wintry air was broken by the singing of the last hymn that many of those brave men were ever to sing on earth; it was

Gerhardt's 'What welcome shall I give Thee?' ('Wie soll ich dich empfangen?') On the morning of the 16th October, 1813, the day of the decisive battle of Leipzig, General von Wartenberg was breakfasting with his officers when news was brought to him that Blücher was preparing to attack. Immediately the General rose to his feet and earnestly prayed, in the words of Gerhardt's morning hymn ('Den Anfang, Mittl und Ende, ach Herr, zum besten wende'):

What we begin, continue and end,
To our good, Lord, may it tend.

'For Believers Suffering' Gerhardt wrote many hymns in addition to the two which are found in *The Methodist Hymn-Book*. In the year 1732, Salzburg Christians, called to forsake home and fatherland for the gospel's sake, sang every morning, as they began again their weary pilgrimage: 'Why should I fret?' In 1759 Moser, the noble-hearted Protestant confessor, went forth to face the wrath of the Romanist duke and to enter upon his five years' imprisonment with these words on his lips:

The Christian's faith is best displayed
When he stands,
In God's hands,
Undismayed and unafraid.

Many are the testimonies to the comfort which 'Commit thou all thy ways' has brought to troubled hearts. Strange to say, it was a great favourite with the Elector of Brandenburg, whose edict was the cause of Gerhardt's bitter experience in Berlin. Louise, Queen of Prussia, used to sing it to her husband in the dark days of her much-loved country's misfortunes. 'Though she was weeping when she sat down to the piano, her eye was clear and her spirit bright as she rose from it.' Amelia of Lasaulx, the Roman Catholic 'Sister of Mercy,' who courageously refused to subscribe to the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, strengthened her soul by frequently singing this hymn at Mass.

It is in song and in prayer that 'the saints appear as one.' Friedrich Leopold Graf, a poet of a fine and romantic spirit, was received into the Roman Catholic Church. But in his last hour he turned for consolation to the hymn-book of the Evangelical Church. His daughter, on her knees, prayed:

When I 'farewell' am saying,
Say not 'farewell' to me.

His response was 'Praise to Jesus Christ.' With the same couplet Rudolf Kögel, the royal chaplain, comforted the German Emperor, William the First, in the hour of death; the same words Kögel himself also desired to be whispered to him in his own last moments. As testifying to the unity of experience which underlies differences in theological views, it deserves to be noted that although Albrecht Ritschl had 'sharply criticized the Good Friday hymn,' at his own request its closing verses were read aloud to him when the hour of his departure came. Bartels, a literary critic, has ample reason for praising Gerhardt's hymns on account of their 'blending of poetry and religion.' In both these respects his hymns reveal the man. Nothing has been said of his true love of Nature. It was to him 'an image of grace,' because his mind was as devout as it was poetic. These reminiscences may fitly close with two characteristic lines from his best-known evening hymn. It contains a finely-wrought-out analogy between the hour of Nature's slumber and man's night of rest from toil. From contemplation of the beauties of earth Gerhardt passed without effort to thoughts of the glory of heaven. It was to him but a step 'from the earthly garden to Paradise.' As he mused on the one he had foretastes of the other, and exclaimed:

What pure delight, what bright sunshine,
In Jesu's garden will be mine!

J. G. TASKER.

THE ROMANTICISTS AROUND DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

STANDING sullenly in the choppy water of Spithead is a series of forts, forming an armed line from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight. Bubbling up through the chalky strata on which these forts stand, are springs which in spite of the turbulent saltiness of the sea around supply the men that are doomed to spend their days on these solitary islands of masonry with a fresh stream of pure water.

Somewhat in the fashion of these springs arose the circle of romantic painters that centred in Rossetti, dispensing freshness and vigour amid the brackish waters of the art of the middle nineteenth century.

All nature moves in impulse more or less regular; the ebb and flow of tides, the sobbing of a note-wave along a string, slumber and wakefulness—all these may be seen in the life of a nation or the duration of an age.

Apathy and darkness may lie in lifeless folds over a people, hopeless listlessness may hang over them like marsh-gases over a sedge-pool on a still night. There may be no whisper of a coming dawn; the leaf that looks down upon all others in the copse may hang motionless and stupefied by the hot night; there may be no sign of life or movement; but underneath, the sun is rolling irresistible and unperceived. By-and-by the whisper will come from the hills, wandering up the course of the stream and bringing into life little noises among the reeds. Before long the mists will begin to grow restless for flight, they will gather together like an army about to storm a height. A heron will put down his leg and startle the nocturnes of a moth dancing to the pale fire of a glow-worm.

No sooner has the blackbird made a necklace of notes than the choirs in every shadow-hung tree are flinging

music to the wind that first gave the whisper. Day is here once more, for the sun is shaking himself free of the wet poppies on the hill, men are acting, cutting up weeds, building monuments, and proclaiming each other to be geniuses. The dawn has given them strength, it has also opened their eyes. So the world goes on, sometimes stupidly asleep, sometimes clamorously awake.

The reign of Victoria saw the first stirring of the sleepers—in the beginning merely the tremble of an eyelid as something moved on the other side of the veil, passed and was perceived. Then a wave of irritation as realities grew more definite and were compared unfavourably with the nebulae of past dreams. The final awakening is not yet, possibly it never will arrive. There are still numberless souls whose vision is obscured by the dense cloud of matter and activity—always there are slumberers.

But the metaphor of sleep and dreaming is a difficult one as applied to the individual artist; wakefulness must not be confused with bodily activity. Always the highest mental perception is accompanied by a lowering of manual and physical energy, and a paradox may appear that the artist is most awake when he is dreaming. The dreaming of the artist is not a loose listlessness to be jarred into manual energy. In these silent and apparently uneventful times, his soul is busy peering into the deeps behind a hundred invisible windows—into the mysterious wells of a hundred unsleeping eyes.

It wanders about among others of its kind, receiving gifts and blessings silent and eternal. What the artist sees when his soul goes out from him he never forgets, for the soul sees only the absolute, the mind and the body see the coverings of this essence, which vary with the age and period.

All development is necessary to the artist, for before he presses the sticky curls of paint on to his palette, his soul must have sent its silent vision trembling through the denser atmosphere of the mind, which in its turn must have crystallized intangibilities into the physical forms of

trees and figures; and yet the more he keeps in subjection definite knowledge the better artist he will be.

After this comparatively lengthy prelude the more material facts may be set forth. The standard of painting in that age of decorum and gentility is exemplified in the frescoes by Maclise in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. The architecture is typified in the Albert Hall. It was seriously conceived by some of the magazines of the day that Joseph Paxton's glass bauble at Sydenham (the Crystal Palace) might gracefully take its place in historic architecture and make a fourth to the three Grecian Orders.

The brilliance of the sculpture may be seen in the Albert Memorial; and Trafalgar Square does not stand altogether blameless. Art was not understood in these days—it was a thing talked of as a graceful accomplishment—it was a sort of parlour trick—a polite profession.

No man approached his canvas with the trembling bend of humility, but rather with the pretty bow accorded to a ball-room partner.

Art was hidden like the sky on a cloudy day behind scudding vapours—no one could see into her profound blue where her jewels are set and her lamps burning.

It was in this age then, of vulgar elaboration and display, when people were thinking more of the gory fields of the war that was to be than of the green pastures of art, that Holman Hunt, a boy of nineteen, met the brilliant and popular Academy medallist, Millais, who was two years younger than himself.

The greatest outcome of this acquaintance, which afterwards was to develop into a close friendship, was a discovery which at first sight seems like a truism. They determined to put away from themselves all the conventionalities of a tawdry age and overstep the multitude of rules and maxims which lay heavily upon art at that time. They resolved to apply themselves assiduously to nature and nature only, and to have no instructors save the dictates of their own hearts and brains.

Two years later Rossetti, who was about a year older

than Holman Hunt, became impressed with their ideas, and tired of painting still-life groups under the friendly training of Madox Brown, entered the studio of Holman Hunt, who helped him to overcome the difficulties of his first picture, 'The Girlhood of the Virgin.'

This picture with 'Rienzi,' by Holman Hunt (for which, by the way, Rossetti played the part of model), and Millais' 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' were shown at the Royal Academy exhibition of 1849. Each picture was signed with the artist's initials, followed by the mystic letters P.R.B.

These three men, boys one might almost call them, had joined hands to defy the whole of the academical canons of art; they laboured and toiled to wring her secrets from the heart of nature herself.

They watched how the trees grew, and noted each line and tone and colour in their channelled barks. Not content with giving an impression of nature, they drew each blade of grass and painted the minutest petals of the flowers. They painted nature not as she appears but as she is; and this they did, not with any ambitious ideas of forming a school for their own glorification, but simply to arrive, if possible, at the elements of Truth. In those days there is no doubt that Holman Hunt was the energizing spirit, and it was doubtless good for Rossetti, during the early stages of his career, to be in such subjection to the nature about him. Afterwards he was to comprehend a greater nature—the nature within.

To the artist there are two 'natures,' the visible and tangible nature of the field and forest; that is, nature as she is understood by the farmer and tree-feller, and also the hidden nature, of which trees and brambles are only the outward symbols, as a man's face is a symbol of his mind. It was this strange silent soul that Rossetti was to understand in such a remarkable degree. This buried spirit speaks directly to the soul of a man, and as it scorns the medium of the senses, is often called imagination and fantasy.

These three called themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Besides indicating the fact that they followed the painters before Raphael, there was, as Holman Hunt has recently pointed out, a little chuckle of ridicule in the name, for the world of art at that time was laying all its indiscretions on the head of the mighty Raphael, who, we are glad to observe, was great enough to bear them.

Like all decadent periods the Victorian age elaborated upon the weaknesses of the great rather than upon their virtues. All its dilettanteism, the outer world was given to understand, was in emulation of the Prince of Painters; and the nation, too engrossed in itself—and at this time, in the spirit of jingoism—to be critical, too deeply immersed in conventionalities to think otherwise, believed, flattered and bought; and laughed at Constable as a surly Elijah when he said that English art would be dead in thirty years.

Constable was right as far as he knew, but he was wrong, for he had not foreseen the advent of these three boys; and the world, still smiling in its contentment, praised them when they exhibited their firstlings.

But the three had their own concerns, and troubled little what the opinions of others might be. They went back to their studios and endeavoured to take up the weaving of the thread where Angelo and Da Vinci had left off, trying to paint the throb of life and the pulse of the warm spirit of man.

The effect of Gainsborough and Reynolds had almost been lost, for about fifty years had elapsed since their zenith. Turner was the only outstanding genius, but he was declining into an experimentalist, and died in 1851, the third year of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The immediate influence of Turner was not great, and Constable was followed abroad more than at home; and as the figure painters of this time were satisfied to paint slight anecdotes of domestic life or of history, there was ample room for new masters.

What was needed was not so much development as revolution—a fresh starting-point, a new fire was required; this the three idealists brought, and it was destined to be fanned into a flame that would purge the tinsel-covered altars erected to their goddess from all their flimsy fineries.

Madox Brown had joined these knights in spirit, and though he never became an actual member of this esoteric brotherhood, he contributed verse, prose, and design to 'The Germ'—the expounder of Pre-Raphaelite principles.

Other converts were added to the brotherhood in James Collinson, Thomas Woolner, F. G. Stephens and W. M. Rossetti—the brother of the artist. But it cannot be said that these had much influence on English art, and in fact there were others who never joined the Brotherhood who did far more. Madox Brown and Burne-Jones, for instance, and William Morris in applied art, and G. F. Watts, and Leighton.

But this is in parenthesis. I have said that their first exhibition begot an idle praise, but slumbering complacency had not yet been aroused. The next year was to do that. Again came three pictures, Holman Hunt's 'Christian Priests escaping from Druid Persecution,' 'Christ in the house of His Parents,' by Millais, and Rossetti's picture of the Annunciation—each with the initials P.R.B.

A storm of bitter wrath and jealousy from the critics now broke out. The voices of the press vied with each other in condemnation of this renaissance of Truth. Charles Dickens wielded the sharpest sword in *Household Words*. So malicious was the feeling raised against this new school that Rossetti resolved never again to exhibit in the public galleries, and he kept this resolve to the end of his life.

The following year the storm heightened to such an extent that one influential paper suggested a few weeks after the opening of the Academy, that their works should be removed from the exhibition walls.

Thus in the third year of its existence the school was

threatened with a violent death. Then came three letters to the *Times* from the hand of Ruskin, 'denouncing the spirit of jealousy and injustice with which the young men had been assailed. He pointed out the merits of the works and the great influence for good which the revival was likely to exercise upon the English school.'

Thus it was that the three men began to stir up all the various sediments in an age which was, artistically at least, stagnant and artificial. Up to this time Holman Hunt had been the central figure. He it was who had suggested the idea of going back to nature—the great and simple idea that nature will suffice; great because it was simple, and simple because it was true.

From this he has never swerved a hair's breadth. But it was left to Rossetti to discover that nature abounds and blossoms within man as well as without—that imagination with its weird fantasies is to be trusted as part of the development of the mystic wonderful universe; as a part of God's creation—a part of nature. It is, as before stated, with this subtle sense, mistakenly called imagination, that the artist holds intercourse with the thin element of which matter is only the covering—or rather the symbol.

Rossetti's retirement from public exhibition, his recoil from blatant criticism, doubtless threw him more intensely on this unseen realm, and there is no doubt that later he was the great inspiring centre. His work was not all done with his own hands. He needed the great industry of Hunt, the tireless man who, though nearly eighty years of age, is still quarrying in the granite mountain of Truth; who has spent night after night in the chill air patiently and laboriously striving with the pale grey tones of moonlight as they diffused themselves over the subtle and star-spangled sky, or struck the wet leaves of the dew-dripping flowers; who had such a passion for Truth that he risked malaria and a dozen other chances of death in a lonely land to paint the pathos of a dying goat.

And he needed the versatile Millais, who was a favourite in all societies, to whom the opinions of his

fellow men meant a great deal. A man facile with his brush, to whom work was easy, who would paint splendidly and laugh the while.

The poetry of Coventry Patmore shines too with the light of Rossetti. This impetuous Rossetti, with his sparkling dreams, was to flash his personality over the spiritual and delicate mind of Burne-Jones, to make him forsake his college career and the opinions of his parents, and take to the art which he afterwards glorified so exceedingly.

Amidst the startling scientific discoveries of the day Rossetti dreamed on placidly and unmoved. 'What,' he said, 'what could it matter whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun travelled about the earth?'

He despised the rigid unfeeling terms of science which placed the heavens in 'the dull catalogue of common things.' To him the stars sang in their spheres. The curled moon was like a little feather fluttering far down the gulf. The stars were lamps which stirred continually with prayer sent up to God.

A 'splendid failure' some have dubbed the man who wrote the 'Blessed Damozel' and painted 'Dante's Dream.' A failure he may have been, in that he never mastered technique as did Millais. Yet but for this splendid failure Burne-Jones would have been in all probability a disappointing parson, and Millais only a delightful painter of society belles and trivial incidents.

He lived through the epoch-making times of Darwin and Huxley. But natural history to him was summed up in the unself-conscious movements of little animals, of which he kept a small menagerie, and the laugh and prattle of unspoiled children. He was a personality, but the work he did himself was no small achievement. He brought into the English language a considerable amount of Italian poetry, and his own numerous poems are as full of sensuous and mediaeval colouring as are his pictures. If you wish for a clear portrait of this man read *Aylwin*, for it was he who inspired Watts-Dunton's portrait of D'Arcy.

'His forehead was so perfect that it seemed to shed its own beauty over all the other features—the features below the eyes were not in themselves beautiful. The eyes, which looked at me through spectacles, were of a colour between hazel and blue-grey, but there were lights shining within them which were neither grey nor hazel nor blue—wonderful lights. And it was to these indescribable lights moving and alive in the depths of the pupils, that his face owed its extraordinary attractiveness.' In another place, his voice 'was music in every variety of tone, and besides it seemed to me that this music was enriched by a tone . . . which sorrow can give and nothing else, the listener, while he was speaking, felt so drawn towards him as to love the man who spoke.'

His school was a protest against the artificialities of the age, and its members despised the dry-bones of science, yet their aims ran parallel with those of Tyndall and Spencer and Darwin. Nature has two sides; the construal and the living-beautiful. The mechanical structure which is unravelled by the test-tube and balance, which appeals to man's sense of accuracy, adjustment, and order—and the 'life,' the beautiful side which has no measurement, scorns the weight and lever, and appeals to the emotional and sympathetic element in man. The scientist is the complement of the artist; their aim at bottom is identical—an earnest search for Truth.

It was not merely to reproduce a landscape with photographic accuracy that Rossetti and his circle strove, but rather to crystallize and make visible the waves of passionate feeling which played upon them from the unseen. Poynter says that the artist's business is to create a world of his own. But the phrase is not entirely correct. It suggests a constructional man. The artist does not build or create, he fastens down the fleeting music-mist that beats and pulses from some other-where more beautiful than this molecular sphere.

He knows not what it is, but he knows that there are channels within him, down which, if he develop them, the

holy stream will pour and turn his pigments into harmonies resembling the harmonious other-world which he can neither see nor hear, but which, in the times when the mist plays on him, he feels.

The difference between the work of two men is the difference between the men through whom this power flows.

Besides being the strongest personality, Rossetti was perhaps the greatest man of the whole school. His indifference to strenuous work was the outcome of frequent inspiration, for it is not in the time of inspiration that a man works; it is in that time that he receives. It is in the quiet peace which follows that he produces—his picture is a sort of memorandum.

Now to a certain extent Rossetti despised art, inasmuch as it did not do what he required of it. We see this in the fact that he first tried the medium of form and colour and then the rhythm of sounds, and fled in his anxiety to express this other-world from one to the other.

Although he painted pictures like mosaics of jewels bathed in sun, his was 'a temperament without a voice,' and yet in some subtle way he managed to convey a breath of his genius to the men around him. The Pre-Raphaelites and their circle were really a problem in psychology. Rossetti's influence on Burne-Jones, and on the early years of Millais, was especially pronounced. But Millais was intellectual rather than poetic. A nature like his would be appealed to by arguments rather than by love. Romanticism was to him a form of culture rather than an expression of his innermost self. Had he not been an artist he would have been great in other spheres of mental activity. Thus Rossetti's influence on him was somewhat superficial.

Oh the pity of it that he eventually thought fit to leave its magic and pander to tastes of the loud-mouthed Philistines! Was it because the *Times* wrote his 'Carpenter's Shop' down as 'revolting' that he afterwards painted such trivial pictures as 'Awake,' and 'A Reverie,' and

'The Flood'? Millais afterwards looked apologetically on his 'Carpenter's Shop.' Had he been firmer he would never have had to say in bitter repentance: 'I am overcome with chagrin, that I so far failed in my maturity to fulfil the full forecast of my youth.'

Ruskin wrote of his picture, 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford': 'I see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. . . .' The picture is beautiful enough, but the words have a truth which is easy to see now that Millais' 'Saga' is an open book, although they were written in his early days, when Ruskin was far more enthusiastic than truthful, and when he compared a now wellnigh forgotten Crimean picture with Titian, and suggested that it almost surpassed the work of that artist.

We can imagine Millais making a good art-master, and had he lived longer no doubt he would have shown the world an exemplary President. Not so Burne-Jones; presidencies were not for the painter of 'King Cophetua' and 'Kings' Daughters.' We read that when he was considerably over twenty years old he sought out Rossetti with fear and awe to show him a little portfolio of pen-and-ink drawings. One can imagine the hardly concealed fear as he waited for the master's verdict. The result of this interview we see in his life's work.

Burne-Jones might be called the Chopin of painting. There is a sorrow in his work, sometimes the muffled sound of tragedy, sometimes the sadness of a half-remembered joy. His pictures are not complex, but rather an embroidered simplicity of dignified vertical lines. He used no heightened lights or exaggerated darkneses to gain his tragedy, as did Leighton.

There is no strained and knotted anatomy, there is the calmness of tense emotion. His men and women are imprisoned spirits, here but a little while; they live in a jewelled land of rose-hung towers where the sun is never garish—a land of eternal evensong, where the purple mirrored trees remain undisturbed in the darkened pools.

But always his maids and knights are listening, listening to the citherns and citoles elsewhere. It is this absorption which seems to suggest that the land of their memories is even more beautiful than the quiet hills and warm shadows around them.

Burne-Jones is more comparable with Botticelli than with the many-sided Da Vinci. He knew there was something beyond the external appearance of things. Rossetti had pressed him to venture all on the unseen, and he painted flesh so transparent that one almost sees the golden soul like a whorl of thin smoke within.

Although, loosely speaking, there is a mediaeval atmosphere about his pictures, yet they have no period. The mediaeval feeling is an illusion created by their simplicity. His people (for instance) did not have great instruments to create music upon—of what use would they be? Their music was not that of the orchestra but of the accompanist. One can imagine them striking little plashing irresponsible notes that have no relation to anything but those persistent and unheard harmonies their heads are ever bent to catch. It is the simplicity of their desires that lends the suggestion of mediaevalism.

It is not the simplicity of the unenlightened, but rather that of sojourning children awaiting the voice in the music that shall softly call them back to their own.

There is none of this remoteness in Holman Hunt. He is rather to be compared with Madox Brown than Burne-Jones or Rossetti. He is a man of honest handiwork. His pictures are wrought and fashioned out of the realities of the flesh, out of its lusts and passions, hates and fears. Love, as Rossetti and Burne-Jones knew it, is undiscoverable in him. His love is fierce and hot, akin to hate; if there are tears in it they are almost as unwilling as the iron tears of Pluto when Orpheus sang. He seeks to be faithful rather than beautiful. Prettiness he despises. He draws with all the fidelity of Dürer, depicting blemishes with the same honesty with which he portrays virtues. He is a master workman, letting no mood refract

his vision of Truth. He paints his passions with unimpassioned calculation. He goes straight forward with a tireless scrutiny and relentless precision. No light humour disturbs his purpose. He stands apart and sees within things from the distance.

He is a stern moralist; his conception of Christ has no trace of effeminacy in it. In his picture of 1874, 'The Shadow of Death,' Christ is depicted as a young Jewish carpenter, with the signs of toil in His outstanding veins. He is a man of blood and flesh. But one can hardly realize that this man was the incarnation of that same Spirit to whom the floods lift up their voices and clap their hands, and who makes the fields joyful, and whose wishes this Christ was burning to fulfil.

Every accessory in this picture is painted with thoughtful care. Here are the pomegranates and scrolls. The tools are faithfully drawn—files, augers, and plumb-line, and the upward cutting saw. The wear on each is studied, for these are the tools that Joseph had wrought with before Him.

There is a 'pretty history' in the scratches and dents on the sawing-stool and bench, making one conjecture 'when and where: this cut is fresh—that ten years back.' It is intensely and overpoweringly real, every detail, even the fragment of landscape in the triple-arched window was painted in the land where Christ spent thirty years of obscurity. He has shown everything with literary exactness, but it is possible that he is graphic rather than spiritual; that he has shown Christ as an unknown carpenter—but only as an unknown carpenter.

I have compared Madox Brown with Holman Hunt, but strictly speaking the comparison only exists in the thoroughness of their technique. Madox Brown seeks his inspiration in the records of his country rather than in biblical history. Both men have, it is true, painted in each other's sphere at times. But Madox Brown was philosophical rather than religious. There is also a simple note of domestic love running through his work;

the warm clinging of a child to its mother is repeated again and again.

In 'Work' we see his temperamental mixture of philosophy and domesticity. The wild passions of youth rarely appeal to him; rather, we see him painting the record of great deeds done under the soothing influence of the hearth-stone. There is 'Crabtree discovering the Transit of Venus,' undisturbed by the playful children. And their mother, who is knitting and taking a wifely interest in the black spot traversing the round disc of the sun's image.

The domestic note balances the composition in the kingly 'Baptism of Eadwine' in the characters of the Queen and her daughter, and we see in the background a thoughtful mother holding up her child to view the proceedings that it may prattle of them in future years. Humanly enough the child looks not upon the King but upon his little daughter.

Madox Brown realized full well that crowns and sceptres are but one side of history, and that on the other side of these jewelled symbols there are the great love of home and its quiet happinesses, which have done more for the uplifting and ennobling of the country than its Cromwells or its kings.

How great the influence of these Romanticists is, or will be, it is difficult to estimate. That it is great there can be no doubt, apart from the fact that men like Byam Shaw and Abbey are following in their footsteps, for they spoke eternal truths: Rossetti—that imagination is a reality; Holman Hunt—that life is earnest and that Christ was human; Burne-Jones—that there is a great and beautiful 'beyond'; and Madox Brown—that there is a love nobler than passion. And Millais? Ah, Millais, we learn more from his life than from his work. For Millais, like a swift arrow catching a cross wind, fell short.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE.

EAST AND WEST: THEIR MUTUAL SPIRITUAL ENRICHMENT

IN the April issue of this journal there appeared a suggestive article by the Rev. Henry T. Hooper on 'Presuppositions.' He expressed his conviction that Western modes of thought need to be supplemented by those of the East, and that Western thought awaits a yet undreamt-of enrichment from that of the Eastern races. So far have we come through the stress, and often distress, of our own thinking, and through the science of Comparative Religion. Christianity is needed to complete and make effective the truth contained in the non-Christian faiths, and in return there will be an enriched and fairer Christianity.

The great world-religions are now known, and it is found that even behind much that is dreary and grotesque and even inconceivably base there are some elements of essential religion akin to what is basal and postulative in our own faith. It may be but the kinship of small star with sun, or of faint dawn with midday; but when we see it we reverently turn our face to the primal Fount of Light 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' We are doing well to our own faith when we seek lines of light that lead to the central sun. This is not to ignore or to minimize the antagonisms of Christianity to things fundamental in the ethnic religions, but it is a method which enables us to define what are the rich completive elements in Christianity. To emphasize these is to exalt our faith, for they are not mere formal and mechanical expansions of truth: they are truths which decompose and displace what is false, and which vitalize and correlate afresh what is true, so that what completes is seen to amount to newness of life, and what is completed

may well, in contrast, be described as 'beggarly.' If this word may be used of Judaism it may be applied the more to heathenism. The relation of Judaism to Christianity helps to define the relation of the non-Christian to the Christian faith. 'The law needed to be supplemented, and it was just this supplementing which Christianity brought, and by bringing it set the law in its true light and in its right place in the evolution of the divine plan' (Sanday and Headlam, *Romans*, p. 188). To assert that Christianity supplements the ethnic religions is not to rank them with Judaism; it is only to assert that Christ is not out of relation with even such law as is supplied by natural religion and conscience, and to accept the belief that there was, to quote Dr. Pressensé, 'a patient work of preparation preceding the coming of Christ; carried on in two parallel lines, that of direct revelation in Judaism and that of free experiment in Paganism.' May there not be preparation preceding His coming everywhere, even though it be amply evident that the free experiments of Paganism prove it to be much weaker even than Judaism, 'through the flesh'? Some results from that preparation are available for the skilled Christian apologist and for the worker on the mission field. Mr. T. E. Slater, one of the ablest of Indian missionaries, says: 'The Vedantist can only say, "I am crucified to the world"; the Christian can add, "Nevertheless, I live." The Vedantist can only say, "No longer I"; the Christian rises higher and says, "No longer I, but Christ liveth in me."' ¹ This well illustrates what is meant by the completions of Christianity.

The Fatherhood of God is one of the most distinctively Christian doctrines, and it is that which tends most to the christianizing of the world. It is not found in the ethnic religions: in Mohammedanism there is no room for it; in Hinduism God has no paternal character; the idea is alien to Buddhism. Dr. Fairbairn says, 'The belief in God is specifically Hebrew, the belief in the Godhead

¹ *The Higher Hinduism in Relation to Christianity*, p. 276.

specifically Christian,' and the Mohammedan doctrine of God needs, even more than the Jewish needed, the completing Christian conception of the Godhead, that is, Christ's teaching as to the Fatherhood. Fate—God as characterless will, characterless greatness—may well be so characteristic of Mohammedanism. 'Fate is God minus character.' The God of Mohammed lacks what is in Christ's teaching as to the Father. In Christ the crescent doctrine of God becomes full-orbed.

The doctrine of the Fatherhood is working also towards the destruction of Hinduism, whilst conserving whatever is true in the system. It gives the Hindu a truly 'ethicized notion of God' and consequently a truly 'ethicized conception of the universe,' and so a Pantheism which is not merely metaphysical but moral—a Christian Pantheism, very different from the polytheistic and mythological Pantheism of the East. The doctrine is also influential in giving the Hindu a true doctrine of Incarnation, giving it in such a way as to include all the essentials implied in the *Avataras* or Incarnations of Hinduism, whilst the nature and the spirituality of the conception is destructive of those grotesque and debasing elements which so greatly obtrude themselves in Hinduism and which raise in us such abhorrence and protest. It is the same with the Hindu idea of Atonement. The Fatherhood idea preserves all that is of value in it, by completing it in the higher thought of a God making sacrifice rather than demanding it. So is it seen that the doctrine of the Fatherhood is the most fruitful of all ideas at work on non-Christian thought, and it will have supreme influence in building up Christian theology in the East when Christianity is the dominating religion. 'Fatherhood, the Final Idea of God,' is the heading of one of the finest chapters in Dr. John Watson's *Mind of the Master*. Beyond it neither East nor West can go. The non-Christian world needs it more than anything else to complete its conceptions of God. Let Christ's teaching as to God do its work and the result will be a perfect

synthesis of all the elements that are true in non-Christian conceptions of God, together with the elements that are the specific contributions of Christianity.

There is greater difficulty in showing how Christianity may complete what is true in Buddhism, for this religion has fewer points of contact with ours except in ethical matters, largely because it has no doctrine of God. Karma is the central doctrine of Buddhism—Karma in a different process from that which Hinduism gives, owing to its different conception of human personality. Karma, the inevitable working out of consequence, is conceived as continuously acting and determining moral advance—a kind of natural, mechanical, impersonal judgement proceeding through the generations until Nirvana is reached. But what if this judgement be conceived of in a Johannine way, as personal and carried on by Jesus Christ, His judgement, given by the Father to Him, the judgement which now is, the temporal judgement as a continuous process in man's history, in which man has an experience of an ultimate testing by the Absolute Standard: the judgement executed by Him upon all men, because He is the Son of Man and because He is the personally and perfectly manifested Light in which all life and action are judged? Here is a truth, imperfectly naturalized as yet in Christendom and waiting for its entrance into the Buddhist world. Bring Jesus Christ into relation to Karmic processes, and it is seen that judgement is not mere consequence working automatically in a necessitated man, but a process and result of holy love, a working of mercy as well as of justice; that there are benign forces at work independent of human conduct; that there is not only a reigning and operating of sin and death but also of grace, such abounding of grace that no human life is uncovered, unaffected by it.

There is truth in the ethnic systems—truth immature, veiled, stifled, needing disclosure, disentanglement, completion, so as to be given perfect opportunity and operation in Christ, the great Fulfiller who centres

In Himself complete what truth
Is elsewhere scattered, partial and afar.

The Christian thinkers of the future will give themselves to the work of relating these partial and scattered truths to Jesus Christ, that His glory may the more brightly shine forth. There is a fine suggestion in the words of Dr. Fairbairn in the preface of a book that owes much to his visit to India :

'The time is coming, and we shall hope the man is coming with it, which shall give us a new Analogy, speaking a more generous and hopeful language, breathing a nobler spirit, aspiring to a larger day than Butler's. It will seek to discover in man's religion the story of his quest after God, but no less of God's quest after him; and it will listen in all of them for the voice of the Eternal, who has written His law upon the heart in characters that can never be eradicated. And it will argue that a system whose crown and centre is the Divine Man, is one which does justice to everything positive in humanity by penetrating it everywhere with Deity. The Incarnation is the very truth which turns nature and man, history and religion, into the luminous dwelling-place of God.'¹ We need not jealously fear that Christ will receive wrong in any such Analogy; rather is He wronged and robbed of His glory when He is shut out of the world's spiritual history and left unrelated to its peoples and its truth. His work as *Christus Consummator* is a unique glory, for the difference He makes by His consummations is so great that it is really a difference of everything.

Not only has the West a message for the East; the message will become enriched through its being taken. The West has laid its hands on the East; they will not be drawn back empty. The possibility of even profound modifications of our philosophy and theology by the influx of Eastern thought is becoming widely recognized. Mr.

¹ *The Philosophy of the Christian Religion*, p. x.

T. E. Slater, in his book already referred to, says, 'The West has to learn from the East, and the East from the West. The questions raised by the Vedanta will have to pass into Christianity if the best minds of India are to embrace it; and the Church of the "Farther East" will doubtless contribute something to the thought of Christendom of the science of the soul, and of the omnipenetrativeness and immanence of the Deity.' The day of the Eastern Christian philosopher and theologian may be distant, but it will yet dawn. One of the signs is that the non-Christian interpreter is seeking to give us the meaning of our faith. A book recently published by Putnam has the title, *The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations*, and is by a writer who has already issued expositions of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John. Its purpose is declared to be to state Christianity 'as viewed by a teacher of the Hindu faith.' It consists of addresses given to societies in the leading university centres of America. The writer, Mr. P. Rāmanāthan, C.M.G., Solicitor-General of Ceylon, is evidently a contemplative, studious, spiritually-minded man, and one who keeps himself acquainted with Western thought. His book contains hundreds of Scripture references, with many particular expositions. A superficial view would suggest that the writer is a Christian; careful reading reveals that he is a Hindu. The first chapter contains extended quotations from Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, Newman's *Apologia*, and *Lux Mundi*. Canon Scott Holland's essay on 'Faith' in the last-named volume is severely criticized, and his definition of faith is said to be distressing and bewildering. In giving his own definition and exposition the writer asserts that *pistis* and *agapē* mean the same thing. There are chapters on Scripture Interpretation, the Loss of the True Method by the West, the Teaching of the Law and the Prophets, the Teaching of the Psalms, and the Teaching of Jesus. Throughout it is assumed and declared that our present methods of interpretation are wrong and futile; that with the passing of

the Alexandrian School of interpretation mystic exegesis and spiritual interpretation perished, with the disastrous result that the Western peoples have become steeped in atheism, materialism, worldliness and irreverence, the worst result being 'an undeveloped multitude, undeveloped in love and light, undeveloped in the art of distinguishing between the perishable and the imperishable, undeveloped in spiritual discernment, made immensely powerful by the elective franchise and rapidly disintegrating the influence for good of the highest and best in England and other countries on both sides of the Atlantic.' The remedy for this, it is insisted, is for us to get back to Christ; and the only way back is through methods of soul culture we long ago lost, through introspection, contemplation, abstraction, detachment of soul. The chief result of this would be the recovery of the lost method of interpretation, which is the mystical, the allegorical, the esoteric. To learn the way to truth the West must go to school to the East. 'The only way of restoring the spirit or the true meaning of the words of the Bible is to secure their interpretation by "able ministers" from the East *who are now living, and on whom the effulgence of the grace of Jesus has been shed.*' So says this Hindu teacher. In India are the sanctified in spirit, the Knowers, the Freed Ones, and these are the true interpreters. Some are so dead to the world that they go wholly unclad; some live on from year to year without food or drink; some have the peace which transcends all thought, and are free from all worldly entanglements whilst living the common life. And to these rapt seers, these large-visioned souls, these arrived ones of the East, the West must humbly come if it would know what the quintessence of its own religion is.

Whatever we may think of these claims they are surely very significant, and support the idea that the renaissance of Mysticism has not come too soon. It is also clear that to some Eastern minds Christ need not be presented as a stranger, as an alien, but as the Universal Man and Saviour, for whom their hearts have yearned though they

knew it not: the Master who is and has all that makes for divine acceptance and for holy character. We do well to believe that there is an original, spiritual, organic relationship between our Lord and mankind; that He exercises an effective mediation for many who have not heard of Him; and that every working and manifestation of righteousness and every gracious and abiding element of character everywhere belong to 'the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' The following is a remarkable extract from a book of Chinese philosophy: 'There is a man in whom both sexes and all other men exist, in whom is, as it were, the body spiritual of humanity . . . a man hidden, invisible, heavenly, perfect, so pure from all defect inherent to all material form—in short, the Holy One.'¹ The only one who answers to that description, the Ideal, the Universal Man, is Christ, and the oft-quoted words of Bishop Gore, in his Bampton Lecture, are strangely akin to the utterance of the Chinese sage: 'Only all together, all ages, all races, both sexes, can we grow up into one body "into the perfect man"; only a really Catholic society can be "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Thus, we doubt not, that when the day comes which shall see the existence of really national Churches in India, China and Japan, [the races] will each in turn receive their fresh consecration in Christ, and bring out new and unsuspected aspects of the Christian life; finding fresh resources in Him in whom is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all and in all.'

Those whose truth resolves itself into the mere theological tattoo, the drum-roll of pious platitude that closes discussion and calls to further intellectual slumber, will be slow to believe that the East can teach anything; but those who realize that Christ is behind all life and thought and action may well anticipate theological enrichments by way of the East, from Him 'in whom are hid all the treasures

¹ G. E. Simon, *China: Its Social and Political Life*, p. 92.

of wisdom and knowledge.' Much that has been greatly admired and cherished by both East and West will be 'cast as rubbish to the void' when the eternal temple is set up. The merely accidental and local will disappear—temporary scaffolding and structure and ornament; but some essential and indestructible truths from the non-Christian systems—planed, polished, and made worthy through use and discipline of centuries or of millenniums—will be found built by Christian hands, even by the hands of those descended from pariah peoples as well as from the lordly Brahmin, into that temple of truth of which Jesus Christ Himself is the corner-stone; the approaches, porches, towers and courts, and even the lesser shrines and parts to the farthest verge, being in Him fitly framed and compacted, each several building and the whole building being through Him and for Him, that He may be all in all.

THOMAS MOSCROP.

THE HOUBLON FAMILY

The Houblon Family: Its Story and Times. By LADY ALICE ARCHER HOUBLON. Two volumes. (London: Archibald Constable & Co.)

THESE volumes are worthy to be set by the side of the *Memoirs of the Verney Family*. They are scarcely so intimate in their chronicle of domestic life, but they give some descriptions of London business circles in the time of Charles II and William III, which are of real value for a complete understanding of the period, and the whole career of the Houblons 'affords a picture at once social and typical of their times.' To read the story of one family helps us to 'give life and point to that greater landscape of surrounding circumstance, in which its members lived and moved.'

The Houblons were a Picardy race of 'gentle' birth. One of them came to Scotland in 1537 in the service of Magdalene of France, the child queen of James V. This Jehan des Houbelon married a Scotch lady, and changed his name to Hope. Houblon means hop, and an old chronicler says the family 'had their name from the plant, and not from *esperance*, the virtue in the mind.' Another member of the house found his way near the close of the fifteenth century to Lille. His wife and son came with him to this ancient and prosperous city. Its great walls were flanked by fourteen towers, its eight gates protected 'by an outer portal or wicket-gate opening sideways upon the rampart, so as to enable the defenders within to take an enemy in the flank when endeavouring to force an entry.' The father lived in the village of Fives, which was only separated from the ramparts by the massive stone bridge which spanned the moat. The son was apprenticed to one of the merchants of Lille in 1502; and in 1523, when

he was a widower with four children, married Catherine, the daughter of a prosperous citizen of the town, and himself became a citizen. The kind of home in which he lived may be seen in the pictures of the old Flemish artists. 'The chief living rooms or parlours were usually panelled with carved and moulded oak, sometimes elaborately inlaid with *intarsia* work; but all who could afford it adorned the walls of these apartments with the tapestry hangings of *haute-lisse*—at this period of prosperity produced in vast quantities in both French and Teutonic Flanders—for which there was an immense demand both at home and abroad. So prized and admired were these splendid fabrics, that on gala occasions it was the pride of the citizens to expose them on the outer walls of the houses, whole streets being hung with them from end to end.' The rooms were lighted by oriel windows or by shallow square bays which overhung the street below. From their seats here the occupants could watch all that passed in the street or hold conversation with their neighbours on the opposite side of the narrow roadway. Behind the house, or on its ground-floor, was the workshop where the master-craftsman laboured with his apprentices and journeymen. Charles V often lived in Lille, and the lavish luxury of his court greatly stimulated the trade of the city. The citizens 'clad themselves in velvets, fine cloth, rich furs and gold chains, whilst their wives were not behind the noble ladies of the court in the richness and elegance of their attire.'

Jehan Houbelon died about 1555. Two of his sons had already settled in London. They had become Protestants, and appear to have felt that they had no prospect of liberty of conscience in Lille. Their eldest brother Jehan joined them in 1567. His name heads the list of foreign merchants in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Bishop Burnet refers to him as 'that worthy Mr. Houbelon, a gentleman of Flanders, who above a hundred years ago fled to England from the persecution that was raised there against all that embraced the purity of the Christian

religion . . . by the Duke of Alva. Then all that received the reformation were reduced to those hard straits (which how far they are from us the wise God only knows), either to act against their consciences, to seal their faith with their blood, or, as the least dreadful, to suffer loss of all that they had to fly for their lives to other countries. This was the choice of that noble person who did by this act ennoble himself and all that descended from him.' Sir Thomas Gresham, then the head of the London merchants, was a far-seeing man, who encouraged the Queen in her gracious act toward the merchant strangers newly arrived from the Netherlands. Jean Houblon was about forty-four when he came to London. He lodged at first with his brother Nicolas. In his old Elizabethan panel portrait he wears a black dress over which is the fur-lined plichon, his right hand resting on 'the skull often portrayed in the portraits of "confessors," who preferred death to parting with their faith.' His short black hair and pointed beard are streaked with grey, and he has a scar over one eye. Jean Houblon took lively interest in the struggles of his countrymen, and contributed towards the expense of sending to their aid a company of two hundred soldiers who had a considerable share in taking Brill in 1572. In 1588 he subscribed £100 towards £5,000 contributed by the merchant strangers towards the equipment of vessels to meet the Spanish Armada.

Jean Houblon's wife and children joined him in 1571, and after living with his brother in the parish of St. Martin le Grand, he fixed his quarters at the corner of Lime Street, near where it turns into Leadenhall Street in the Aldgate Ward. This was 'one of the best and most convenient parts of the city, and it remained the home of the family till well on in the next century.' Jean Houblon's will was proved on May 18, 1593. The affectionate tone in which he 'alludes to his wife, the companion of his chequered career, would lead us to think of him as of a kindly nature, and of her as a woman both capable in mind, and worthy of trust and confidence.'

The sons were now merchants and the daughter was married. Pierre Houbelon took out letters of naturalization as an English subject in 1590. He left a large fortune, though he died of the plague in 1593 at the early age of thirty-six, a few months after the death of his father. His wife was buried a month later.

Pierre's youngest son James was about a year old when he lost his parents. He was the first truly English Houblon, and from him the present family descends. He and his brothers were left to the care of their uncle, and were strictly trained as members of the French Reformed Church. As a young man James became a member of the new Royal Exchange, and lived to be 'Pater Bursae Londiniensis,' Father of the London Bourse. His portrait, with an epitaph by Pepys, still hangs in an ante-room of the Bank of England. James Houblon 'in a happie day,' so he said in later life, 'married' Marie du Quesne, the daughter of a London merchant. This was in 1620. He was twenty-eight, his bride was eighteen. Their home was in the precincts of St. Mary Abchurch. Her grandfather and his family were refugees from the Alva persecutions, who settled first at Canterbury and then moved to London. James Houblon was engaged in commercial 'adventures,' which he carried on in his own ships. His trade was at first wholly with European ports. His sons made careers for themselves in London, and, according to an old MS. memoir, 'laid the foundation of a most flourishing family bred to merchandise, that made as considerable a figure as any during the last century.' Bishop Burnet says James Houblon had 'as visible and large a share of the good things of this life as, all things being put together, any man in this age has had.' He was an elder of the little French church in Threadneedle Street, and his goodly quiverful of sons 'began with the names of Peter, James, and John, reverted to the patriarchs, Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham, and finally resorted to more than one name chosen from among the prophets; and all these children were named after their god-parents!'

The father was a member of the Honourable Artillery Company, and was injured by an explosion in their arsenal or armoury. He was on the Parliamentary side in the Civil War, and provided a horse and a man for the service. In the Exchequer army accounts his receipt is preserved for £12, the value of his horse lost in the war. He also subscribed £650 for the reduction of Ireland. The interest was guaranteed at eight per cent.

His wife and one of his daughters died of the plague in 1646. 'Mary's death cut her off in the full career of a useful and happy life, and at the age of little more than forty. Her two daughters, who might largely have filled their mother's place, had both lately married, and James was left alone with a troop of lads of all ages! His spirit might well have quailed before such a task as that before him; but his unselfish character and good sense nerved him to the work, and he seems to have henceforth filled the place of both father and mother to his many children. That he succeeded in the task he set himself is certain, for many evidences of his success have come down to us. James's sons loved their father, and obeyed his lightest wish; and when he died in extreme old age, they mourned and regretted him as a friend as well as parent. Throughout their lives the brothers (five of whom were also merchants) remained the closest friends, so that their unity became almost a proverb in the London world of the day; this mutual affection' Samuel Pepys alludes to more than once in his diary. The Houblon brothers frequently travelled abroad, and were in close communication with Pepys at the Admiralty. On December 22, 1665, when the plague was beginning to subside, Pepys goes with Mr. Hill and Mr. Houblon to the Beare and dines 'with them and their brothers, of which Hill has his, and the other, two of his, and mighty merry and very fine company they are and I glad to see them.' Soon after Pepys writes, 'I did also give a good step in a business of Mr. Houblond's about getting a ship of his to go to Tangier, which during this strict embargo is a great matter, and I shall have a

good reward for it I hope.' Next February he went 'to the Sun, behind the Exchange, about seven o'clock, where I find all the five Houblons, and mighty fine gentlemen they are all, and used me mighty respectfully. We were mighty civilly merry, and their discourses, having been all abroad, very fine. Here late, and at last accompanied home with Mr. J. Houblon and Hill whom I invited to sup with me on Friday, and so parted, and I home to bed.' A little later he entertains Mr. Hill and the five Houblons at his own house, 'and a very good supper we had and good company, and discourse with great pleasure. My new plate sets off my cupboard very nobly. A fine sight it is to see these five brothers thus loving one to another, and all industrious merchants. Mr. Hill going for them to Portugal was the occasion of this entertainment.'

In the Great Fire of 1666 the houses of all the Houblons, except one, were burnt to the ground, and the church of St. Mary Woolchurch, where Mrs. Houblon and her young children were buried, was also burned down. James Houblon rebuilt his house on the same site but on a larger scale. His sons were soon immersed in business and had frequent interviews with Pepys. The diarist visited the Old Exchange. 'Here it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr. Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him; all good merchants.' Strype describes the head of the house as 'a very eminent merchant of London, and as eminent for his plainness and piety; his family descended from confessors on both sides.' He retired to the neighbourhood of Wanstead in 1672, where more than one of his sons lived near him. In his busiest days he had always found time for religious exercises and for active ministrations to the poor and needy. Burnet says he took care to manage his charities 'so secretly that often the persons knew not from whence their relief came.' In his retirement the bishop adds, he sought 'to fear God and do good. Having so entire a health, so plentiful a fortune, and the freedom of that

leisure which he gave himself, he added to his crown of grey hairs and the crown of his children, that of good works.' He prepared 'various notes and exhortations written with mine own hand for direction and government of all my children in their pilgrimage on earth.' Bishop Burnet says that 'a full hundred came into the world descended from him, and that at the time of his death sixty-seven were yet alive.' His wife had been dead thirty-six years, but he urges his sons, 'Children, comport yourselves towards your wives with mildness and gentleness. Pray often together. . . . I and your mother (who nursed you all), a woman of a meek and humble spirit, did daily so in our family, and jointly together in private.'

Some of the sheets are in the strong and beautiful handwriting of his earlier years, others show the feebleness of extreme age, whilst frequent erasures and corrections reveal the earnest care with which they were prepared. He thus counsels his daughters:—

'Set not your affections upon one child more than another, least some of them be discouraged. Have a great care you do not puffed them up with pride of apparell. Be sure you keep them under their degree rather than above. Outward pride puffeth up the heart, and is apt to taint it with other vices besides pride.

'When you undertake the matching of any of your children, beg first the assistance of God, and see that you match them in familys that fear the Lord, and have gotten their estates honestly. So may you expect God's blessing.'

His advice to his sons breathes a fine spirit. 'If riches increase, set not your heart upon them, for they are perishing things. But use them to those ends for which they were given, and lay up your treasures in heaven.

'Beware of that beastly evill of drinking more than will suffice. This maketh men fools, and draweth after it all other evils.

'Refrain from plays, and abhor all those meetings where Satan layes his train. Be diligent in your callings.

'Let your aged Father desire you that you live in love and unity together, so shall you be a bundle of shafts which Satan shall not break.

'Whatever losses or sufferings you may undergo, be sure you hold fast the jewel of a good conscience. Constancy is the crown of religion. Forsake all your goods, yea your very lives, rather than comply with popery. If you must needs suffer, choose it rather than sin. If persecution by God's providence befall you, remember the holy martyr who said as he was going to be burnt: "One stile more and I shall come to my Father's house."'

For ten years the old merchant enjoyed his retirement. He lived to within a few days of his ninetieth birthday, and though he suffered much in the last six months of his life, 'he was never heard to speak one impatient word; but was almost always either praying to God or praising Him.' His last words, repeated several times with all his sons about him, were: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.' He was buried on June 28, 1682, under the chancel of St. Mary Woolnoth, and his epitaph was composed by Samuel Pepys.

His son Isaac, 'the handsome man,' whom Pepys saw 'prettily drest and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers things whose houses were on fire' in 1666, married in 1670 Elizabeth King, grand-daughter and heir of the Bishop of Chichester. His brother Abraham married the bishop's niece in 1672. One brother, Jacob, became a clergyman, and was Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Manuscript notes and references show that he was read widely in the Fathers, in the classics, and in Hebrew. He was also a student of Italian and a lover of Petrarch. He married the daughter of Dr. Whincop, rector of the united parishes of Abchurch and St. Laurence Pountney, and became rector of the quiet village of Moreton in Essex, where he devoted himself assiduously to his pastoral work. He gave special attention to training the children of his parish, and was generously

helped by his father in this work. He died among the people whom he loved in 1698, and was laid to rest below the chancel of his church.

James Houblon, his brother, built himself a house 'in the forest of Epping' near to Sir Josiah Child's mansion—Wanstead House. His good temper and vivacity made him a general favourite. His brother John was quiet and serious, 'caring little for pleasure or the society of his fellows; and in him a keen, strong mind was united to a temper and intellect at once laborious and powerful.' He was knighted in 1689, was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and became Lord Mayor of London in 1695. He had a large share in the establishment of the Bank of England, and was elected as its first governor in 1694. Two of his brothers, his brother-in-law, nephew and cousin were also directors. He lived in Threadneedle Street. The house had a stone-paved carriage way in front which led into an open court. The garden behind measured a hundred feet by two hundred and forty. Land was not then worth the fabulous prices of later times. His country house was in the parish of High Ongar. Sir John used all the influence of the Bank to support the government of William III, but the jealousy of the new institution was very bitter, and at one crisis he only saved it by making an assessment of twenty per cent. upon the capital of the shareholders. With the money thus obtained the Bank weathered the storm. After the Peace of Ryswick was signed on September 1697, credit rose by leaps and bounds. In 1696 the directors presented a silver tankard to Sir John 'in token of his great ability, industry, and strict uprightness at a time of great difficulty.'

He remained on the board of directors till his death. It is said that the dim and changing sight of his advancing years was cured by 'eyebright, sweet marjoram, and betony dry'd,' with 'so much of the right sort of Portugal snuff put into the corners of the eyes night and morning and taken likewise as snuff' to the nose! This treatment, we are told, cured Sir John Houblon, Judge Ayres, and Sir

Edward Seymour so 'that they could read without spectacles after they had used them many years.' Our wonder is that these venerable gentlemen had any eyes left after such drastic measures.

Sir John died on his knees in the early morning of January 10, 1712, in his house at Threadneedle Street. He was there found cold and lifeless. A little book of prayers still bears the marks of the constant use to which he put it. His portrait, in the committee-room of the Bank of England, shows 'a dark, powerful head, almost Spanish in the complexion of the long, rather stern face.' He wears his robes as Lord Mayor with his chain of office. The sword of the city stands on its hilt near his left elbow. Lady Houblon died at Richmond in 1732. Her daughters endowed eleven almshouses, which still stand on the slope of Richmond Hill. 'Though the road to London passes scarcely fifty yards away, and opposite its brick gateway the Red Cow Inn plies its trade—once past the fine wrought-iron gate, crowned by the date, 1753, which leads into the high-walled sanctuary of sleepy peace within, one can imagine oneself actually in the past, and conjure up a mental vision of the two little old ladies, Mistress Rebeckah and Mistress Susanna Houblon, hooped and powdered, each with a Bible tucked under her arm, tripping across the quadrangle between the tall hollyhocks and roses and mignonette, to 'read a chapter' to the white-capped inmates of the tiny houses. Down the steep green lane behind they would have come, and on their own land all the way; for they owned many goodly acres on Richmond Hill. But the trustees of the charity have long since turned the lane to good account, and now it is "Houblon Road," flanked on both sides with dingy brown houses.' The inmates have reason to rejoice, for beside two rooms they receive thirty shillings a month and two tons of coal a year. Susanna, the last of the sisters, died in 1765 leaving a fortune of £40,000.

Abraham Houblon, brother of Sir John, was a member of the first board of directors of the Bank of England, and

was governor in 1703 and 1704. (The volume says 1763, 1764. But he died in 1722.) His daughter Anne married Henry, eldest son of Sir John Temple of East Sheen. Her husband was created Viscount Palmerston, and their son was grandfather to Lord Palmerston the premier. The first Lady Palmerston left her husband all her property with 'the gold cup and the two lesser chocolate cupps,' made out of burial rings, which 'I wish you would sometimes look on as a Remembrance of death, as also of the fondest and faithfulest friend you ever had.'

Abraham Houblon's son, Sir Richard, left all his real property in Essex and Hertfordshire to his cousin, Jacob Houblon, grandson of the Rector of Moreton. Lady Archer Houblon's second volume describes the way in which the family of merchant princes was transformed into a family of landed proprietors. An estate was bought at Hallingbury, and young Jacob Houblon was well started on his life as an Essex squire. He became member of Parliament for Colchester in 1735, and in 1741 was elected knight of the shire for Hertfordshire, which he represented continuously for twenty-eight years. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Hynde Cotton. The birth of his son and heir was the occasion of a carnival. The *Daily Gazetteer* wrote: 'Most of the gentlemen within fifteen or twenty miles of Mr. Houblon's seat in Essex were present, and most of the common people within four or five miles were made so welcome that they lay in heaps around his house dead drunk. There were three courses of upwards of two hundred dishes each, and two tables, at which were four hundred persons served all at once, with all sorts of rarities and sweetmeats.' Jacob Houblon himself, despite this revel, seems to have been a moderate drinker for those days.

The child, whose baptism was thus celebrated, was carefully educated at Harrow, studied French on the continent for six months, and after a course at Cambridge made the grand tour of Europe. At Chamounix he and his companion were entertained by the prior, who provided

them with 'clean straw beds and tythe fowls in abundance, while in return he drank two bottles of our wine every day. He told us, he had made a vow never to drink water!' At Turin Jacob reports to his uncle that they are well lodged and have good masters at the Royal Academy. 'They generally put me on the horses that rear and kick most; I like it the better.' The ladies of the town impressed the visitor as he watched them on holy days on the ramparts. 'Out of long rows of beauties set down on the grass one may pick out twenty as fine women as any in Europe.' After his six months' course at Turin, Jacob Houblon began a systematic set of tours throughout Italy, of which he gave a very graphic account in his letters to his family. His father allowed him £1,200 a year, and when his son applied for further help sent him £500, with no reproaches, but an intimation that the allowance had been thought adequate by friends his father had consulted; 'he therefore trusted that though his son had been unable to keep within it the first year of his stay abroad, that he would so arrange as to spend the less by that amount in the next.' This 'hint was taken and acted upon to the letter.'

Jacob reached home in June 1761, and was appointed to a company in his father's regiment of militia. His note-books and his father's frequently contain entries of 'losses at cards,' though the sum never goes beyond ten or twenty pounds a night. 'But as careful people usually kept a gambling purse, "losses at cards" probably represented the balance over and above what it contained at the time.' The younger Jacob stood for Essex county in the general election of 1768, but was defeated and could never be induced to stand again. He was nearly thirty-five when he married in 1770. Of that event we have a singularly full account from the journal of the Rev. Stot-herd Abdy, Rector of Coopersale, Essex, who posted down to tie the knot for his patron's son. On arrival at the bride's home at Welford he and his wife and all sat down the same evening to 'Brag with the most eager desires of

winning each other's money.' On the Sunday Parson Abdy performed the whole service in the church, then the coach and post-chaise carried most of the party for 'a sort of airing between church and dinner, thro' the park and to different hills to see the beauties of the country.' After supper the ladies in a general whisper agreed to be totally dumb for the remainder of the evening, and this led to a strange Sunday evening scene. The clergyman played the buffoon to make the ladies relent. He 'turned his wig wrong side outwards. He got on the table; made faces, intreated, begged, scolded, all with no avail.' 'Attempts were made to pull off the "ladies' hats and caps," glasses of water were thrown over gentlemen's legs, and snuff distributed liberally, followed by much sneezing.' At last the ladies made an attempt to escape, which the gentlemen prevented, until Mr. Houblon came to the rescue of his intended bride and her sex. On Tuesday Miss Archer was married. 'Her apparell was a nightgown [full or evening dress] of silver muslin, with a silver blond hat and cap admirably adapted to the gown. Mr. Houblon, in white and silver, led his future mother; Mr. J. Houblon, the bride-maid, Miss Charlotte Archer, who looked enchantingly in an undress of white Lustring ornamented with a silver blond, with the serpentine line of beauty hanging pendant from her neck in the appearance of a silver snake.' After the wedding the party walked through the gardens, and then had wine and bride cake in the drawing-room. For dinner at three all dressed 'with uncommon elegance. The bride looked enchantingly in a very rich white and silver sack with a hoop, a suit of very fine point lace, and all her diamonds. The bridegroom in a rich suit with silver and shaded of colours in the lace; his hair drest to the life, and bag and solitaire.'

The parson's journal is steeped in worldliness. Jacob Houblon died at the age of forty-seven, leaving one boy under ten years old as his heir. His sister Laetitia, a witty and clever woman, made a happy marriage with Baron Friedrich von Feilitzsch. They settled in England

in 1807, and are both buried in the quiet churchyard at Great Hallingbury.

After the death of her husband Susanna Archer Houblon came into great property from her father and her ancestors the Newtons. She assumed the name Mrs. Houblon Newton. Her son married Miss Bramston, and had thirteen children. Five of these died early. The eldest son, a Tory of the Tories, with many idiosyncrasies, died in 1891 leaving no children. He was a high and dry Churchman of the old school, who would tolerate no dissenting tenant on his estates. Yet, as his friend Mr. Locker-Lampson bears witness, he had

A nature loyally controll'd
And fashioned in the righteous mould
Of English gentleman!

'He would bare his grey head to wind and rain if the name of God crossed his lips or those of his companion; and there are those who remember the zeal, if not beauty, of his singing in church. His last walk was along the "straight path" he made of stone across his park, so he might walk dry-shod there for the doing of his duty in worship according to the light he had. And so, in a green old age, this chivalrous squire of a past that is gone, slept with his fathers, and his brother's son reigned in his stead.'

Lady Alice Lindsay married this brother's son, and it is to her skill and diligence in collecting material that we owe these two illuminating volumes with their many fine portraits and illustrations.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD

DR. J. J. FINDLAY, Professor of Education in the University of Manchester, takes Sir O. Lodge to task in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* for his neglect of the subject of 'Child Study,' or, as the pundits are beginning to call it in their uncouth jargon, 'Genetic Psychology.' The Principal of Birmingham University was, apparently, guiltless after all. For his now famous 'Catechism' was not intended for children, but, as its sub-title plainly states, 'for Parents and Teachers.' And, in the August *Contemporary Review*, Sir O. Lodge publishes an address delivered before the Child-Study Association, in which he shows that he has devoted careful attention to the practical aspects of the religious education of children, and has a wholesome appreciation of its peculiar difficulties. It used to be the fashion to sneer at 'academic' knowledge of such homely and (as they were considered) trivial subjects, and to recommend an appeal from professors to the mother and the nurse. There are doubtless many things about children on which no one can instruct a mother, but no sensible man in these days will slight the systematic investigation into the condition of the child-mind as carried out by Sully, Archibald, and others. The minister and Sunday-school teacher who have not read and thought on these matters in their bearing upon religious education will soon be sadly out of date. Neither the Church nor the world has much use for teachers of children who know everything except the constitution of a child's mind.

We recommend to all whom it may concern the careful study of the two articles just indicated. Prof. Findlay answers the first question in the catechism, 'What are you?' by replying on the child's behalf, 'I will tell you when I am of age to answer.' But such an answer might be given to every question in a catechism, either religious or scientific. Are we to understand that a child is not to be taught anything until he is 'of age to answer' with full intelligence? 'A child,' Prof.

Findlay says, 'has no creed and requires no catechism.' It is because he has no creed that he requires a catechism. It should be one suited to his years, of course; but just because 'the child, broadly speaking, is neither moral nor immoral, religious nor irreligious,' he needs the inculcation both of morals and religion in an authoritative form. The time will come when he will be obliged to examine the foundations of both kinds of teaching for himself. That period of 'adolescence' which Prof. Findlay so graphically describes—and the importance of which in relation to 'conversion' has been abundantly proved by Starbuck and William James—has its own battles and must win its own victories. But meanwhile? There is the rub. A child's mind, say from five to twelve years of age, is not to be left a blank on the subject of religion; the priests say that if they may have that period for impressing their own doctrine, they do not fear for the years that follow—and probably they are right.

We quite agree with Prof. Findlay in what we understand to be his main contention, that the contents of a child's catechism should not be 'a body of theology written in simple terms to suit the common people, the uneducated *adult*,' and then handed on to the child without his being expected to understand or think about it, as a kind of mechanical religious equipment for life. And all experienced teachers will agree with him that 'whatever sort of religion you present to the child, it must be personal, vivid, full of incident and fact.' The latter part of the sentence just quoted implies a misunderstanding of Sir O. Lodge, who certainly agrees with Dr. Findlay, and in his *Contemporary* article lays special stress upon the narrative portions of Scripture as important elements in a child's religious education. There is surely much truth in his remark that 'that which was appropriate to the early stages of the race will be more or less appropriate to the early stages of the individual.' But it is little short of absurd to suppose that children can apprehend these narratives 'in the historic sense.' They must be read or told as stories, some of them the best children's stories that ever were written. The 'moral,' as in the case of other stories, may sometimes be formally taught, but for the most part it is best left undrawn, since each story will carry its own.

Sir O. Lodge, however, can only know one side of child-nature, if he would, as his paper indicates, omit to educate the

child's sense of sin. He would, apparently, treat children as he says Christ Himself did, as 'examples of simple-hearted natural goodness, such as we might learn from in the spirit, while we trained the body and taught the mind.' It is true that there need be no 'sickly consciousness of sin,' but a wholesome sense of it is essential to training. A morbid feeling of sinfulness may have been too often engendered in the minds of past generations of children, though such cases were always exceptional. The tendency at present runs strongly in the opposite direction; sin is ignored, or slighted, or explained away. But as from the moral standpoint alone a child's conscience needs to be duly trained and made healthily sensitive where naturally it is dull, so the idea of sin as grieving a loving God needs to be inculcated, and all 'religious' teaching which omits this element is fundamentally defective.

On many other points the papers of Prof. Findlay and Sir O. Lodge are suggestive, even when we differ from them, but we may close this note by saying that the nature of a child's religion has seldom been better described than in a paper by Prof. Ladd, formerly of Yale University. It is published in a volume entitled *The Child and Religion* (Williams & Norgate)—a book to be recommended to all who would follow this discussion further. Dr. Ladd says that 'a child's capacity for religion is no less than the sum-total of all its capacities of thinking, feeling, and willing as a human being.' From that truism, as some might consider it, a sound theory of religious education for children may be built up. It is unfortunately too true that some 'forms of orthodox religion and the accompanying ecclesiastical training have overwrought the child's capacity to the marring and degrading of its religious experience.' But better methods have happily begun to prevail. Let the experts in 'Child-Study' unfold as fully as they can what are the child's capacities of thinking, feeling, and willing. Let there be no confusion of the seven-year-old with the twelve-year-old, or of either with the 'adolescent' of fourteen or sixteen. But when the child's actual capacities are properly understood, they should *all* be brought under the sway of religion. For a religion which does not influence the whole child will never influence the whole man. Would that the time which has been wearily spent in inter-denominational quarrels over religious education in primary schools had been devoted to a thorough study of the important questions raised by such experienced teachers as

Sir Oliver Lodge and Prof. Findlay! The directors of the Sunday-school education of the future must contrive to answer them if their work is to be successfully done.

THE MARVELS OF MODERN CHEMISTRY

THE idea of transmutation, that is, of the conversion of one form of elementary matter into another form equally elemental, has fascinated investigators from earliest times. The work of the mediaeval alchemists was almost entirely guided and inspired by the belief that base metals, such as lead and tin, were susceptible of conversion into the noble metal, gold. There were charlatans in numbers who turned to personal profit the popular belief; but many keen-brained men devoted their lives in all sincerity to the solution of this problem, or sought to discover the philosopher's stone, which was supposed to possess, among other virtues, the power of transmutation. So the baser metals were refined, heated in crucibles and retorts in contact with all the combinations of substances, organic and inorganic, which ingenious minds could devise, and generally submitted to every kind of laboratory torture. Gold was never obtained, but that this vast body of work should have proved so barren of subsidiary, or by-path discoveries, is due, partly to the singleness of aim of the alchemists, but more particularly to the qualitative nature of their work. Whenever a particular kind of knowledge becomes quantitative, a science is born, and the mists and errors of alchemy disappeared with the introduction of the balance as the indispensable ally of the chemist. If one name is to be associated with this passage from haphazard guesses to rigorous experimental methods, from chaos to science, it is that of Lavoisier.

It had been gradually recognized that the number of simple forms of matter is not infinite, but is on the whole small. These simple forms were called elements, and the most guarded definition of an element is that it is a form of matter which has not, up to the present, been resolved into anything simpler than itself, nor obtained by the union of other elements. Some seventy different elements are recognized at the present time. Lavoisier's work led to the formulation of a principle which is

the foundation of chemistry as an exact science, the principle of the 'Conservation of Matter.' Matter is capable of almost infinite change, but is itself indestructible and cannot be created. The increasingly exact work of a century and the results of numberless researches have done nothing to shake belief in this statement.

The question of the structure of matter then presented itself. Is matter continuous or discontinuous? If discontinuous, is it capable of infinite sub-division? Dalton, the Quaker school-master, revived the old Grecian hypothesis that matter is not infinitely divisible, but that it consists of small particles, the impossibility of whose subdivision was postulated and to which the name of atoms was therefore given.

Quantitative formulation differentiates a theory from a hypothesis, and Dalton's supreme service lies in the fact that he converted this hypothesis into a working theory by assigning weights to the atoms of different elements. This theory led to a clear, consistent, and comprehensive interpretation of facts, which has proved adequate up to the present day and has rendered possible the formulae, that is, the very language, of the chemist. It is likely that recent discoveries, some of which are mentioned later, may lead to a restatement or a modification of the atomic theory, but it is incontrovertible that the whole fabric of the science of chemistry, as we know it, rests on the foundation-stone laid by Dalton.

During this rapid evolution, the idea of transmutation was discredited, but the belief in its possibility never died out completely, nor, it may safely be said, has it ever been wholly absent, in some form or other, from the minds of chemists.

The acceptance of the theory of atoms, identical for any given element but differing from all other atoms in weight, led to the determination of these weights in relation to the weight of the atom of the lightest element known, namely, hydrogen. As the work progressed, numerical relations became apparent; taking the weight of the hydrogen atom as unity, the weights of other atoms were found to approximate to whole numbers, that is, to be exact multiples of the weight of the hydrogen atom. This led Prout to put forward the highly attractive hypothesis that the atoms might be regarded as built up of hydrogen atoms, and to proclaim the essential unity of matter. Hydrogen became the primordial substance, and thus the *πρωτη ὑλη* of the Greek philosophers was revived. How-

ever, more exact work has shown that the hypothesis in this form is untenable. More recently Sir Norman Lockyer was led by his study of the spectra of the hottest stars to revive the hypothesis, but there are reasons which make it impossible to accept the idea. It is clear that this conception stands in intimate relation to the idea of transmutation.

The problem of the liquefaction of the so-called permanent gases, such as hydrogen and oxygen, led to the construction of apparatus capable of producing very high pressures and extremely low temperatures, and these new weapons in the chemists' arsenal were used in various attempts to carry out the aim of the alchemists. Suffice it to say that these attempts met with no recorded success.

The idea of transmutation has, however, been revived in a new form owing to some remarkable observations, begun by Sir William Ramsay in 1903, which have led him to the extraordinary results announced as recently as last July. The results are of an epoch-making character, and the consequences are difficult, if not impossible to foresee, but the facts are of the utmost importance and of engrossing interest to scientist and layman alike. They follow directly from the discovery and study of the properties of the element radium, properties so uncommon that the popular mind has been fascinated as it seldom is by a scientific discovery. Much splendid work, which cannot be mentioned now, has been done by physicists. On the chemical side, the chief advance is due to the brilliant researches of Ramsay. M. and Mme. Curie showed that radium emits heat and charged particles; this element is continuously undergoing changes of some kind, and Ramsay investigated the nature and transformations of the radium 'emanation.' In 1903 he proved, in conjunction with Soddy, that the spontaneous change of the radium emanation resulted in the formation of helium, a very rare element, long known to exist in the sun, whose discovery on the earth we owe to Ramsay himself. When the emanation was left in contact with water, it was transformed into neon, one of a series of rare elements whose discovery in our atmosphere is one of Ramsay's most brilliant achievements. When the water was replaced by an aqueous solution of copper sulphate—ordinary blue vitriol—the radium emanation was found to be converted into argon, an element belonging to the same group as neon. Then followed a still more interesting result. The residue, after the

removal of the copper, gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of the element lithium, whose salts are present in many springs and in various plants, such as some kinds of tobacco. We thus seem to have definite evidence of the transmutation of such a well-known and much-studied element as copper into lithium, whose recognition is particularly easy by means of the spectroscope. The work was repeated several times with every precaution, and a solution of copper sulphate which had not been in contact with radium emanation showed no trace of lithium. Such are the facts, but the explanation cannot yet be given. So much is certain, that radium during its spontaneous change parts with a great deal of energy, and, to quote Ramsay, 'the direction in which that energy is expended is modified by circumstances.' Left alone, the emanation passes into helium; in contact with water, we get neon; in presence of a solution of copper sulphate, argon is produced. In the latter case, the copper itself is degraded to the first member of its own group in the classification of the elements according to their atomic weights, that is, into lithium. One element gives rise to a number of other elements. This is the extraordinary fact brought out by these latest researches.

The ancients tried to convert lead into gold; this modern transmutation seems to prove the truth of the belief which prompted their work. Further developments and the effect of these discoveries on present theories will be awaited with the keenest interest.

A. T. DE MOUILPIED.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM

THERE can be no doubt that the discovery of the Hammurabi Code in 1901 has introduced a disturbing element into the serenity which, after a quarter of a century of strenuous defence, had begun to settle down upon Old Testament criticism. The publication of the two great biblical dictionaries gave the ordinary non-technical student a sense of finality in the results of the movement which had agitated him. The so-called Higher Criticism had apparently won its battle with no greater loss than the discrediting of some of the extremists of that school. We might smile at some grotesque extravagance about Jerah-

meel, but the writers in Hastings had to be taken seriously. We were beginning to accustom ourselves to the strange situation which required that the prophets should be seen in distant perspective, and the law should come into the nearer foreground of our picture; we had laboriously acquired some facility in conceiving the Old Testament lawgivers as projecting their writings artificially into an earlier period which was not their own; we had reluctantly begun to agree that the Pentateuch could not have been written so early as the time of Moses, that it spoke the language of a later age, and so on. Then came the discovery of the Hammurabi Code, admittedly as old as Abraham, and containing a section as much like some chapters of the Book of Exodus as St. Mark's Gospel is like St. Luke's. Clearly it was no longer possible to hold that Exodus could not have been in existence in Mosaic times. And if a result so disturbing came with one discovery of the archaeologists, what might we not expect of revolution when once the archaeological people had money enough to get to work in good earnest! Already a new Hastings dictionary is announced by the publishers, which is to be 'entirely distinct from the five-volume dictionary,' and 'a wholly new and original work.' It is no use complaining. We must go to school once more. But we shall certainly have reason to complain this time if we are hurried into a premature finality. Perhaps we ought to have known better than to imagine the matter could be finally determined by evidence which was almost exclusively literary and textual, and by verdicts which were often confessedly subjective. We ought to have resolutely kept our judgement in suspense till the archaeological evidence had been heard. We shall know better in future.

Of various indications of the new archaeological movement we select one as a specimen, the Rev. W. S. Caldecott's new book on Solomon's Temple, published by the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Caldecott is a minister of the South African Wesleyan Conference, who has been so bold as to regard Old Testament history as a field still open for investigation. Three years ago he gave us a specimen of his work in a volume on the Tabernacle, in which he made an absolutely new contribution to scholarship by the discovery of the length of the cubit, and by reconstructing the Tabernacle therewith, without the smallest violence to the Old Testament text. It was a discovery arrived at simply by studying archaeological monuments.

He has now applied the same patient investigation, the same practical and unbiassed examination, to the documents concerning Solomon's Temple. His simple directness of interpretation of the scriptural text has produced a result so convincing that it must be either the right method, or else miraculously and inconceivably successful if the wrong one. His book will be indispensable henceforth as an authority, even if another authority should arise to differ about some detail. It is impossible that any one should do the work more patiently, or laboriously, or luminously. The volume is not exactly a garden where flowers of speech are to be gathered, but it is a quarry of good sound stone. Mr. Caldecott's great asset is the insight by which he discerns the exact point where archaeological documents may be collated with the Old Testament text, an insight which is nothing less than an illumination. Professor Sayce at once saw the value of these books, and has written the Introduction to each of them. In the latest of them he points out, as new and convincing, the facts adduced by Mr. Caldecott concerning an artificial platform on which the temple stood, facts which explain much that has hitherto been puzzling, and concerning the palace of Solomon as distinct from the later residence of the Jewish kings. We, however, are more interested in Mr. Caldecott's reconstruction of the chronology, and in his incidental rehabilitation of the historical accuracy of some of the Old Testament books, notably the Books of Chronicles. These books gain by archaeological evidence all that they had lost in the hands of the literary critics. Indeed, they gain more than they had lost, for it cannot be denied that objective archaeological evidence is of a more reliable order than the merely literary evidence, which was so often interpreted subjectively. The antiquarian researches, which are only now beginning in serious earnest, and which even now are seriously hindered by lack of funds, have already given us an historical solution of some problems which were otherwise intractable. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? Not the most scholarly investigation of the text of the Old Testament alone could suffice to give us the meaning of architectural and other technical terms and phrases. Literary criticism has its obvious limitations, and it is safe to predict that no writer in the next Bible dictionary will affirm, as Driver affirmed in the early editions of his *Literature of the Old Testament*, that 'the age and authorship of the books of the Old Testament can be deter-

mined (so far as this is possible) only upon the basis of the internal evidence supplied by the books themselves, by methods such as those followed in the present volume: no external evidence worthy of credit exists.' We have only to read a statement like that to discover at once how inadequate were the methods of the early nineties, and how far we have travelled and progressed since then.

HENRY T. HOOPER.

SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE¹

It is an unanswerable proof of the harmony that exists between religion and science that we find many leading scientific men declaring that the Holy Scriptures are in perfect agreement with the discoveries of science. Hugh Miller and Sir William Dawson have done this in the past, and it is now being most powerfully shown by Professor Wright in his Stone Lectures delivered at Princeton. He is Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revelation at Oberlin College.

The work contains twelve chapters, and is beautifully illustrated. It has also a good index. The first five chapters relate to Early Jewish History and the State of Palestine, as well as the Exodus, and from a personal knowledge of Bible lands, Dr. Wright is able to give most valuable information. He thinks that the Israelites crossed a northern extension of the Red Sea, between the Bitter Lakes and Suez, on the line of the present canal. This theory is plausible. The land formerly lay lower, for geological evidence proves this, by ancient beaches, so that the northern extension of the Gulf of Suez is a fact. It is also certain that recently the land here has been raised. That the Passage of the Red Sea and the Exodus were *certain facts* is proved by the institution of the Passover, which was instituted *at the time*, and consequently could not have been invented in later times. The passage of the Jordan, the falling of the walls of Jericho, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, according to Dr. Wright, are natural phenomena, which the progress of geology enables us to understand. The

¹ *Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History.* By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D., F.G.S.A., Oberlin, Ohio, 1906; pp. xv, 432.

Cities of the Plain were destroyed by an outburst of petroleum such as occurs now at Baku. Dr. Wright places them at the south end of the Dead Sea, where the water is very shallow. Now, seeing that so many of the sacred writers, both in Old and New Testament, refer to the burning of these cities, and that Christ Himself speaks of their destruction, every Christian must believe that it took place, and an examination of the geological state of the southern end of the Dead Sea proves that science demonstrates that a terrible outburst of fire was most probable.

Six of the chapters in the book are devoted to the Deluge, the traditions of which are briefly noted. There is no *scientific* improbability in the Flood, for the land was simply depressed, allowing the sea to flood the various parts of the earth. Geology shows that this has frequently happened in the past, and the traditions of a great flood can only be explained by believing such a catastrophe actually took place. Many talented geologists have believed in the truth of the biblical Deluge, such as Hugh Miller, Sir Henry Howorth, Sir William Dawson, Sir Joseph Prestwich, MM. Tardy and Lambert. What is the geological evidence in its favour? Geology connects the Deluge of Noah with the Glacial Period, and no one knows more of the Great Ice Age than Dr. Wright.

He shows that the ice, piled up as continental ice-sheets, would weigh nearly as much as all North America, and would disturb the equilibrium of the earth's crust, and produce changes of level. The melting of the ice-sheets would also cause vast floods. At the close of the Glacial period the land sank, and a vast irruption of the oceanic waters took place. This was the biblical Flood. In Europe there are numerous gravels, called by Sir Joseph Prestwich 'The Rubble Drift,' which are the result of this deluge. These cannot have been formed by rivers, as they cover the hill-tops and the table-lands. The bones and weapons of man—or palaeolithic man, as he is called—are found in these gravels, proving that man lived before and at the time of this flood. Palaeolithic man, therefore, is simply antediluvian man, and it is remarkable that geology shows that palaeolithic man was *absolutely destroyed*, and that he was succeeded in the Northern Hemisphere by an entirely *new* race of men. In Asia, Dr. Wright thinks that the great proof of Noah's Flood is to be found in a vast deposit of earthy clay, scientifically called the Loess. In antediluvian times much of Central Asia

was covered by a sea, the bed of which is now occupied in part by the Desert of Gobi. The rapid draining of this Asiatic Mediterranean occasioned a tremendous flood over Northern Asia, deluging Siberia, and destroying the mammoth, rhinoceros, musk-ox, and buffalo, which at that time inhabited Siberia in countless numbers. This deluge was accompanied by a *rapid* and extraordinary change of climate. In Europe and in North and South America, the *sudden* and *complete* destruction of the great animals which lived during the Palaeolithic period, and were contemporaneous with primitive man, can only be explained by a great flood. Such are the various lines of scientific evidence by which science proves that Noah's Flood actually took place. To all objectors the question may be put—'Why don't you try to refute this evidence?' Prof. Wright's book will be welcomed by all biblical students. He has unanswerably proved that modern science is in complete accord with Holy Scripture.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

THE VATICAN AND PRESENT-DAY PREACHING

THERE are no more perfect masters of the art of preaching than the great preachers of the Roman Catholic Church, and any opinion upon this subject coming from the high quarters of that Church claims respect. The *Civiltà Cattolica* for January 5 and 19 of this year has two articles, 'Present-day Preaching, its Defects and their Cure.'

The writer holds that the chief defects of present-day preaching are the substitution of philosophy and of the discussion of matters of public interest for the gospel of Christ. This tendency is not peculiar to Popish preachers, nor to those of the present day. Preachers are always tempted to court popularity by pandering to the tastes of their hearers. That this is not peculiar to our own day is shown by the passage in the twenty-ninth canto of the *Paradiso*, where Beatrice speaks of the sorrow felt in heaven over preachers who wrest the Scriptures, forgetting the blood which it costs to sow the seed of the Holy Word on earth. They dispense to the people their own inventions, dealing out their jests and railleries, while the

gospel is silent. Of such preaching nothing comes but the puffing out of the preacher's cowl with vain conceit, while keen eyes can see a bird—Dante's symbol of the devil, suggested, probably, by Paul's 'prince of the power of the air'—nestling in the sack of the cowl as it hangs down upon the shoulder. As for the poor lambs, they come back from the pasture 'fed on wind'; and the only one who grows fat from such pasturage is the pig belonging to the order of St. Anthony (which in many Italian cities had the privilege of seeking food wherever it could find it), and those who were pig-like in their nature.

According to the writer in the *Civiltà*, there is now a great deal of preaching of this kind in the Romish Church. He deplores the fact that, notwithstanding the strenuous protests of Pius X and his two predecessors, 'the fatal tendency' has not been stayed. A considerable number of ecclesiastics, not all of them young, seem to be endeavouring to create a party, the aim of which is innovation in every department of Christian life and thought. The preachers of this school do not preach the gospel, but substitute for it philosophical speculations, the discussion of the topics of the day, quotations from popular literature, with special partiality for quotations from sceptical or irreligious writers, and the like.

Protestants will at once admit that these are evils not confined to the Roman Church. A keen critic, who had heard most of the great preachers of the early decades of the nineteenth century, was asked how the preaching of the present compared with that of the past. He replied, 'Oh, the difference is immense. It is a difference of kind. Those men used to *preach*. The present men do not preach, they *lecture*.'

Without fully endorsing this sweeping criticism, I hold that there is far too great a tendency to pander to the popular taste, and to give the people what the *Civiltà* stigmatizes as '*journalistic preaching*.'

The *Civiltà* deprecates an apologetic tone in the pulpit. It pleads for a positive declaration of the revelation of God, as contrasted with a vacillating yea-and-nay discussion of opinions. The Christian preacher does not stand there to discuss a 'perhaps' with his congregation, but is the ambassador of Christ to announce the message sent from God.

What are the remedies which the writer proposes for the evils he describes?

First, he insists most strongly upon the necessity of a deep personal holiness on the part of the preacher. He does, it is true, say that when a man is duly appointed by the bishop, this appointment gives a divine validity to his message, so that 'neither immature age, nor inexperience of life, nor slenderness of treatment, nor lack of talent for speaking, nor deficiency of personal venerableness, nor even reprehensible conduct, ought to prove any obstacle to the faithful beholding in him with the eyes of faith the representative of God, and to their listening to him as such with a teachable mind. Whence it follows, as Augustine said, that those "may be fruitfully heard who do not fruitfully live."' But he immediately goes on to add: 'This demands a high degree of intensity and generosity of faith, and hence it is difficult of attainment amongst Christian people, even in times of strong religion and piety; what must it be, then, in times like these, when faith is at a low ebb, and among peoples so little religious as those of to-day? It is necessary, absolutely indispensable, especially in our days, that the demeanour, gesture, speech, life, indeed the whole personality, of the preacher, both physical and moral, should so vividly recall the person of Christ that the hearers should not find it difficult to recognize him by whom the faith is proclaimed as the legate, ambassador, and minister of God, the interpreter of the divine will and teachings. Thus it was the saints who were preachers. Not to mention others, it was so with St. Francis of Sales, whose very looks in the pulpit are said to have softened the hardest hearts when he was preaching, because he made them think that they saw Jesus preaching on the Mount. Father de Ravignan, the conductor of conferences at Notre Dame, is famous for the great sign of the cross which he made on ascending the pulpit, by which even those of the public who came into his services destitute of all religious feeling are said to have been greatly moved, and even half convinced before he uttered a word. A great thing is that light of authority, not human, which shines forth from the preacher's brow like that from the face of Moses! On this account many of the saints made it their rule to preach immediately after having celebrated the Mass; or else were accustomed to prepare for the pulpit by kneeling before the Sacrament. In any case, the preacher should be able by his voice, his heart, his whole personality, made ready by recent contact with Christ, to say to his audience what Paul said:

"Do ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me? Do ye desire a palpable and sensible evidence of this? Do ye wish to feel His power?—Behold me! Admire me! Listen to me!"

The last words of this passage startle us by their boldness. We can scarcely endure the thought of any preacher of the gospel saying, 'Admire me!' The passage savours somewhat of that posture-making which is one of the gross evils of the Papistry, and against which John Knox, and others of the Reformers, thundered with such intensity. But it would be well if all preachers would interpret these exhortations in their deepest and most spiritual sense, and would remember that the power of preaching largely depends upon the intimacy of the preacher's communion with God. To use the language of the writer of these articles, he should have '*his eyes on God and his heart in the heart of Christ.*'

The second remedy proposed is long study and great love of the sources of evangelical truth. From his point of view those sources are the Scriptures and Tradition, the latter including the writings of the Fathers, the decisions of Councils, and the official utterances of Popes. It is only fair, however, to say that the writer lays special stress on the Holy Scriptures. I have of late years noticed a tendency in certain high quarters of Romanism to hark back to the Bible. Should this tendency prevail, we may look for a reformation of Romanism from within. If that Church will hear the Bible, the fabric of its present system of ceremonial and of doctrine will vanish. Sacerdotalism, image-worship, mariolatry, the invocation of saints, transubstantiation, the five man-made sacraments, purgatory, the ethics of casuistry, and a thousand other corruptions will disappear in the light of Bible teaching like mist before the sun.

The third remedy which the *Civiltà* proposes is that greater attention should be given to the cultivation of preaching, and especially to the thorough culture of the preacher. Under this head many wise things are said about the importance of careful preparation for the pulpit, the folly of too slavish adherence to the manuscript, which prevents the preacher from feeling the pulse of his congregation, and from keeping in tune with its moods; and the importance of cultivating the power of adaptation, so as to be able to speak to the particular congregation in a dialect adapted to meet its special conditions and mental outlook.

For all this, the writer points out what Dr. Parker reiterated with such emphasis, that the preacher's preparation can never be finished, that his business is not so much the preparation of sermons, as the preparation of the *preacher*; and he affirms, in the strongest way possible, that successful preaching requires the assiduous culture of the whole man, even not ignoring the physical appearance and demeanour. Consequently, he urges that the preacher must spare himself no labour or fatigue, and must be prepared '*to immolate himself*' upon the altar of his office. He 'cannot assign any limits to his culture, neither as to its kind nor as to its degree; because the more he knows the better—so much the more will he be equipped for his spiritual battles and his sublime victories.'

As the preacher considers the claims and the stupendous difficulties of his high office, he may well quail before it. But if, on the other hand, with constant toil, with rigorous self-discipline, and, above all, with prayerful study of Holy Scripture, he seeks to live in habitual fellowship with God, he will come to his work with the power which contact with God always gives, and will accomplish all that is within the compass of such talents as God has given him. Mrs. Josephine E. Butler summed up the whole question: 'The great need of the age is prophets. A prophet is a man who thinks the thoughts and speaks the words of God; and the way to attain this is by meditation and prayer to keep close company with God.'

G. ARMSTRONG BENNETTS.

MONOTHEISM AMONG THE HEATHEN

IN the last number of this REVIEW, Mr. A. C. Hollis, one of the greatest living authorities on East Central Africa, raised the question of the Pentateuchal legends supposed to be current among the Masai, and did me the honour to mention the article in which I discussed them a year ago in these pages. He refuses definitely to believe in their existence, and supposes that the German, Captain Merker, who offered them to the world, was duped by the inventiveness of a native 'puller of the long bow.' I myself ventured to point out that to explain the origin of the legends was almost impossible; to deny their existence is obviously the easiest way out of the difficulty, and

possibly it is the correct one. He would be a bold man who would call in question any assertion of Mr. Hollis's on his own subject. Still, it may perhaps be permitted to suggest that traditions may remain unknown for years to many investigators of a primitive race, while some one else may learn the secret by a special piece of luck or industry. Merker admits that it was not till he had been studying the Masai for more than four years that he even suspected the existence of such stories. Of the care with which religious beliefs and narratives are guarded from the intruding stranger a good example may be found in Mr. Rivers's recent work on the Todas of the Nilgeries. The anthropological question as to whether the Masai exhibit peculiarities that can be called 'Semitic,' must be left to specialists, who seem here, as so often elsewhere, rather seriously at variance. But if the simpler explanation of Mr. Hollis is right, the question still occurs, Why did the inventor stop just before the deliverance from Egypt, while appearing to allude to the Decalogue, and why did he give a flavour so entirely Masai and independent to his garbled reminiscences of the Bible? If he is really inventing, he ought to be further away from the Bible; if he is simply telling a twice-told tale, he ought, at least, to be a little nearer than he is.

But the main business of my article was not with these particular legends, but with certain considerations raised by the monotheistic character of the Masai religion. Could it be held to point to the fact that monotheism is historically prior to polytheism? A very interesting ray of light has been thrown on this important question by a book published last year from the pen of a Congo traveller of large experience, Mr. R. E. Dennett, entitled *At the Back of the Black Man's Mind*. Mr. Dennett has not touched the Masai country, either German or British; but he has become convinced that the fetichism universally associated with the native religion of Central and Western Africa is not the sole faith of the Bantu family. That this should not have been guessed by travellers and missionaries is by no means surprising. The superstitions of a people always lie nearer to the surface than their religion. A visitor to England, very imperfectly acquainted with our language, and coming simply for purposes of trade, and perhaps not greatly averse to self-indulgence as well, would be certain to acquire a very inadequate notion of the Christian faith. Perhaps we ourselves have been a little too ready, in a short-sighted rever-

ence for our own religion, to believe that the heathen bows down to nothing but wood and stone.

At all events, Mr. Dennett has found wide traces of a faith in an august spirit as different from the powers of fetichism as Jehovah was different from Baal. The evil spirit of fetichism and witchcraft, which lives in the stomach of all witches, is Ndongo; and as an instrument for satisfying one's own greed, or glutting one's revenge on an enemy, Ndongo is always in request: but, far above him, and fulfilling inestimably higher functions, is Nzambi, the supreme deity and the guardian of tribal and sexual morality. Whether, in the philosophy of the Bavili dwellers on the Congo, Nzambi is more of a person or a pantheistic principle, it is hard to say; Mr. Dennett tells us that everything is ultimately reduced to Nzambi; but he makes it quite certain that in the native mind there is the closest connexion between the law and order for which the king stands, and the reverence due to Nzambi himself. This is shown by the existence of a number of sacred symbols—groves, lands and rivers, trees, animals, omens and the seasons. These are regarded, in the curious mixture of definiteness and vagueness that characterizes primitive thought, as directly dependent on Nzambi on the one hand, and as linked up with the powers and virtues of the rightful chief on the other. On the powers and virtues of the chief rests the happiness of the whole nation. Mr. Dennett is convinced that the superstition called fetichism can only be an overgrowth imposed upon the purer knowledge which the people once certainly possessed, and of which (as we half suspected with the Masai) only fragments are now left.

If Mr. Dennett is right, his conclusions are of the greatest importance to the anthropologist; they point directly to an original monotheism, which, however naïve and unstable, has swayed the thoughts and blessed the lives of a large family of the human race. They are of equal importance to the statesman. The organization of an African tribe may be different from that of a European nation; but, such as it is, it has secured political and social order, and its wanton or careless destruction makes the white man's task ten times harder than before. Let the reader contrast the intricate subordination of lower to higher chiefs with the insensate brutality by which the Congo 'Free State' degrades Europe in native eyes! Most of all are Mr. Dennett's conclusions of importance to the missionary. He may denounce fetichism, and the native will know

that he is right; but if he confuses fetichism with religion, he will be destroying the very foundation which God has laid for the reception of the witness to the higher truth which it is his privilege to give.

W. F. LOFTHOUSE.

THE GREAT BOOK ON HYMNS

WHEN *The Dictionary of Hymnology* appeared in 1892 it was immediately recognized as the most valuable contribution ever made to the study of hymns and their authors. For fifteen years every student of the subject has been under growing obligation to Dr. Julian and his publisher, Mr. Murray. The revised and enlarged edition which has just appeared can be had for a guinea (net), and every one who is fortunate enough to possess it will find that its interest is practically inexhaustible. The whole work has been revised and brought up to date. A few errors in names and dates which were found in the first edition have been corrected, and some new matter incorporated. A Supplement has been added, which extends to 130 pages. The 'Supplemental Cross-reference Index of First Lines,' and the 'Index of Authors and Translators,' give easy access to the treasures of the *Dictionary*. Among the new names in this Supplement we note that of W. H. M. Aitken, whose hymns have chiefly appeared in home mission hymn-books. Matthew Arnold's connexion with hymnology is very slight, but 'Calm soul of all things! make it mine'—'lines written in Kensington Gardens'—has won him a place in this *Dictionary*. Canon Beeching's translations of the seven greater Advent antiphons and his children's hymn, 'God who created me,' give him a niche in this temple of sacred song; while Rudyard Kipling's 'noble poem, "The Recessional,"' has secured him a place of honour. Fourteen of Mr. Arthur C. Benson's hymns are included, and Bishop Creighton appears as the author of a marriage hymn, 'O Thou who gavest power to love.' Ample justice is done to Methodist hymn-writers. We note the names of Miss Bradfield, Mrs. Felkin, E. J. Brailsford, Dr. Henry Burton, R. M. Pope, E. Pope, James Smetham, Alfred H. Vine, James Vanner, Judge Waddy, Bishop Hoss. The account furnished by Mr. W. H. Gill of 'Hear us, O Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling-place,' is of special interest.

Dr. Julian says, 'It is, for its purpose, the most suitable hymn we know, and supplies a felt want in fishing villages and towns.'

The little article on 'Ambrosius' shows that investigations by Father Dreves confirm the conclusions already reached as to the hymns of Ambrose. Five are certified as his by early writers, nine others are also genuine, four more are 'possibly his.' 'It seems practically certain that the "Dies Irae" was written in Italy in the thirteenth century; was originally meant for private devotion; was throughout in three-line stanzas (ending either with "Oro supplex" or with "Ut consors beatitatis"), and that to adapt it for public devotion the "Lacrymosa" and "Pie Jesu" were added. The "Lacrymosa" is certainly older than Thomas of Celano, and is found in a MS. of about 1200 A.D. It seems fairly certain that the original of "O Deus ego amo Te" was a Spanish or Portuguese sonnet, written by St. Francis Xavier in the East Indies about 1546. The Latin version, "O Deus," is neither the earliest nor the only version; and there is no reason to suppose it is by Xavier.' Dr. Julian thinks that, beautiful though the tradition is which links 'Rock of Ages' with Barrington Coombe, we must have clearer and more definite information before it can be accepted as a definite fact. Special attention has been given to 'English Roman Catholic Hymnody,' to the 'Unitarian Hymnody,' and to 'Universities, Colleges, and Public Schools Hymn-books.' Dr. Julian regards *The English Hymnal* as the finest hymnal in the English language, from the point of view of the Ultra-Anglican party. 'If some fifteen or twenty hymns, at most, were eliminated, it would be a formidable rival to the new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.' Dr. Arthur E. Gregory has written the article on 'Methodist Hymnody,' which gives a clear and exact account of the preparation of *The Methodist Hymn-book*. 'It retains its distinctively Methodist character, but, notwithstanding the large number of Wesley's hymns, has lost the provincialism of its predecessors, and has gained vastly in catholicity of tone and taste.' The issue of this new edition should give an impetus to the study of hymns, and add greatly to the interest of the musical part of public services. The labour lavished on the preparation of the *Dictionary* by Dr. Julian and his assistant-editor, the Rev. James Mearns, M.A., has been both exacting and long-continued, but no work could have been more serviceable to the Church Universal.

J. TELFORD.

Recent Literature

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL

Through Scylla and Charybdis. By George Tyrrell.
(Longmans & Co. 5s. net.)

MR. TYRRELL has earned a right to be heard on the relation between the old and the new theology. He has suffered for his opinions, and stands to-day as one of the foremost representatives of liberal Catholicism. We have read his latest volume with great interest. It consists of essays recently published in sundry periodicals, with an introduction and a running commentary which shows the connexion between them and their relation to his present theological position.

Whether the *ci-devant* Father Tyrrell has found out precisely the best channel between the stubborn rocks of the old theology and the dangerous whirlpool of the new, it is not, perhaps, for a Protestant to say. But if clear insight, candour, reasoning power and a strong determination to secure thorough reforms in theology without breaking away from venerable sacred tradition are qualifications for the task, Mr. Tyrrell is certainly well fitted to undertake it. The line he adopts is substantially this: The 'apostolic revelation' in Christianity, which must be at all costs conserved in all generations, is to be distinguished from the 'dogmatic theology' of the Church, which may vary and needs to be varied from age to age, with the changing thoughts and ideas of men. The original revelation is not so much a theological system as the record of a profound religious experience, to be described as 'prophetic' rather than dogmatic truth. Mr. Tyrrell recognizes 'two fountains of religious truth—natural and supernatural, reason and revelation; and two corresponding styles of utterance—the one scientifically exact, the other prophetic and inspired; the one under the control of man's will and calculation, the other given to him, or forced from him, by the Spirit.' This prophetic truth of revelation is the norm or canon of the Christian reli-

gion, and it must be sacredly preserved at all costs. The reasonings of theologians, whilst valuable in their place and claiming all due consideration as venerable ecclesiastical tradition, do not possess the same authority, and they necessarily take the form of the age to which they belong.

All this sounds suspiciously like Protestantism, but Mr. Tyrrell is no Protestant. His vindication of Catholicism is very interesting, and it contains, we may add, much with which many Protestants would agree. But he is strongly opposed to schism, and points out at length the religious deficiencies which he thinks the Reformers incurred through breaking with the Church in the sixteenth century. So in the twentieth century Mr. Tyrrell argues strongly for reform rather than revolution, and he will not leave the Church of Rome till he is forcibly compelled. He holds that an appeal lies, not only from the multitude but from the theologians, to the 'true mind' of the Church, and it is impossible to help feeling strong sympathy with him in the noble stand he is making for doctrinal reform within the Roman Catholic Church. Whether he can succeed in even a portion of his aims is, of course, very doubtful. The Ultramontanes would give him short shrift, and at any moment excommunication might follow the moral pains and penalties that have already been inflicted upon him. An unconfirmed rumour declares that Mr. Tyrrell will be restored to his position in the Society of Jesus. But we strongly commend the study of this able and interesting volume to all who would understand the reform movement within the Church of Rome, as represented by Loisy, Fogazzaro, the priests who recently signed a strong petition to the Pope, and many other thoughtful Romanists whose names have not been allowed to appear. We wish and hope for their success, rather than expect to see it.

New Theology: Its Meaning and Value. By Frank Ballard, M.A., B.Sc., &c. (Robert Culley. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ballard describes his pamphlet as an eirenicon. If by this he means to urge the importance of dealing kindly and courteously with Mr. Campbell and all representatives of a 'new theology,' we quite agree with him. Hard words convince no one, and they are quite unbecoming in discussion between Christians—a fact which Mr. Campbell, as well as his opponents, would do well to bear in mind. But if Mr.

Ballard means by putting forward an eirenicon that he is prepared to meet the City Temple theology half-way, we cannot follow him. We gather that he would decline to do this. His frequent eulogistic references to Dr. Warschauer show that he appreciates the difference in style and matter between the several representatives of the new teaching and the immense superiority of 'The New Evangel' to its predecessor in the field. Dr. Warschauer is not foolish enough to try to reconstruct Christianity on the basis of Idealistic Monism, and if he had been the protagonist in the recent theological fray instead of Mr. Campbell, the result might have been different indeed. Mr. Ballard's pamphlet is able, fair and candid, and deserves to be widely read. He promises, we observe, a fuller treatment of the subject in a forthcoming volume.

Christianity and the New Theology. By Rev. Sir W. Earle, Bart. (F. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.)

Amongst the many replies which the Rev. R. J. Campbell's utterances have evoked the present certainly claims honourable mention. Sir W. Earle confines himself almost entirely to two questions—the authority of the New Testament and the doctrine of the Atonement. On both these he writes with knowledge and force, without the slightest trace of unkindness to Mr. Campbell, but very effectively showing the deficiencies of 'City Temple theology.' Sir W. Earle rightly points out that in essence what is called the New Theology is no more than natural religion—a faith without Bible, without a Saviour, without miracles, without grace, but recognizing to the full the claims of conscience and the universal immanence of God in creation. The author promises other volumes to deal with other aspects of the subject.

The Books of the Prophets in their Historical Succession.
By George G. Findlay, D.D. Vol. II. The first
Isaiah to Nahum. Vol. III. Jeremiah and his Group.
(Robert Culley. 2s. 6d. each.)

Dr. Findlay's plan is to sketch the history of a period, to fit the different prophetic sections into their right place, and to deduce the great teachings that are of abiding religious value. Other scholarly material is supplied in the form of chronological tables and subject-analyses, of discussions critical

and literary, and of references to other authorities whose opinions deserve to be weighed. The summary chapters are those that will appeal most powerfully to untechnical readers. They are written with all the writer's well-known grace and charm, and with that sensitive appreciation of religious thought and life which supplies the inspiration of a devotional element to most of his pages. It is not likely that the many minute conclusions as to the division of the prophecies and their allocation to historical incident will all commend themselves to the expert, though in most instances a strong case is made out and the subjective factor is restrained. As an introduction to the study of Nahum and of the earlier chapters of Isaiah, the second volume must be classed amongst the best, whilst the third is a vivid and sympathetic treatment of Jeremiah and of the preparatory work of Zephaniah and Habakkuk. A fourth is to follow, bringing the story down to the time of the Exile; and the whole bids fair to do much in the way of reconciling criticism with tradition, and of providing a handbook to Jewish prophecy, free from bias and fit for general use. The almost indispensable indexes are apparently reserved for the final volume.

Christian Baptism. By Rev. Robert Ayres. (Robert Culley. 5s.)

The writer of this latest treatise on the vexed question of the mode of administering baptism in the early Church is a Primitive Methodist minister who has devoted much time during many years to the subject. He has produced an able and thoughtful treatise of over 600 pages, controverting the views of those who assert that primitive baptism was identical with submersion. He examines at length and in minute detail the usage of classical authors and of biblical writers in the Old and New Testaments, the evidence of fonts and catacombs, and of heathen lustrations. Quotations are given in full from the writings of the Fathers, nothing is taken for granted, and the statements of first-hand authorities are closely and critically examined. Mr. Ayres must have bestowed much time and labour on this part of the subject, and his catena of standard passages will be found very useful. The book takes a polemical form, and the representative of Baptist opinion chosen for the purpose—not very happily—is *Theodosia Ernest*, an American story written to defend and propagate the Baptist doctrine that

the only valid form of the rite is immersion. Mr. Ayres spends more powder and shot on this book than it deserves. But his object is fully attained in the demonstration he gives that immersion was not necessarily, and for long periods and in many countries was not usually, the mode in which baptism was administered in the early Christian Church. In two or three instructive chapters at the end of the book Mr. Ayres points out the great change which came over the character of the rite between the time of the Apostles and the 'Apostolic Constitutions.' It was metamorphosed from a free and simple dedicatory service into an elaborate and prolonged ceremonial, indicating a complete and mystic change of nature, an entire sanctification of the whole man, fitting him at once for heaven. The significance of this change—parallel to that which transformed the social eucharistic meal into the sacrifice of the mass—is well brought out by the author. He has earned the gratitude, not only of Paedobaptists, but of all members of Evangelical Churches for his work upon the nature and method of Christian baptism. Controversy on the subject is happily not so keen as it once was, and Mr. Ayres' volume may be thought by some to be superfluous. But it is well that a thorough examination, such as he has given to the question, should be made, and a reasoned resistance offered to the fanaticism of some narrow sectarians who would even refuse the name Christian to persons who have not been immersed. Mr. Ayres writes in a candid and temperate spirit which all must admire, and we heartily congratulate the veteran minister upon the completion of a long and laborious task.

The Study of Nature and the Vision of God; with other Essays in Philosophy. By George J. Blewett.
(Toronto: Briggs.)

This is a remarkably illuminating and stimulating volume, worthy of a place in the front rank of recent philosophical writing. The author is a Canadian, and Ryerson Professor of Moral Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto. He is a deeply convinced Idealist, with a reverent Christian temper and a keen appreciation of the attitude and perplexities of the modern mind. Throughout the book he reveals a wistful yearning that the scientific mind of his time should not miss the vision of God through a fatal misconstruing of the problem of Reality. To escape the disability, as a reconciling system, attaching to

Abstract Idealism he prefers to call himself a Concrete Idealist. The master passion for unity so characteristic of the age compels him to his task; no form of dualism is any longer possible. He has many fears concerning the future of the professional theologian, but none concerning the teaching of Jesus, which is the true completion of Idealism and contributes the essential element—the interpretation of individual consciousness and of the present world—which the great founders of Idealism missed, and, in missing, left their systems inadequate. Without it their effort to reconcile experience of this imperfect world and its evil with the Perfect Reason or with the Ideal Good of the universe embarrassed and oppressed them as a hopeless task. By his discriminating discussion of the shortcoming of philosophical Mysticism, which, though it has been the intellectual confession of saints of many generations, entirely fails to satisfy the reasonable demands of present-day thought, Professor Blewett does service of value to modern theological thought. At best the theory either leaves the world without God or God without the world.

The longest essay is that which gives the title to the volume. It is devoted to a fresh and lucid exposition of the perennial problem of philosophy—the nature of Reality. This is an able review of the discussion, and expresses most freely the author's main contention that there is an elemental distinction between the two methods of approaching the problem—that which to find God denies the world, and that which retaining the world finds God and learns that the knowledge of God is the ultimate knowledge of the world. Professor Blewett writes leisurely, but is never tedious or obscure, and it would be ungrateful to complain where everything is so admirably expressed. Essays on *The Metaphysic of Spinoza* and on *Plato, and the Founding of Idealism* follow. In the latter and in the succeeding paper on *The Completing of Idealism*, dealing with the relation of Aristotle, the Stoics, and the teaching of Jesus to Idealism, the writer finds a most congenial sphere. It has been a spiritual refreshment to follow his thinking in these expositions. The volume closes with two essays on mediaeval philosophy—*Erigena*; *The Division of Nature* and *The Theism of St. Thomas*. The former shows the Idealism implicit in Christianity almost overborne by Neo-Platonic Mysticism; the latter shows that implicit Idealism struggling toward a thorough expression of itself in Aquinas's

conception of the relation of the world to God, but crossed just at the culmination by a dualism similar in motive to that which our author thinks marked and marred the Idealism of Plato and Aristotle. The whole book is a piece of timely and luminous reasoning. The 'philosophic mind' the author desiderates alike for scientist and theologian in the present stress he exemplifies in the quiet strength, the wisdom and calm restraint of his discussions. An atmosphere suffuses them which can only be the product of poetic and artistic instincts. The style has grace and charm; and although there is not a trace of rhetoric, the book is eloquently written. If, as Professor Blewett says, 'it is the business of the Idealist to persuade and convince men, as best he can, under all circumstance and in every spiritual climate,' we take the liberty of saying that it is such quality of persuasiveness as this volume reveals that is most likely to be successful with earnest thinkers of differing schools.

The Creed of a Layman. Apologia Pro Fide Mea. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan & Co.)

We have hardly thought of Mr. Frederic Harrison as a layman. He has been so long the minister of what its little group of adherents at Newton Hall have loved to call the Church of Humanity, that, though he disclaims any sacerdotal function, we still regard him as the priest of the new religion. The earlier part of this volume is the experience, confession, and creed of a thinking teacher, and the latter part 'a treatise on the various aspects and uses of humanity as the central object of a working religion,' which consists chiefly of addresses and formularies concerning the nine sacraments of Positivism—Infancy, Education, Adult Age, Marriage, Choice of Profession, Maturity, Burial, &c. Most readers will turn with curious but sympathetic interest to the *Apologia* to learn from Mr. Harrison himself how he passed from High Anglicanism to Positivism. It is a quiet but instructive story—and admonitory. A restless and truly religious temperament, Oxford and the influence of Congreve, Maurice, and the Broad Church school, Mill and the Philosophy of Experience, a visit to Comte, the friendship of George Eliot and her circle,—mingle in the processes by which ritual and orthodoxy melt into suspended judgement and by which in middle life Mr. Harrison 'found peace,' as he says, in the philosophy and worship of Positivism. There

is pathos in this record of a religion without God to which he gives frank expression. An intense devotion to the Bible as the book of books, and to the stately liturgies of the Church, the fascination of cathedrals, the attraction of Christian preachers and services, and wistful yearnings toward immortality, are unconscious signs of the limitations of his new-made creed. Indeed, 'limitation' is perhaps the word that best expresses the impression the story of his experience and thinking leaves upon our mind. Mr. Harrison glories in the claim that his creed has no negations; it is absolutely positive. He scorns any association with Atheism, Scepticism, or Agnosticism, yet few honest thinkers, noting the Positivist attitude of shrinking from the inevitable demands of the rational intellect, will doubt that Mr. Harrison may be fairly described as an Agnostic, though one touched with religious feeling and disciplined by a fine altruistic spirit. That the book is written with literary ease and grace goes without saying. With much of it we are in cordial sympathy. The writer is a high-minded man, who loves his fellows, and whose fifty years of service entitle him to a place amongst those 'who live again in lives made better by their presence.'

The Human Element in the Gospels: A Commentary on the Synoptic Narrative. By George Salmon, D.D., F.R.S., late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Edited by Newport J. D. White, D.D., Professor of Biblical Greek in the University of Dublin. (Murray. 18s. net.)

This is by no means an easy book to read, but it is very instructive and exceedingly valuable. It marks the distance traversed in the history of biblical, and especially of New Testament, criticism during the last half-century. Dr. Salmon has always been a careful and exact student of Scripture, and especially of the New Testament. He has, by his fine critical insight and his masterly logic, been one of the most skilful and effective defenders of orthodox faith and interpretation. But he has thought fit to apply himself in this his last book—his dying legacy, as we cannot but regretfully say—to the study and outworking of the problem of the Gospels in their mutual relations. The result is, as might be anticipated, a work of singular acuteness and of great value. The question of the

undisclosed and unidentified common source or sources from which the three Synoptic Gospels derived their respective records, as these are now in our hands, is the problem which, by means of careful and singularly acute comparison, he endeavours to work out. St. Mark's Gospel, as might be expected, he regards as itself an original and primitive source of the highest authority, although by no means covering the whole ground. In this brief notice it is not possible to go into detail as respects a problem so complex and so difficult. The investigation, though intricate and often obscure, is profoundly interesting. It is also, as it appears to us, for the most part clear and convincing, and of rare value. The Gospel by St. John, it need hardly be said, presents a quite different problem from that of the other three evangelists, and some of the references to the Fourth Gospel seem to us scarcely satisfactory. Taken as a whole, the volume is a remarkable contribution from an octogenarian divine to the evangelical expository treasures of the age.

Luke the Physician: the Author of the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. By Adolf Harnack. Translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 6s.)

This translation has been eagerly expected, and no volume, even in the 'Crown Theological Library,' is more secure of a welcome. Professor Nicol's article in this REVIEW for January last set forth the significance of such a work from the pen of Dr. Harnack, and its importance grows upon us as we study the English translation. Ten years ago some of Dr. Harnack's friends took umbrage at his statement that the criticism of the sources of primitive Christianity was gradually returning to the traditional standpoints. He now offers a new proof of that verdict and challenges impartial criticism. The list of critics who hold that the Acts cannot have been composed by a companion and fellow worker of St. Paul includes such notable names as Hilgenfeld, Weizsäcker, Wendt, Schürer, and Pfeiderer. Jülicher regards the ascription of the book to St. Luke as a 'romantic ideal.' On this Harnack adds, 'So quickly does criticism forget its true function, with such bigoted obstinacy does it cling to its hypotheses.' Dr. Harnack shows that, so far as subject matter is concerned, the 'we' sections could not be more closely related to the rest of the Acts than

they are. 'No difference worthy of mention can be discovered.' A 'linguistic investigation' of the first and last of the 'we' sections deals with idioms and words in an exhaustive manner. It will be a splendid exercise for young students to go carefully through these lists. Sixty-seven words or phrases are common to the 'we' sections and the Acts, while they are wanting in the four Gospels; forty-four are found in the 'we' sections, the Acts and St. Luke's Gospel, but not in the other three Gospels. A considerable portion of the matter peculiar to St. Luke's Gospel is 'feminine in interest. It is, therefore, perhaps, not too presumptuous to assign these traditions to Philip and his four prophesying daughters.' St. Luke's 'one object is to prove that our Lord is the Divine Saviour, and to show forth His saving power in His history and in the working of His Spirit.' The volume is eminently reassuring, and throws much new light on St. Luke's sources and his aims. Every Bible student will find it of the greatest value and interest.

Historic Notes on the Old and New Testaments. By Samuel Sharpe. (Elliot Stock. 6s. net.)

This is a reprint of a volume written as far back as 1858 by the author, who was an enthusiastic and intelligent biblical student, and in his own times anticipated not a few of the conclusions of modern criticism. The method adopted is to give a brief summary of the contents of each book of the Bible, taking in addition to the canonical books the Apocrypha, and including sections on such subjects as chronology, the histories of the ancient empires, the poetry of the Hebrews, and the language of the New Testament. The absence of distinctive chapters and an index detract somewhat from the usefulness of these notes; but as representing an earlier and advanced type of research they are interesting, and may be commended to young students who desire to master the contents of the Bible and know something of the points of discussion raised by critics of to-day.

Old Testament Miracles in the Light of the Gospel. By A. A. Brockington, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 3s. net.)

The writer of this volume interprets the Old Testament miracles in the light of St. John's description of the gospel miracles as 'signs,' 'teaching deeper truths than meet the eye.' From this point of view there is much that is sound and

valuable in the author's presentation of his case; but no discussion of the subject can be considered satisfactory that rules out questions of criticism; nor can we acquiesce in the judgement that the acceptance of miracles is wholly conditional on moral vision, and that our modern scientific discoveries and enlarged conceptions of nature do not really affect the issue. Are there not scores of devout souls who are morally disposed to accept Christ's claims, while questioning the historicity of miracles and perplexed by the consideration that the reporters of the 'signs' may themselves have been inclined to attach more importance to the external phenomenon than to its spiritual message and significance? The fact is, the question of the miraculous, particularly in the Old Testament, is largely a question of evidence; and in estimating evidence it is impossible to overlook the mental idiosyncrasies of the writers, their allegorical and figurative style, their pictorial orientalism and other conditions of authorship. Nothing can be gained—much is lost—by ignoring such considerations. For example, in his defence of Balaam's talking ass as an historical fact the writer asserts as a parallel that with Jesus it was not a thing incredible that the lifeless stones should cry out in order to praise God. We venture to think that no one would regard our Lord's phrase as other than purely figurative, and that the author has not attached sufficient weight to the possibility that a parable may easily crystallize into a miracle in the modes of presentation adopted by the Old Testament writers.

New Light on the New Testament. By Adolf Deissmann.
Translated by L. M. Strachan. (T. & T. Clark.
3s. net.)

The almost romantic story of the light recently shed upon the language of the New Testament by the discovery of ancient documents in Egypt and elsewhere has now become generally familiar. The papyri which furnish the greater portion of the material in question are 'the remains of ancient rubbish-shoots,' and are mostly non-literary in character, including leases, receipts, marriage-contracts and other legal forms, together with a mass of private letters on the most miscellaneous topics. The chief 'find' of recent years was at El Fayoum in Middle Egypt in 1877, but the process of discovery is still going on, and there seems to be hardly any limit to the wealth of material thus being opened up for modern scholarship. Dr.

J. H. Moulton has done more than any one in this country to bring home the significance of these discoveries and their importance for the study of the New Testament. But Professor Deissmann of Marburg, whose *Bible Studies* were published shortly before Dr. Moulton's Prolegomena to his *New Testament Grammar*, is an able coadjutor in the same field, and the two together ably represent a school of Hellenistic students who are probably the forerunners of a new era. The volume before us bears witness to this in its graceful dedication to 'James Hope Moulton, Grammatico Patre Digno.'

An English reader could not have a better introduction to the subject than this volume, furnishing as it does a brief but sufficient account of the bearing of these discoveries upon the vocabulary and grammar of the New Testament. It contains a series of lectures delivered at Frankfort in 1905 and re-published in the *Expository Times* a few months ago. Some of the chief conclusions reached by Professor Deissmann are that the New Testament is written in a non-literary, colloquial language, and that the greater part of its contents should be read not as artistic but as popular literature. A study of these texts shows us further, according to Dr. Deissmann, that the great movement which is described as Primitive Christianity was essentially religious in the sense of being non-theological and pre-dogmatic, and that if we would understand St. Paul as well as the Evangelists, we must lay aside the elaborate doctrinal systems which have been superimposed on the original foundation, and realize the living religion which had fixed its roots in the lower social strata of the time. 'The New Testament became the Book of the Peoples, because it was first the Book of the People.'

This fascinating study is only in its infancy. It is too soon yet to draw wide and far-reaching generalizations. The first work to be done is to collect, master, and arrange the material that is rapidly accumulating. Then slowly, a step at a time, the grammarians of the New Testament must show the bearing upon exegesis of the multifarious records on stone, papyrus, and potsherds which are rapidly being reduced to order and made to yield their evidence to the meaning of St. Paul and St. John. We look forward to the publication of Dr. Moulton's *Grammar* as marking an important stage in this process. A thesaurus, such as is sketched by Dr. Deissmann, will form another essential feature; we believe that he him-

self has a lexicon in preparation. Meanwhile, however, glimpses are being afforded us of new light already shed upon many familiar phrases in the sacred records, and those who would understand the whole subject as far as at present is possible cannot do better than study Professor Deissmann's interesting lectures as revised in this volume.

Old Testament Problems. By J. W. Thirtle, LL.D.
(Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

Dr. Thirtle's name is chiefly known as the originator of an ingenious theory in relation to the titles of the Psalms. He claims to have proved that the contents of the superscriptions are literary, and that the liturgical matter contained in the titles should be understood as subscript and belonging to the psalm immediately preceding. Dr. Thirtle proceeds in this volume to investigate kindred problems in the Psalms and in the book of Isaiah. Beginning with the 'Songs of Degrees,' or 'Ascents,' he claims to show that this much-discussed phrase refers not to the return from Babylon, nor to the annual pilgrimages to the Temple, but to Hezekiah, who was styled a 'Man of Degrees' on account of his remarkable restoration from sickness, recorded in Isaiah xxxviii. Fifteen years were then added to the king's life, and the shadow went back fifteen degrees upon the dial. So the fifteen psalms, cxx-cxxxiv, are named from this incident, and should be read in the light of the history of Hezekiah's times. From this point the author proceeds to urge that Hezekiah was a much more important personage, especially as regards the literary history of Israel, than he has usually been reckoned. Dr. Thirtle holds that an important compilation of psalms was carried out by this king and the assistants, described in the book of Proverbs as 'the men of Hezekiah.' Indeed, if we are to follow Dr. Thirtle, the whole book of Isaiah is only to be interpreted in the light of Hezekiah's personality. It is his portrait, as the prototype of a suffering Messiah, that is painted in Isaiah liii, and the three chapters, xxxvi-xxxviii, form a link between the two parts of one great prophecy of which Hezekiah is the real centre. He is the hero of '2 Isaiah' throughout, the name 'Cyrus,' in chapters xlv and xlv, being a later interpolation.

Such is a very bald and inadequate account of a carefully written and interesting volume. Dr. Thirtle is very far indeed, in our opinion, from having made out his case. His theories

run right in the teeth of some of the chief conclusions of modern criticism, and, even as stated by himself, they bristle with difficulties and incredibilities. None the less, in the course of these investigations valuable light is shed upon many points in the history of Old Testament literature. Much is to be said in behalf of an earlier date for many of the psalms than current criticism is disposed to admit, and Dr. Thirtle throws out some important suggestions upon this subject in the course of his discussion. But his main theses are based upon conjectures, some of them very ingenious as hypotheses, whilst others can only be described as fanciful. If he is right in half of what he here claims to have proved, history of the Old Testament canon, as sketched by modern criticism, will have to be re-written.

Sermons on Several Occasions. By the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. First series, consisting of fifty-three discourses, published in four volumes in the year 1771: to which reference is made in the trust-deeds of the Methodist chapels, as constituting, with Mr. Wesley's *Notes on the New Testament*, the standard doctrines of the Methodist Connexion. (The Methodist Publishing House. 3s. 6d.)

This new edition of Wesley's sermons is everything that could be desired in the way of cheapness and excellence, and the sermons themselves will never be out of date. The oftener they are read the more will they be admired and prized, both for their substance and their style. In doctrine they are so consonant with reason, Scripture, and experience; in style they are so simple, clear, and natural; in argument they are so cogent, in illustration so apt and varied, in spirit so affectionate, in tone and taste so irreproachable, in appeal so searching and persuasive, in exposition so learned, sensible, and discriminating, in grasp of the essentials of the Christian religion, and in wise insistence on the parts of Christianity that are fundamental and unchangeable, so remarkable, that they are as fresh, as opportune, as interesting, as nourishing to mind and heart and soul as they have proved to the multitudes in every quarter of the globe who have been wise enough to make them the staple of their extra-scriptural reading. The new edition has an admirable index. This will be a boon to students, and to careful readers. The 760 pages of which the volume consists are printed in clear type on excellent paper. In form, as well

as in contents, it may be commended to all who do not yet possess this rich compendium of common-sense and scriptural divinity. It is surprising how few things there are in it to which the newest theology would take exception. As in Scripture, there is in it a beautiful blending of the doctrinal and the ethical, of the experimental and the practical. A world-wide revival of scriptural holiness could hardly fail to result from a general reading of these priceless masterpieces of experimental and practical divinity.

The Symbol of Methodism. By H. M. Du Bose, D.D.
(Nashville: Smith & Lamar.)

The title of this volume will hardly be understood by some readers on this side of the Atlantic. It refers to the twenty-five Articles which form the doctrinal standard of the Methodist Churches of America, abridged as they were by Wesley from the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Considerable discussion has taken place of late, especially in the M. E. Church South, as to the desirability of preparing a world-wide Methodist creed. Those who advocate this somewhat bold step point out what they consider to be the utter inadequacy of these Articles for the purpose for which they are now used, and the need of a modern, timely, and effective declaration of what Methodists throughout the world do now actually believe. Dr. Du Bose, without taking any decided part in this discussion, furnishes a valuable contribution to it by giving a carefully prepared account of what these Articles of faith are, as regards their origin, history, authority, and uses. He has read widely, and uses his learning with judgement and skill. The work which he has undertaken needed to be done, and he has done it well. The book will, of course, be chiefly useful in America, but it is full of significance for British and other Methodists. Bishop Hoss writes an appreciative introduction to it.

Studies in the Character of Christ. By Charles H. Robinson. (Longmans. 6d. net.)

The publishers have done well to issue in a cheap form this admirable and brightly-written apologetic, which sets forth the character of Christ as the final argument for Christianity. The value of the book lies in the frank and successful treatment

of the objections that have been raised in relation to the gospel-portraiture of His unique Personality; and we can heartily recommend Canon Robinson's studies to those who have been disturbed by modern attempts to level down the human character of our Lord and to depreciate His claims. The chapters are excellently adapted for thoughtful young people just awakening to the difficulties of the Christian faith and especially the problem of Christ's Person. Local preachers and others engaged in Christian work will find here a model of instruction and an example of how to deal effectively with common objections to Christianity.

The After Life. By Henry Buckle. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Buckle aims at proving from Scripture the doctrine generally known as 'the larger hope.' He holds that Hades is divided into many spheres, that in the intermediate state sinners have further opportunities of repenting and being saved, that there is preaching of the gospel in Hades, that there will be a pre-millennial advent of Christ and a personal reign of the Lord upon earth, and that those who are condemned at the Last Judgement as unfit for eternal life will be finally blotted out of existence. Passages of scripture are copiously quoted, and the opinions of many writers and commentators are adduced in support of the doctrines advanced; but whilst the general aim and spirit of the writer are excellent, his handling of Scripture leaves much to be desired.

The Book of Esther. By Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

This forms the latest addition to the Old Testament section of the *Cambridge Bible for Schools*. The introduction is a very lucid piece of work, and treats frankly and fully of such points as date and authorship, the place of Esther in the canon, and its value as forming part of a divine revelation; while the notes briefly but adequately discuss all points in the text on which the average English reader requires guidance. The apparent absence of the religious element in the story cannot be better explained than by the late Dean Stanley's words, which Dr. Streane quotes: 'The name of God is *not* there, but the work of God is.'

The Call of the Father (Wells Gardner, 1s.) is the title of the Bishop of London's Lenten addresses in East London. Those delivered in the afternoon were on the attributes of God, those in the evening showed how God speaks to the heart and conscience, and what response God's child should make to the call of the Father. The simplicity and point of the addresses make them very effective. Dr. Winnington Ingram knows what life at the East End means, and his words are wise and forcible. The 'answers to questions' will be of great service to all who are working among the masses. It is a valuable and timely book.

The Autobiography of a Soul, by James M'Cann, D.D. (F. Griffiths), is the meditations of a man of seventy-eight who has lived his life and is facing the future with a strong confidence that 'neither in substance nor in form, I am destroyed by death.' 'Am I to go on working, toiling, suffering, struggling onwards, upwards, heavenwards, all my life, to sink at last into nothingness without one bright beam of hope? In such a case, what an intolerable curse would life be! What a break in the order of the universe—the greatest lie in all creation!' Many will be grateful for the ripe wisdom and quiet faith of this little book.

Timely Topics Touching Life and Character. By John Wilkinson. (H. R. Allenson. 1s. 6d.)

Twelve excellent addresses on such subjects as character building, temptation, Sabbath observance, Christian consecration. There is no attempt at display, but everything is clearly and persuasively put.

The Secret of Genesis. By George St. Clair. (Francis Griffiths. 5s. net.)

Mr. St. Clair describes his book as 'An astro-religious record,' and endeavours to bring out 'the long-concealed meaning of the figurative descriptions' in Genesis. He says the Hebrew legends of the Creation, Fall, and Flood have their parallel in the legends of other nations, and thinks that he has found the key which unlocks the Bible realm of allegory. It is 'the outline of early religious effort to discover the laws of heaven and the seasons,' and 'marks the stages of ecclesiastical dealing with the calendar—the basis of ritual and worship.'

This is the very ingenious theory of a clever scholar, but it is a 'romance' after all. Mr. St. Clair says that on his interpretation 'modern science does not come into question in considering the narratives of Genesis,' but we very much prefer to deal with any problems raised by science rather than to accept the strange unfolding of the book which is here presented.

Jesus of Nazareth No More. By Austin C. Rose. (Robert Culley. 1s. net.)

This attractive brochure, with its rather startling title, is sure at once to capture the imagination of young people. It is a vivid resetting of the Gospel story of the life and death and resurrection and ascension of our Lord. The elders will probably prefer the narratives as they stand in the Gospels; but the juniors will be both attracted and impressed by this new, realistic, and imaginative way of telling the familiar and glorious tale. The author is more successful in depicting scenes and situations than in reproducing the locutions of the people whom he introduces in his 'Story of Crowds; of Lost Spirits; and of His Friends.' Indeed, in straining after originality, he has often made the crowd speak more like a Hyde Park congregation on a Sunday evening than the multitude in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion; and at least once he makes our Lord anticipate the centuries and talk like this: "'Sir," said He, "fulfil your functions as teacher! Why prepare futile theses on exact meanings of the law when men need daily to be reminded of its obvious meaning? Therefore a peacemaker is greater than a philosopher."'" The chapter on the Resurrection is the most delicately beautiful; that on the Ascension the most impressive and suggestive. The book throughout displays rare qualities of mind.

Mr. Culley has published a new edition of the choice little *Helps Heavenward* (Second Series). They are very neatly got up in cloth covers with gilt edges (1s. 6d. net). The six volumes are *Saints of Christ*, by T. F. Lockyer, B.A.; *Visions of Sin*, by J. Hope Moulton, M.A., D.Litt.; *Ten to One*, by J. A. Clapperton, M.A.; *The Bramble King*, by Mark Guy Pearse; *The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul*, by J. T. L. Maggs, D.D.; *The Things Above*, by G. G. Findlay, D.D. There is pleasing variety in the subjects and treatment, but each volume bears the severe test to which the title of the series subjects it. Much food for thought, much real help for the spiritual life, is to be

had here. To keep the set at one's side will give easy access to a shrine where the heart is drawn insensibly toward everything that is lovely and of good report.

Great Texts of the Old Testament. (Robinson. 3s. 6d. net.)

The texts are well chosen and well handled by eminent preachers. It is a book that will be welcomed by many.

The Glories of Jesus: Readings for a Month. (Nisbet & Co. 1s.)

This is a beautiful little book full of reverence and very suggestive. Mr. Harper is Rector of Hinton-Waldrist, and this book will have as warm a welcome from devout readers as *The Year of Our Lord*, which he published some time ago.

The Testimony of the Sacred Writings concerning the Nature of Jehovah-Jesus (Stock, 1s. 6d. net) is an aid to faith which many will find of service.

Crux Crucis: The Problem of the Atonement, by Melville Scott, M.A. (Harrogate: T. Ackrill). A pamphlet directed against the substitutionary theory of the Atonement, and in favour of what is generally known as the 'moral' theory.

The New Theology, by the Rev. W. Lieber (R. & T. Washbourne). A refutation of Rev. R. J. Campbell's doctrines, from a Roman Catholic point of view.

International Journal of Apocrypha, No. 10, July 1907, contains an interesting note on the 'Methodist Hymn-book and the Apocrypha.' The writer congratulates the editors of the Hymn-book on their references to the subject in their index, but it does not follow that they sympathize with all the views of 'the lovers of the holy Apocrypha.'

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

The Revival of Religion in England in the Eighteenth Century. By John S. Simon. (London: Robert Culley. 3s. 6d.)

NOTHING can be more fitting than an arrangement by which the author expounds the genius of the Church over which he is honoured to preside, and which he has studied and served with life-long affection. It is no flattery to say that the work is in every way worthy of the writer's position and of the subject. The last thing that could be said of it is that it is commonplace. On the contrary, the work is distinctly original in plan and treatment. The aspects in which the subject is presented are fresh and fascinating. It is the origins of Methodism which are dealt with. 'The Revival' itself does not come up till the eighth chapter. The previous chapters are devoted to the exposition and illustration of the antecedents of the Revival. There is a definite plan running through the work, although this is not made clear in the Table of Contents. The first chapter, under the rather bare heading 'Religion,' describes the characteristics of the New Testament Church, to the experience and practice of which Methodism aspired to return, as other communities had sought to return to its doctrinal creed. Of that earliest age Forgiveness and the New Birth of the Spirit were the dominant notes, although a decline soon followed. The next three chapters show how this ideal was lacking in all the English Churches of the eighteenth century, the social, moral, and religious condition being briefly but effectively sketched. The very success of Methodism is proof of the existing degeneracy, for otherwise reformation would have been needless and impossible. The three chapters which follow are perhaps the most striking in the volume, dealing with the religious antecedents of Wesley's work. They show plainly that, despite the general decadence, a remnant was left; vital religion was not extinct. The work of the early Friends alone affords evidence of this. All through the reigns of Charles II, James, William, and longer, this spiritual life organized itself in the 'Religious Societies,' the aims and results of which are described in the work of Dr. Woodward, to which ample

reference is made. Not only in the use of the term 'Societies,' but in the spirit and the methods used, these efforts to some extent anticipated Wesley's work. Still more clearly the work of preparation is traced in the 'Dawn of the Revival' in Wales and in England, in the former case in the labours of Griffith Jones, Daniel Rowlands, Howell Harris, and Howell Davies, in the latter case George Whitefield being the prominent figure. The likeness in the experience, preaching, and success of the Welsh evangelists is close indeed. Whitefield's work, again, in and around Bristol is a striking anticipation of the greater career of Wesley. Whitefield was driven into the streets and fields by his exclusion from the churches. How reluctantly Wesley followed his example is well known. The non-dependence of his work on the Established Church is convincingly shown. Anglican writers, like Canon Overton and Mr. Relton, have said the same. They write, 'It is purely a modern notion that the Wesleyan movement ever was—or ever was intended to be, except by Wesley—a Church movement.' Dr. Rigg says, 'Methodism, as an organization, was altogether outside the Church of England during Wesley's own lifetime.' Mr. Simon adds, 'It is well that the "purely modern notion" should disappear. It tends to obscure the real character of Wesley's work. The direct influence of the work on the Church was slight. Wesley's sphere was the nation. He went out to the multitude.' The story of his conversion under Moravian guidance, Peter Böhler being the Ananias to the modern Paul, is told again with great freshness and force; and then the mighty career of evangelization, for which all that had preceded had prepared the way, is briefly illustrated. Within its limits, the work is admirable in its unity of plan and suggestiveness. We hope that the President's lead will give fresh stimulus to the study of Methodist origins and history.

Studies of Political Thought from Gerson to Grotius.
1414-1625. By J. N. Figgis, M.A. (Cambridge
University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

These Birkbeck Lectures were delivered in Trinity College in 1900. Mr. Figgis has read much on his subject in the interval, though he finds perfection farther off than ever. He quaintly claims that he has made no conscious effort to be dull, though he is dealing with 'a literature without charm, or brilliancy, or over-much eloquence, voluminous, acrid, scholastic

for the most part; dead, it seems, beyond any language ever spoken. Dust and ashes seem arguments, illustrations, stand-points, and even personalities.' Yet this unpromising literature materially assists us in understanding the common facts of to-day. Mr. Figgis's studies have confirmed his opinion as to 'the absolute solidarity of the controversies of our own day with those forgotten conflicts which form the argument of these lectures.' He adds, 'The debt of the modern world to the mediaeval grows greater as one contemplates it, and the wisdom of the later ages less conspicuous.' The aim of the book is to make more vivid the life of our times, and to enable its readers 'to envisage present problems with a more accurate perspective.' One thing is manifest. Political theories must be studied in the light of political conditions. The age of Reformation is not easy to understand, but the growth of political ideas, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is rightly treated as a branch of ecclesiastical history. 'With a few exceptions religion, or the interests of some religious body, gave the motive of the political thought of the period; to protect the faith, or to defend the Church, or to secure the Reform, or to punish idolatry, or to stop the rebellion against the ancient order of Christendom, or to win at least the right of a religious society to exist,—this was the ground which justified resistance to tyrants and the murder of kings; or, on the other hand, exalted the divinely-given authority of the civil rulers.'

The lecture on 'The Conciliar Movement and the Papalist Reaction' begins with the revolutionary decree in which the Council of Constance asserted its superiority to the Pope. That was the herald of the great struggle between autocracy and constitutionalism, and its failure 'either to restrain the Pope permanently, or to further the growth of federalism in the Church, forms the justification at once of the Reformation and of ultramontaniam.' The violence of the Reformation may be condemned, but Mr. Figgis regards the upheaval as 'a catastrophe rendered inevitable by the failure of milder methods. Caution succeeded to physic.' The object of the Counter-Reformation was to save the Church from the scandals which had brought such disgrace upon Romanism, and to a certain extent it succeeded. 'But it did so by increased centralization, and a hardening of temper, alien from earlier movements of reform. The Jesuits made the Papacy efficient, not by developing the variety of national differences, but by concentrating

every power at the centre, and compensating for the loss of their Church in extension by its rigidity of discipline intensively.' In his lecture on 'Luther and Machiavelli,' Mr. Figgis reaches the conclusion that Luther's 'whole system rested on ideas of the relation of laymen to clerics which led him naturally to exalt the State, and assert the divine and uncontrollable authority of the Prince.' Machiavelli 'explicitly represents that anti-clerical ideal of civil autocracy which has not yet reached its final development; while his conception of the relation of the individual conscience to the development of the community owes much to the greatest of all communities, the Church, and found its fullest political outcome in the practice of ecclesiastical organizations.'

The lecture on the Jesuits shows that they were the real agents of the Counter-Reformation, and partly also of Spanish aggression. Nearly all the early writers of the Society were Spaniards, or Philo-Spaniards. They recognized no universal empire except the Church, no final authority but the Pope. The last lecture on 'The Netherlands Revolt' rightly describes William the Silent as 'the triumphant figure of the latter half of the seventeenth century. The assured independence of the Netherlands is a greater achievement than the defeat of the Armada, or the Battle of Ivry, or the deposition of Mary Stuart. Henry IV sacrificed half of the principles for which he stood in order to secure success; William the Silent sacrificed nothing but his life.' The Netherlands gave modern ideas of liberty that leverage which rendered them effectual, until England carried out the work still more thoroughly. 'The Dutch, indeed, were placed "in the Thermopylae of the Universe"; and, but for their resistance, it is almost certain that European liberty would have succumbed to the universal aggression of Spain, and even England would have been endangered. In the days of their triumph the Netherlands became the University of Europe; if we remove from the first half of the seventeenth century the thinkers, publicists, theologians, men of science, artists, and gardeners, who were Dutch, and take away their influence upon other nations, the record would be barren instead of fertile, despite the great name of Bacon.' The publication of these lectures has been delayed, but they were well worth waiting for. They are eminently judicial and luminous, and furnish many a clue to the interpretation of the past, and to the tendencies of modern political thought.

The Growth of Christianity. London Lectures. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D., LL.D. (A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Gardner was asked to prepare a course of lectures on this subject, but they were never delivered. He decided, however, to retain the form in which he had begun to cast his thoughts, and the result is an interesting and stimulating volume. The first lecture shows that the essential elements in Christianity are to be found in the Lord's Prayer, which centres in the idea of a divine will and its realization in the world. Then we see how this essential mystery of Christianity was brought to bear on the world. The process by which Christ's doctrine as to God and man won its victory is regarded as a kind of baptism, and successive lectures describe the baptism of Judaea, of Hellas, of Asia and of Rome. Dr. Gardner finds no proof 'that Jesus ever tried, consciously, to form a view of His own nature and office, or to discern the future which lay before the society which He founded.' Yet the parables, the seventeenth of St. John, and the Great Commission, all show how deeply He thought about the future of His Church. But the lectures set a reader thinking. 'Jesus completely changed the character of the Jewish Messianic belief, by making the manifestation of the Messiah inward and spiritual instead of outward and material.' 'The Baptism of Hellas' is another great subject. St. Paul was largely instrumental in the adaptation of Christianity to a Hellenistic environment. 'The spirit of Christianity worked in and through him; but he was the conduit, not the fountain.' The work of St. Paul and Philo in this direction, and the struggle which Gnosticism made 'to draw Christianity into the field of philosophy,' are sketched. As a disciple of Maurice and Kingsley, Dr. Gardner hopes that the best side of Hellas may be baptized into Christ, so that morbidity, petty asceticism, and deadness to the beauties of nature and art may be avoided by popular Christianity in England. 'The Baptism of Asia' and 'of Rome' furnish material for two good lectures. The Christianity of the Roman empire adapted itself to its environment, and allowed itself to be corrupted by contact with Paganism. Then we trace 'the hardening and complete organization' of the 'Catholic Church' in the formation of the canon of Scripture, the settlement of the Creed, the materialization of the Sacraments, the formation

of the Order of Bishops, the primacy of Rome, and monasticism. The subject of the eighth lecture is 'The Mediaeval Theocracy.' During the thirteenth century 'in some ways Europe stood as a Christian community at a higher point than it has reached before or since.' But two great foes soon arose against the Papacy—the revival of Greek thought and civilization in Italy, and a more spiritual faith in the north of Europe. Dr. Gardner's description of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation has many points that tempt comment. The closing lecture, 'Christianity and Development,' contains an acute criticism of Newman's views. With all his acumen, he 'does not fully realize that the growth of Christianity was not logical, but biological. It did not progress and conquer through a gradual unfolding of beliefs implicitly contained in the Synoptic, or Apostolic teaching, but by conquest and assimilation of that which was without.' Dr. Gardner's own position is well expressed in his closing paragraphs, from which we cull one passage: 'The kind of religion which can be reconciled with modern culture is certainly not Romanism, as understood at Rome; nor is it sacerdotalism or sacramentarianism in any form; it is a religion which cannot recognize any authority as infallible, whether a book, a church, or a Pope. . . . The moment any authority is recognized as infallible, it becomes a dead weight on the mind and heart, making all free motion impossible, producing hypocrisy and servility.' Many will feel themselves under obligation to Dr. Gardner for a strong and timely book.

Israel in Europe. By G. F. Abbott. (Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

Philo regarded Aaron's rod which budded as an emblem of his race. After twenty centuries of adversity and persecution the comparison still holds good. Mr. Abbott tells the story of the race in Europe from the earliest time to the present day. 'The Jews have been in Europe for a longer period than some of the nations which glory in the title of Europeans. Ages before the ancestors of the modern Hungarians and Slavonians were heard of, the keen features and guttural accents of the Hebrew trader were familiar in the markets of Greece and Italy.' Yet the Jews are in many essential respects as Oriental as they were in the time of the Patriarchs. Mr. Abbott's first chapter, entitled 'Hebraism and Hellenism,' gives a striking

account of Jewish prosperity under the benign rule of the Ptolemies. They occupied almost entirely two of the five divisions of Alexandria. Yet for the most part they remained a peculiar people, separated from Greek and Roman by the invincible barriers of belief, law, and custom. 'The intense spirituality of the Jews was scandalized at the genial rationalism and sensuousness of the Pagan; while the Pagan, in his turn, was repelled by the morose mysticism and austerity of the Jew.' We do not know the date of their first settlement in Rome, but in the time of Pompey the Jews had their own quarter on the right bank of the Tiber. The struggle for freedom in Jerusalem inflamed public feeling against the Jews in Rome, and they had to endure much obloquy and persecution. Time, however, brought relief, and in the first quarter of the third century synagogues sprang up in every important city of the empire. The Middle Ages were for the Jews a time of massacre in France, Germany, Spain, and England. 'There were spells of respite, some of them fairly long, during which the Jew was permitted to live and grow fat.' But these Sabbaths of rest were 'only intervals between the acts of a tedious and bloody tragedy, with a continent for its stage and seven centuries for its night.' Of those dark days Mr. Abbott gives many vivid details. The Ghetto became the Jew's world, where religion was the bond of all 'the scattered members of the great family.' In the latter part of the volume we trace the rise of a new spirit of tolerance. Russia has refused to follow it, and a powerful chapter describes the ill-fortune of the much-enduring race in that empire. The last chapters on Anti-Semitism and Zionism have a present-day interest and importance. The book appeals to all students of Judaism, and, as a picture of the varying fortunes of Israel in Europe for two thousand years, its value is unique.

Israel's Golden Age: the Story of the United Kingdom.

By J. D. Fleming, B.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
1s. 6d.)

This is the latest addition to Clark's series of Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students, and is well adapted for the purpose in view. The reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon are briefly sketched, attention being given at the same time to the motives at work, and to the development of religious life. In an appendix the sources of the history are discussed both

temperately and adequately, while footnotes deal with matters of special interest or difficulty. The paragraphs are numbered, and a tabular analysis of the contents adds to the usefulness of the book in the hands of an untrained student, or of a capable and busy teacher.

Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. With portraits. Two vols. (Macmillan & Co. 17s. net.)

Mr. Godkin's unique influence as editor of the *Nation* has assured these volumes of a warm welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. The earlier part, with long letters about the Crimean War, where Mr. Godkin was war-correspondent for the *Daily News*, might have been shortened with advantage, though there are many good things in it. The real interest of the book begins with Mr. Godkin's arrival in America in 1856. A lively description is given of the electoral methods adopted there, and of Henry Ward Beecher preaching a political sermon. 'I have seldom heard anything more powerful than the terms in which he replied to the attacks of those who find fault with his meddling with the affairs of the world in his sermons.' Mr. Godkin was greatly struck by the 'union of puritanical strictness in doctrine with rowdyish laxity in language and behaviour' which he often met in those days. The negro question was prominent, and not a little light is thrown on the subject. At one place a Methodist Conference was in session. The whole town was in a fever of excitement. 'You can form little idea in the Old World of the important place which these gentlemen occupy in these Western wilds. Through thousands of square miles they are the only known and familiar representatives of the Church, are the only men who can call people's attention away for even one hour from politics, cotton, and niggers. The work of civilization on the South-western frontier is said to be carried on in quite as great a degree by the saddle-bags as by the axe. . . . Without the Methodist preachers, there is no question, a large part of the South-west would lapse into heathenism.'

In 1865 Mr. Godkin founded the *Nation*. As editor, he undertook 'not to produce a paper that would be certain to sell well, but to produce a good paper, one that good and intelligent men would say *ought* to sell, and whose influence on those who read it, and on the country papers, would be enlightening,

elevating, and refining.' Mr. Lowell delighted in the journal, and the stand it took against corrupt practices did much to purify political and municipal life. A charming set of letters from Lowell gives added value to these volumes. Mr. Godkin was an Irishman and a Home Ruler, but England had a large place in his heart. The notes of his visits to this country furnish some pleasing glimpses of Gladstone, Lord Russell, Mr. Bryce, Henry James, and many other notabilities. When he came over in 1889 he wrote to his wife that 'after twenty-seven years it had all the charm of a first visit to a foreign land, combined with that of youthful reminiscences. The order, the neatness, the quaintness, the greenness, the historical association, fresh as I was from the noisy gang on the steamer, fairly intoxicated me. After a late dinner I turned in very, very tired, and, my dear, when I woke at half-past four, what should I hear for a good half-hour but the cuckoo! The cuckoo of my boyhood, not a note of which I had heard for forty years! My bedroom window looks into one of the loveliest English landscapes you can imagine.' There are many things which we wish Mr. Ogden had explained, but we are grateful for the most interesting view he gives of the life and thought of a singularly able, pure-minded, and influential journalist, who has made the United States his lasting debtor by his constant and powerful advocacy of high principle and honest politics.

A Sea-Dog of Devon: A Life of Sir John Hawkins. By R. A. J. Walling. (Cassell & Co. 6s. net.)

Drake's fame has somewhat eclipsed that of his friend Hawkins, but he was one of the sea-dogs of Elizabeth who are enshrined in our history as 'brave patriots and dauntless heroes.' His father, 'old Master William Hawkins,' was greatly esteemed by Henry VIII, and became the richest citizen of Plymouth. He implanted in his two sons a passion for the sea, and when William stepped into his father's place at home, John became a great captain, who cultivated the art of seamanship by the study of mathematics and navigation, and ventured to dispute the empire of Spain across the Atlantic.

Hawkins was not the pioneer in the slave trade, but he saw in it a profitable new branch of business, and no modern scruples prevented him from trying to seize some of the profits which the Spanish and Portuguese enjoyed. The whole thing is hor-

rible, but his own age had no compunction as to the trade, and Queen Elizabeth was quite ready to join him in his ventures. Mr. Walling gives a spirited account of his famous voyages, of the struggle with the Armada, and of his son Richard's great battle in the *Dainty* against a Spanish squadron of eight vessels. Richard Hawkins had only 75 men to meet 1,500, but for three days and nights he bore 'a continual bombardment of great guns and a ceaseless fusillade of musketry. Attempt after attempt to board and take the vessel was beaten off with great gallantry.' The admiral was wounded in six places on the first day, but only surrendered when his ship was sinking, and then on condition that the lives and liberty of all his men were granted. A great story is told in this lively volume.

Methodism in West Africa, by J. T. F. Halligey, F.R.G.S. (Culley, 1s. net.), is fitly described as 'A Story of Heroism.' Mr. Halligey is the only Wesleyan missionary who has served in each of the three districts he describes, and this gives added interest to a workmanlike book. Due honour is paid to the heroic men and women who have lived and died for West Africa, and many descriptive touches help to make clearer the conditions of missionary work on the West Coast. The story sometimes causes one's heart to bleed. On the Gold Coast 'five young lives were sacrificed within less than two years. But the marked success of this sorely-tried mission kept hope and faith unquenched.' Medical science and improved conditions have robbed the coast of some of its terrors, and the Rev. J. D. Sutcliffe is in his twentieth year of service on this field, which is a unique record. The book will be an inspiration to the Methodist Church. It is written with real skill by one who knows the work, and has laboured and suffered to promote its success.

Literary Rambles in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. (Constable & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The writer of this book knows France as few Englishwomen do, and to move about with her from one literary shrine to another is no mean education in French literature. She begins with Flaubert's workshop at Croisset, three miles from Rouen, where he once spent seven weeks in writing thirteen pages. He told George Sand 'You have no notion what it is to sit throughout an entire day with your head between your hands,

beating your unfortunate brains for a word. With yourself ideas flow copiously, unceasingly as a river. In my own case they form a narrow thread of water. I have herculean labours before me ere obtaining a cascade. Ah! the mortal terrors of style; I shall have known all about them by the time I have done.' Flaubert avoided society, reserving himself for his friends, his niece, and his mother, who loved him with 'the devotion that not only binds, but crushes.' This paper is a fascinating beginning for our rambles. Miss Betham-Edwards shows rare discrimination in her criticisms, and interweaves literature and scenery in a very pleasant fashion. 'The Story of the Marseillaise' helps us to understand why Rouget de Lisle only won one triumph. The contrast between the man and his famous song is almost grotesque. 'On the Track of Balzac' brings us to Limoges, 'the cradle of two exquisite arts.' The enamel is now only to be admired in museums; the *faïence* is to-day one of the most important manufactures in France. Balzac also draws us to Angoulême, gloriously placed on the steep sides of a rocky summit, which runs down to the lovely plain, watered by what Henri Quatre called the 'fairest river of my kingdom.' 'In the Footsteps of George Sand' brings out the novelist's relations to Alfred de Musset. It is not a pleasant story, but it is told with skill and judgement. There is certainly no dull page in this book, and the full-page illustrations add much to its charm.

The Making of a Miracle. By T. W. S. Jones. (Elliot Stock.)

It is difficult to find words to express the sorrow and indignation awakened by the reading of this sadly-fascinating book, in which Mr. Jones, from his vantage-ground as Wesleyan Methodist missionary at Naples, has so vividly described the genesis and development of a great trust for making merchandise of superstition, in connexion with the establishment of an Italian Lourdes at New Pompeii, near the site of the ancient city.

A few years ago Bartolo Longo and his wife, the Countess of Fusco, set themselves to establish at New Pompeii the headquarters of a world-wide organization for the reconstruction of society by means of the cult of the Rosary. Under the patronage of Leo XIII and Pius X this superstition-trust, managed with all the skill of modern company promoting, has thriven

apace, has accumulated enormous wealth, and has thrown a network of influence over the whole Papal world.

The marvels of this Italian Lourdes circle around a fifth-rate picture which was picked up a few years ago in a common dealer's shop. This picture has no artistic merit or archaeological interest, but it has been faked up so as to represent the ideas of Bartolo and his syndicate, and stories have been circulated about its miracle-working power, until the rose-leaves of the flowers with which it has been decorated, nay, the very dust swept from off it, are treasured up and sold to the poor dupes of superstition as having the most marvellous efficiency for healing disease and averting mischief. Like a Hindu idol, the picture is taken about in processions, such as will make the ghosts of the ancient Pompeiian Pagans, if any such linger around the neighbourhood, think that after centuries of oblivion the worship of Demeter has come to life again. Alas that the sacred name of Christ should be associated with such heathenism !

GENERAL

Christianity and the Social Crisis. By Walter Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

DR. RAUSCHENBUSCH is professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary. For eleven years he was pastor among the working people of the West side of New York City, and he has never ceased to feel an interest in their struggles. He approaches the subject of this volume as one who sees that the social revolution threatens to involve a more intense struggle in America than anywhere else. He is heartily in sympathy with reform. A study of the Old Testament prophets shows that they were 'almost indifferent, if not contemptuous, about the ceremonial side of customary religion, but turned with passionate enthusiasm to moral righteousness as the true domain of religion.' 'The Social Aims of Jesus' are then discussed. 'He was the first real man, the inaugurator of a new humanity. His redemption extends to all human needs and powers and relations.' Why has not the Church reconstituted the social life of Christendom? It has done glorious work, but a series of historical causes have paralysed its reconstructive purpose and power. These are discussed in a way that will set many thinking. The section on 'The Present Crisis' is of special importance. The common man has lost his pride and joy in good work. The 'constant insecurity and fear pervading the entire condition of the working people is like a corrosive chemical that disintegrates their self-respect.' A striking illustration of American tyranny is given. An elderly workman, who was run over by a street-car in New York, died in hospital. The company offered £20 in settlement of all damages. They knew they could wear out the family if they went to law, and they therefore refused to give more. The frauds in business, and the moral dangers that beset work-girls, are very forcibly pointed out. This is a book to read and ponder. It will make a deep and, we trust, a lasting impression.

The White Man's Work in Asia and Africa. By Leonard Alston, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 3s. net.)

Mr. Alston has passed the great part of his life in the British dominions over the seas, and in this thoughtful and suggestive essay he discusses the main difficulties of the colour question. 'Events have shown,' he says, 'with irresistible logic that it is with certain nations—our own and others more or less akin—that in the main the schooling of the lower races must lie.' 'We cannot grow while the bulk of the human race is stationary. Either we and they must advance together, or we must be content to forget the idea of progress altogether.' The essay deals with Christian ethics and philosophy in relation to the lower races. Mr. Alston shows that the gulf between fetishism and the Christian view of the relations of God and man is 'too vast to be covered in a single leap. A general intellectual training must go hand in hand with moral and religious training.' The administrative difficulties attending such reformation are next dealt with. In backward countries a suitable environment, intellectual and moral, is needed for the growing mind. This leads to the question, What should be our attitude towards existing institutions which are a hindrance to moral progress and sometimes positively harmful? Difficult problems are handled in a very stimulating fashion. Here is a sentence to think about. 'The religion of the West is no tribal religion, casting aspersions on the less perfect conceptions that other races have formed of man's place in God's word. It no longer looks on Islam or Taoism, Buddhism or Zoroastrianism, as hostile forces, but rather as weak allies, co-operating with itself, however feebly, in the uplifting of humanity.' The book will be eagerly read and discussed in many circles, and not least among those who share the writer's conviction 'that in Christianity we have better gifts to offer than anything that the East can show, and that in taking away the Oriental's faith in baser creeds we shall not in the end impoverish but rather enrich.'

Études Littéraires et Morales. By Gaston Frommel. (Saint Blaise, Foyer Solidariste. 3fr. 50c.)

Few works are more calculated to help young Christian thinkers than are these essays. They are rigidly psychological and philosophical; and in them the author follows each of the writers studied into the inmost recesses of his being. They are

in no sense devotional; nevertheless, there breathes through them the quiet, firm faith of one who has fought his way through.

The death of Gaston Frommel, at the early age of forty-two, is a loss not only to the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, but to all the Christian Churches. His lectures last year in Paris on 'The Psychology of Pardon in its Relationship to the Cross of Jesus Christ' were attended by some three hundred hearers, and threw welcome fresh light on the problem, old but ever new.

The *Études* were written between 1866 and 1900, and comprise Pierre Loti—à propos de 'Mon frère Yves,' H. F. Amiel, Paul Bourget, Edmond Scherer, Léon Tolstoi, Alexandre Vinet, Ch. Secrétan, and César Malan fils. The reader is brought into real, sympathetic soul-touch with each of these authors, and is made to feel the soul-weakness of some of them, and enabled to recognize the soul-strength of others.

One is entranced by the analysis, as well as by the appreciation, of Pierre Loti; the 'impressionist in language,' the pantheist in feeling, 'whose aim is to touch the deepest, the most intimate fibres of the soul'; the exquisite poet-dreamer, whose unconscious pessimistic sadness fills his most beautiful pages. And why this sadness allied with such power to enjoy beauty? Because conscience no longer directs a life which seeks satisfaction only in present enjoyment.

The book is rich in thought on varied subjects, but each author's work is judged by the touch-stone of his practical views of moral obligation.

Amiel is spoken of as depersonalizing himself daily, and of giving himself up to intellectual alcoholism (*l'ivresse de la pensée*). Truth belongs only to those who practise it, not to those who wish principally to think about it. And so in Paul Bourget, whose aim in life is to feel much and to understand much, 'the saddening complexity of his generation took with him the proportions of an acute malady and constituted the habitual state of his mind.' (Paul Bourget has since returned to the Roman Catholic Church.)

The study of Edmond Scherer's fall from faith is of poignant interest, and should be a warning to any who may be tempted to commit the greatest of sins, that of denying the existence of sin, or of in any way minimizing personal responsibility.

Of Tolstoi (to the study of whom he gives fifty pages) he says: 'Tolstoi, in seeking after truth, finds Jesus Christ, but more by the reason and the heart than through the conscience. His seeking was above all mystical and intellectual.' 'Tolstoism is an energetic protestation in favour of the rights of moral life, and at the same time of the supremacy of internal certainty over external or scientific certainty; and this protestation is becoming with us the *mot d'ordre* of the new generation.'

Frommel believed that César Malan fils carried the study, 'the analysis of the fact of conscience,' much farther than did either Kant, Vinet, or Secrétan. 'If ever,' he writes, 'the theology of the conscience, which until now has only furnished critical essays and negative results, is to finish in a constructive system of positive dogmatics, it is to César Malan that it must look.' 'The Christian believes in Jesus Christ by the same faith and for the same reasons for which he believed in duty; he believes in the God of Jesus Christ for the same reasons and by the same faith by which he had believed in the Author, in himself, of duty.'

It is to be devoutly hoped that this most valuable work, as also the *Études religieuses*, by the same author, may be translated into English, and thus introduced to a wider sphere of readers.

A Short History of Philosophy. By A. B. D. Alexander, M.A. (Maclehose & Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

There was a real need for this short history of philosophy, and students, especially those preparing for examination, will find it of very great service. It is cheaper than the valuable volume published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. in 1903, and though it does not touch on Oriental philosophy as that does, and is not so effectively printed, it is a thoroughly reliable and luminous book. It is especially full in modern philosophy, notably on Kant. Mr. Alexander has 'endeavoured to indicate the salient features rather than to give an exhaustive account of the successive systems of philosophy,' and to show the place and influence of each in the evolution of thought. He has naturally devoted more attention to English and Scottish thinkers than is done in the great German histories of philosophy. The closing *résumé* of the progress of recent German, French, and British thought brings the history of philosophy down to our own day. Nothing essentially new has appeared since Hegel.

Our modern philosophers have been busied with criticism of past attempts or with new combination of previous theories. The awakened interest in natural science has withdrawn attention from purely metaphysical questions, and the idea of development has been applied 'not merely to physical things, but to society and history, and the whole mental and spiritual life of man.' Mr. Alexander has an admirable style for such a work, and he has lavished much research upon it. Any one who wishes to have a general survey of the progress of European speculation from the time of Thales down to our own day will find this a book of the highest value and interest. It is singularly comprehensive and complete.

Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. By William James. (Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

There are three classes of books. Books to be read, books whose reviews should be read, and books which ought neither to be read nor reviewed. Professor James's book belongs emphatically to class one. In a few short and delightfully simply-written lectures, the principle of Pragmatism, of which we are likely to hear much in philosophy, is explained in the inimitable style which always characterizes the writing of this great psychologist.

Bluntly put, Pragmatism is an attempt to harness philosophical speculation, which like the zebra wanders wild over many plains, but pulls no husbandman's cart to market. It urges the value judgement—what a thing means, rather than the existentive—what a thing is. The pragmatist asks what practical working difference do our conceptions make upon belief and conduct, for upon this shall they be judged. Hence the future is of more interest than the past for Pragmatism. If, as Prof. James suggests, the Theist and Materialist could both prove their theses, so that 'God,' or 'atoms,' would account equally well for the universe, pragmatically there would be nothing to choose between them, up to this point. It is only when we look ahead that we see the superiority of the theistic explanation which meets our larger and remoter hopes, over the 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes' epitaph of materialism.

The pragmatic view of truth is not less interesting. Truth is not the pale copy of a misty and mysterious absolute. Truth is made truth by its working well. The true is that which will

fit in with our experience. Truth is always in the making, not ready-made, and like the blocks of the child's puzzle, it becomes correct by fitting in its place.

Pragmatism is an ugly name (Mr. Schiller's 'Humanism' is no great improvement), but it will have an important rôle in future philosophy. Messrs. Schiller, Devey, and James will have to be reckoned with. Never since the days of Reid and the 'Common-sense' school, has the philosophy of the study made so close an approach to the philosophy of the street. Pragmatism will not ban metaphysics as useless, nor will it land us into acquiescence with pure relativity, but it may and should be a useful trailing-rope to keep the balloons which venture into the higher altitudes of speculation in touch with the workaday world of common life and experience.

Eversley Gardens and others. By Rose G. Kingsley.
With eighteen illustrations. (George Allen. 6s. net.)

Miss Kingsley's notes in the *Guardian* and *Daily Telegraph* have given great pleasure to lovers of flowers, and this volume will be read with much delight. It begins with the author's discovery of the little meadow where she discerned her land of promise and decided to build a shelter for her old age. She received much advice, on which she pours gentle scorn, but as she had no one to please save herself, she persisted in her plan and bought three meadows, eight acres in all. Here she began to lay out her garden and build her house. Every step in her conquest of the soil is chronicled with details that will guide those who share Miss Kingsley's feeling that gardening is 'one of the best of life's minor enjoyments.' Her garden 'has grown, and still is growing; for why should it ever be finished? Here a bush, and there a tree—many of them gifts from old friends and new—have been planted where they will add to effect or shelter.' When she realized that she was free to work her own sweet will in her new domain it was like an emancipation. 'How one's imagination began to gallop; so that one was impatient for the dawn to come, in order to gaze out of the window and plan new conquests and new adventures suggested in the still darkness. To the hitherto landless, how intoxicating is the possession of land.' Miss Kingsley confesses that she is something of a spendthrift in her garden. She cannot resist new roses, but has never been reckless enough

to go in for bulbs. She has nevertheless indulged in a few hundred bulbs of the cheapest tulips, narcissi and Spanish iris, and winter has never slipped by so quickly and cheerfully as it has done since she began to grow bulbs in peat fibre. She gives a full description of the methods, from which readers may learn how to share the pleasure. As to bird and insect foes Miss Kingsley has much to tell us. She finds the bullfinch a great enemy to her fruit-trees. The way in which one of them almost stripped a damson-tree of its buds showed what mischief these delightful creatures perpetrate under one's very eyes. The sparrow is one of the chief pests. 'It is he who tears every crocus to pieces, who nips the heads off the polyanthus, who eats the peas, who—but I will stop, for long is the list of his iniquities.' The pest of insects is grievous enough to break a gardener's heart, but Miss Kingsley is loud in praise of the Abol syringe, which is the best means of destroying grubs and flies of every kind that she has found. Every part of the volume tempts quotation. We may select a passage from the last chapter on 'Bramshill'—'But if summer is enchanting at Bramshill when the lime avenue is in flower, and the fine-leaved heath spreads a crimson carpet over the ground beyond, and the blue distance shimmers in the hot sunshine, what of spring? Spring at Bramshill is an enchantment when the horse-chestnut spires—earlier here than anywhere else for miles round—show white against the mellow brick of the noble old house. When the may-trees in the dip beyond the cricket-ground are white as snow, among the tender pinks and browns and greens of young leafage on oak and birch, lime and Spanish chestnut, and the ancient crab-trees and wild cherries are in blossom; when the little brown turtle-doves, intent on nests and nestlings, coo and flutter through the fir-forest, whose young shoots show glaucous-green at the point of every bough; or, earlier still, when, down the steep hillside beyond the wood-yard, we come upon

A host of golden daffodils,

covering an acre's space, fringed round with pale primroses below the lofty trees. Is not spring, after all, the most perfect moment of the year?'

This is one of the most helpful and charming books on gardens that we know.

Studia Sinaitica XII: Forty-one Facsimiles of Dated Christian Arabic Manuscripts, with Text and English Translation. By Agnes Smith Lewis, D.D. (Heidelberg), LL.D. (St. Andrews), Ph.D. (Halle), and Margaret Dunlop Gibson, D.D. (Heidelberg), LL.D. (St. Andrews). With introductory observations by Rev. Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, Litt.D. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

The subject of this sumptuous volume will hardly recommend it even to readers whose mental pabulum is a good many degrees tougher than *Tit-Bits* or the latest novel. Probably the man in the street will regard the title-page as more likely to interest him than the rest of the volume. It tells of the latest work of the learned ladies of Cambridge, Mrs. Lewis, discoverer of the most important treasure with which New Testament study has been enriched for a century, and her twin sister and partner in research. Their discoveries in recondite fields have been recognized with honorary degrees—even in divinity!—from ancient Universities of Germany and Scotland, by way of emphasizing the antediluvian restriction which forces Cambridge herself to deny degrees to women. The present work is, of course, not meant for the general public. In the introductory essay Prof. Margoliouth gives an account of Arabic calligraphy, and tells us how the fanaticism of Islam made Christian Arabic of necessity a separate species. One sentence arrests us: 'Ibu Khaldūn notices that men often intentionally imitated the bad writing of a saint, hoping to be spiritually benefited thereby.' One is disposed to wonder whether a similarly perverse worship of Westcott or Stanley was ever responsible for bad language in the post-office and the printer's composing-room!

The body of the book consists of forty-one admirably executed photographs of Arabic MSS., to which precise dates can be assigned. Each is transcribed in Arabic and translated, and the date given. It is obvious that to the student of Arabic MSS. this dated series of facsimiles will be an invaluable guide; while the rest of us are left to rejoice in the self-sacrificing labour of scholars, most of whose work can never reach the public eye, and the enterprise of the great University Press which publishes researches so entirely free from any danger of 'paying.'

Points of Church Law, and Other Writings Illustrative of the Law of the Church. By Clement Y. Sturge, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Sturge's volume appeals both to clergymen and lawyers. He is himself a barrister, and his 'Points' appeared in the *Guardian* in 1900-3 as answers to clerical correspondents. They are here arranged under the headings: Baptism, Marriage, Burial, Vestries, Churchwardens, Churchyards, Easter offerings and Visitation fees, General. The first case is that of a child baptized two months after birth. The baptism was not entered in the register. What can be done? No prudent person would venture to tamper with the register, even by way of remedying omissions, and such an entry would have to be signed by the person who performed the rite, who may be dead or removed to a distance. The best way seems to deposit a statutory declaration of the fact of baptism attested by the parents and others in the diocesan registry. That will show the matters with which this volume is concerned. The references to legal decisions are given with much clearness, and the discussion is eminently judicial and helpful. Mr. Sturge gives a summary of the arguments used in regard to the confirmation of Dr. Gore's election to the bishopric of Worcester, but he does not print the judgements, and this leaves the case as it were in the air.

Two articles on the constitutional position of the Church of England in relation to Parliament and the Privy Council, attempt to defend the High Church position, though many will pronounce this defence unsatisfactory and unconvincing. Then we have a summary of the principal judgements relating to the Ornaments of the minister and the church during the last sixty years, and an historical and liturgical account of the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh and Queen Victoria. It is a timely volume, and one of great weight and learning.

Life's Eventide. By Robert P. Downes, LL.D. (Robert Culley. 3s. 6d.)

This is the most beautiful, and we believe it will prove to be one of the most useful, of Dr. Downes's books. It is full of sympathetic insight into the experiences of the aging and the aged—into their hopes and fears and manifold regrets; and it brings to them in beautiful and tender words the consola-

tions and the inspirations of nature and of grace. The writer has felt the pathos of the autumn, as well as the brightness of the springtime and the gladness of the summer, of life, and in these delightful papers he seeks to impart to its winter a consolation and a charm. So far as we know, the work is unique. References to old age, of course, are frequent in all literatures, and many of the choicest of these, in prose and in verse, have been woven into the texture of Dr. Downes's pages; but with the exception of Cicero's *De Senectute*, we do not remember any other treatise, ancient or modern, devoted to the subject. How comprehensively and how helpfully the subject has been treated may be gathered from the 'contents,' which include Growing Old, Age and Decay as the Law of Nature, How to be Happy though Old, The Duties of Age, Growing Old Beautifully, Religion and Eventide, The Inevitable Transition, The Heavenly Life, &c. The volume, which is beautifully bound and printed, and contains as frontispiece the famous picture by Fred Walker in the Tate Gallery, entitled 'The Harbour of Refuge,' will make an appropriate and much-needed gift-book for those around whom falls the eventide, and for whom not too much is done to make it bright.

The Strength of Nations. By J. W. Welsford, M.A.
(Longmans & Co. 5s. net.)

This is a 'new impression' of a volume of great present interest. It gives a careful study of the fiscal question in the light of European history from the beginning of the Christian era. Mr. Welsford finds ample justification for the opinion that 'In an economic union of the British Empire, tropical raw material will be linked to British industry, and the new combination will have no need to fear foreign competition.' His argument is luminous, and the conclusion is based on a comprehensive survey. It is certainly a volume that will furnish readers, whatever their fiscal opinions may be, with ample food for thought.

The printing of the *Proceedings of the Conference on the Teaching of Hygiene and Temperance* (Bâle, 2s. net) in a neat, well-printed volume, will do much to promote the objects for which the Conference was held. Speeches and papers describe the teaching of temperance and hygiene in the schools of

Ontario, in Australia, in New Zealand, in France and in other parts of the world. And the discussions which follow are stimulating. Sir Lauder Brunton claims that such teaching 'would lessen the expenditure on perishing or crippled children, on hooligans, criminals, and wastrels, on those too weak to accumulate through life for their old age.' Readers of this book will certainly agree with him, and will be thankful that more attention is being paid to a subject of vital importance.

Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, and *The Pilgrim's Progress* have been added to the *Cambridge English Classics* (4s. 6d. net). Dr. John Brown has edited the text, and the volume is very neatly got up. Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* and *The Holy War* appeared in an earlier volume of the same series.

Round the Horn Before the Mast. By A. Basil Lubbock. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a cheap and well-illustrated edition of one of the best books ever written on the life of a common sailor. Mr. Lubbock sailed from San Francisco to Liverpool, and his description of the voyage is full of movement and incident. The account of a great wave that nearly swamped their ship is very exciting. The book is full of things that a landsman is eager to know.

Bridgetstow (Culley, 3s. 6d.) is the best story Mark Guy Pearse has given us. The scene is laid in the Delectable Duchy, and the kindly humour and catholicity of the writer come out at every turn. The Methodist farmer and the parson who cultivates his own land are a splendid pair, and the discussion of various points of their creeds gives Mr. Pearse scope for much timely and wholesome teaching as to what true religion means. The story of 'A Li'll Angel' is very touching and beautiful, nor can we overlook Mary Melhuish and the wonderful rescue of the shipwrecked crew. Every incident and character seems to be painted from the life, and the literary deftness and grace of style make the book altogether charming. It does one real good to read it.

The Enlightenment of Olivia, by L. B. Walford (Longmans, 6s.), describes the awaking of a young wife who is self-centred and selfish. She has a noble husband, and his

loving patience wins its reward, though Professor Ambrose nearly spoils two lives. It is a story with a healthy tone, and teaches a good lesson in a way that will make an impression.

Deborah of Tod's, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Smith, Elder & Co., 3s. 6d.), is a cheap edition of a very attractive story. Deborah is a Devonshire beauty, farming her own land. In a kind of hero-worship she marries an old general, who had once commanded her father's regiment, and bears herself bravely under the troubles that thus come upon her. She has her reward at the end of the story, and no woman was more worthy of her good fortune. It is a really bright and entertaining book.

Me and Myn. By S. R. Crockett. (T. F. Unwin. 6s.)

We have never seen stamp-collecting made the basis of a story such as this, and though there is much boy-and-girl fun in it, together with a store of information about rare stamps, all sounds rather far-fetched. The way the old partnership between Me and Myn is dissolved and a new one started makes a dramatic finish to the tale. The book will be enjoyed by boys and girls, but there is a certain unreality about it which will make it less acceptable to older readers.

The Soul of a Priest, by the Duke Litta (Unwin, 6s.). This is a scathing book. Renato, son and heir of the Marchese Rinaldi, becomes a priest in sheer disgust at the impurity that he sees with horror in his own circle. But he finds the same canker in sacred places, joined with self-seeking of the most unblushing kind. The story describes the way in which the young noble's father and even his cardinal-uncle try to entrap him into sensual sin, but the youth is a kind of Galahad and he escapes every snare. His eyes are at last opened, and we leave him with his face turned towards a happy future. The story is an unmeasured denunciation of Rome, and it has an air of truth about it which makes it painfully impressive.

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1907 (S.P.C.K., 3s.), gives a *résumé* of the stages through which the Education Bill has passed, and full statistics of ordinations, confirmations, parochial work and every kind of information about the Church of England. 'The lack of assistant clergy is being felt more and more, especially in the crowded areas of London and the large provincial towns.' This handbook is compiled with singular care and skill.

Echoes from Oak-Street (Chicago: Donohue) gives twelve summaries of the talk at an American Methodist prayer-meeting. The pastor presides, whilst his people, both men and women, speak freely on science, temperance, theology, and daily living. It is very American, very unconventional, not afraid of a joke, and altogether novel. Some things in it are not in good taste, and some are very crude. Fancy this sentiment uttered at a prayer-meeting! 'When a man richly deserves shooting and needs to be got out of the world, God doesn't call upon a Christian to do the shooting, but allows a sinner, through his natural hatred, to work out His righteous judgements. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."'

British Birds, a new shilling monthly (Witherby & Co.), is 'devoted to the birds on the British List.' Such a magazine has been greatly needed, and the want is now well supplied. The paper is good, the illustrations are effective, and the articles on 'Additions to the list of British birds since 1899,' 'A Study of the Home Life of the Osprey,' &c., are just what an ornithologist will appreciate. The promises of help received by the editor show how much the new publication is welcomed. It certainly makes a very promising start.

We have not seen a more amusing little cat story than *Friskers* (Culley, 1s.), by Marian Isabel Hurrell, and Louis Wain's sixteen coloured illustrations are very funny and very clever.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH.

IN the **Dublin Review** (July-October) there is an article by the editor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, on *Two Views of Newman*, based on *The Mystery of Newman*, by M. Henri Bremond, and *Newman, Pascal, Loisy, and the Catholic Church*, in which he shows that the French book has the advantage in point of style, and the English, in its appreciation of Newman's mind and work. Dr. William Barry has an article on *Roma Sacra*, in which the Roman Church is said to be as essential to the preservation, as the Roman Empire was to the establishment, of Western civilization, and ending with an assertion and a question, 'We owe our civilization to the Pope. Can it survive without him?' Other articles of note are on *Ferdinand Brunetière as Critic and Man of Letters*, by Father Connolly; on *A Modern Theory of Human Personality*, based on the works of William James and F. W. H. Myers, by Father Benson; and on *The Religious Question in France*, by Count Albert de Mun.

If any one wants to know how rich we are, he cannot do better than read the astonishing article in the **Quarterly Review** (July-September), in which British investments abroad are shown to amount to more than three thousand millions sterling, and our annual income from such investments to be double the sum reported by the Inland Revenue Commissioners. In another article Miss Gertrude Leigh concludes that Dante's 'Inferno' is autobiographical, in the sense that there the poet traces the course of his own life-experience from youth to manhood, and, prophetically, from manhood to old age and death. 'This,' says the writer, 'is Dante's own interpretation of the poem, and in the "Inferno" it is pressed upon the reader at every turn.' In a valuable historical paper Miss Toulmin Smith traces the development of the English manor from the early village down to modern times; and in yet another Mr. Edward Clodd makes a most interesting anthropological study, from an evolutionist's point of view, of magic and religion. There is also a centenary article on the novels of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Reginald Lucas, who declines to prophesy as to their future, but who thinks that, in any case, his audience must be limited. 'It must not be forgotten, however, that he was actuated throughout by profound belief in the potency of religion as a factor in all human developments; and this is no fleeting speculation. No doubt his political novels will always be standard authorities upon the condition of England in his day. If he was not herein an inspired guide to the human race, at least he was one of its greatest show-men.'

The article in the *Edinburgh Review* (July-September) on *The Aesthetic Outlook*, is an elaborate study of the works, not of the life, of Walter Pater. His life was that of a scholar and an artist, and was 'essentially private. Such lives, in the reticence and dignity of their simplicity, seem to some of us to claim the privilege of not being written.' The significance of Pater is to be found in his writings, which are here analysed and expounded with patient skill, and with exceptional insight into the recent trend of European art. The paper on *The British Novel as an Institution* is chiefly concerned with the works of Mrs. Gaskell as an illustration of what is considered to be the genius of English fiction, which must be judged not merely or chiefly as an art form, but as an institution in which our ethical ideals are embodied and realized. The parent of the institution, the writer contends, was Richardson, who wrote for a feminine audience; and Mrs. Gaskell is shown to have been true to the tradition of the English school. She 'would never have written a novel which she would not gladly have seen put into the hands of any young girl, and in this she would have been loyal to the spirit and essence' of the national institution. There is also an elaborate paper on William Cobbett, in which, among a multitude of interesting things, it is said that of his works the *Rural Rides* is the most moving and vivid, and his *Advice to Young Men* the most characteristic. Madame Necker is said in another article to have been 'the best educated, but the least cultivated' of the leaders of the famous French Salons; 'the only example of a Protestant' among them, 'and by reason of a catholic liberality of spirit this added to the richness and variety of her salon, which was the largest, as it was the last, of those memorable historical social assemblies which, in company with its predecessors—and more than any—was held directly responsible for the Revolution.'

Incidentally, the Hague Conference has yielded a harvest of statistics in the English Reviews which, whatever may be thought of the inferences made from them, will be of service in many directions. In the *Review of Internationalism* for June, e.g., Lord Avebury calculates that the expenditure of Europe on armies and navies is £400,000,000 a year, and that the debts of the world, chiefly expended on war and in preparation for war, amount to £6,000,000,000. That way, thinks the writer, revolution lies. Sir Robert Giffen, in the *August Nineteenth Century*, dwells particularly on the economic and financial disasters that would be sure to attend upon a great naval war between European powers. Industry and commerce would at once be paralysed, not only in the nations immediately engaged, but in those accustomed to trade with them. One of his inferences is that this country had better spend an additional forty millions a year on the navy than have to spend ten times the amount in the first year of a great naval conflict, 'besides suffering loss of capital by injury to commerce to the extent, probably, of one or two thou-

sand millions.' Another is, that, as no great war among the Powers can possibly pay, and that as it would mean commercial disaster to all, they may well pause before involving themselves in a ruin which no victory could compensate. Our loss by war and by emigration to foreign countries outside the Empire, is compared in an article in the *United Service Magazine* for August by Mr. C. de Thierry. Between 1793 and 1902, he reckons, we have lost 700,000 men and £1,263,593,711 in money through war, and 7,006,261 men and £1,314,442,638 in money through emigration. These seven millions have emigrated since 1853, and Mr. de Thierry estimates that they carried with them £231,209,313. Estimating a quarter of them as able-bodied, and valuing them each as worth £250 to his country, he comes to the conclusion that Great Britain has lost through emigration £1,314,442,638 in fifty years, more than fifty millions more than we have spent in war for over a century. Emigrants to the Colonies and other British possessions have enriched the Empire, and of course are not included in these figures.

Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the August *Contemporary* on the religious education of children is not political, but, if we may so describe it, scientific. He discusses the question from the point of view of the nature and the future of the child. He thinks that their religious education should, for the most part, be indirect, but that it should be continuous. They should be taught to introduce religion into everything, or rather, to be religious in everything. Parts of the Bible should be the main instrument in such education, nor need we be too squeamish as to the parts to be excluded. 'There has been recently a tendency on the part of some Education Authorities to select these manifestly worthy portions exclusively [the Gospels, some of the Psalms, and parts of the Prophets], and to avoid reading the more archaic and so to speak bloodthirsty books, such as Judges, Kings, and Genesis altogether. But these are the parts that children like; and I do not think we need be too squeamish. That which was appropriate to the early stages of the race will be more or less appropriate to the early stages of the individual; and if a child does not understand future literary and popular references to the chief names and events therein recorded his education is lamentably deficient.' Nor is Sir Oliver altogether averse to direct dogmatic teaching. 'Faith and trust in the love and goodness underlying the universe seem to me the most vital and helpful things; these are able to remove a mass of terror and unreasoning suspicion—quite natural to a being rising into consciousness in an immense universe, in which it is helpless, and of which it feels ignorant,' &c.

Early in the nineteenth Victor Hugo predicted that one of the great preoccupations of the twentieth century would be the partition of Africa. This prediction is likely to come true, and, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August, Sir H. H. Johnston forecasts the distribution of the African continent according to races, assigning to the negro, of

whom he has formed a high opinion, most of the tropical regions of the country. 'The negro may have remained undeveloped in mind, but he has for the most part developed a splendid body, and one admirably adapted to the land in which he lives. The negro is going to play a great part in the world's history yet, and we shall be well advised in dealing fairly with him. His domain in Africa is marked on the north by the southern limits of the Sahara desert, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, and on the south by the southern limits of the Zambesi basin, and by the coast-lands of German South-West and Portuguese South-East Africa.' North and South Africa he designates a white man's territory; the Sahara, a home of hybrid races, brown and yellow; the coast a resort for a large Asiatic element; and in the hill countries between the White Nile and the Zambesi there will be white men's colonies. *Nous verrons!*

Review of Theology and Philosophy (September).—The survey of recent Johannine Literature includes notices of works by Prof. Burkitt, Prof. Schmiedel, and Mr. E. F. Scott. The tendency of the writer of this survey runs strongly counter to the traditional view of the Johannine authorship of the Gospel and Epistles. The high praise bestowed on Mr. Scott's book is in any case excessive. Amongst other important works ably reviewed in this number are the last edition of Bousset's *Offenbarung*, by Dr. Muirhead; Shailer Mathew's *The Church and the Changing Order*, by Prof. Mackintosh; and Ballard's *Theomonism True*, by W. J. Ferrar. The critic heartily commends Mr. Ballard's work, especially as regards the controversial part of it. He is not in love with the word 'Theomonism,' and is not quite clear what it stands for.

Hibbert Journal (July).—Two articles in this number discuss the subject of Divine Immanence, Prof. H. Jones dealing with its philosophical side, and Dr. A. M'Giffert showing its relation with 'the Christian purpose.' Both writers point out the serious mistakes into which Mr. R. J. Campbell has fallen in his mode of applying the doctrine of Immanence as a fundamental principle in his *New Theology*. Prof. Royce of Harvard, in discussing personal immortality, comes to the conclusion that 'as an ethical personality I have an insatiable need for an opportunity to find, to define, and to accomplish my individual and unique duty. This need of mine is God's need in me and of me. Seen, then, from the eternal point of view, my personal life must be an endless series of deeds.' Other suggestive articles are *Who is the Christian Deity?* by James Collier, *The Religion of the People*, by Canon Barnett, and *What Are You? The Child's Answer*, by Prof. J. J. Findlay.

The Journal of Theological Studies (July).—In the leading articles of this issue Dr. Sanday writes on *The Apocalypse* and Dr. Swete on *Prayer for the Departed in the First Four Centuries*. Dr. Sanday inclines to the date under Domitian, about 93 A.D., for the com-

position of the Apocalypse; and as to its doctrine, finds in it 'welcome evidence of a line of teaching that is parallel to St. Paul's and that really goes back behind his.' Its Christology is not due to St. Paul's initiative, but is that of the Church Universal. Dr. Swete, in adducing wide and varied evidence for the practice of praying for the departed amongst early Christians during the third and fourth centuries, expresses his regret that the Reformers of the sixteenth century went so far as to exclude this element entirely from the Anglican liturgy. He would favour the use of more than the vague early epitaph *Vivas in pace*, whilst he is quite opposed to the later superstitious developments of the Church of Rome. Prayer for the dead in Christ, that they may enjoy a fuller sanctification of the soul and its reunion with the body, is, Dr. Swete urges, a 'chastened and reasonable' form of intercession which would commend itself to many who dare not be more explicit.

Primitive Methodist Quarterly (July).—Amongst the varied contents of this number some of the best articles are *The Religion of a Child*, by Basil J. Mathews; *Eastern and Western Thought*, by Dr. Jas. Lindsay; *The Development of the Idea of Satan*, by D. T. Mann, and *The Genesis and Genius of Hugh Bourne's First Camp Meetings*, by the Editor. Particularly interesting is Prof. Peake's continued survey of *Recent New Testament Literature*. In this article he discusses some aspects of the Synoptic problem and suggestions as to the re-arrangement of certain chapters in St. John's Gospel. Redpath on *Ezekiel*, Salmon's *Human Element in the Gospels*, and Allen's *Commentary on St. Matthew* are also noticed by Prof. Peake in the reviews of current literature. Such a survey of important books and new biblical theories as Dr. Peake is accustomed to give in this Review will prove very useful.

The Expositor (July, August, and September).—Principal Garvie, in an article on *The Risen Lord* in the July number, does good service by discussing Harnack's famous distinction between the Easter-message of an empty grave, and the Church's Easter-faith in a still living Christ. The indissoluble connexion between the two is not sufficiently recognized in these days, and many orthodox Christians to-day are trying to maintain a non-miraculous Christianity. Dr. Garvie challenges the validity of Harnack's distinction as well as the grounds given for it. The article constitutes a valuable contribution to apologetics. Dr. Iverach writes in the same number an instructive article on *Pantheism*, and Dr. J. H. Moulton continues after a considerable interval his study of the Epistle of St. James as evidence for the earliest form of the sayings of Jesus. Dr. Newton Marshall's article on *The Philosophical Method of the New Theology* is able and timely. This is continued in the August number, which also contains a thoughtful Bible study by Rev. W. W. Holdsworth of Handsworth College on *Faith in the Fourth Gospel*. The September number is an excellent one. We are glad to notice a paper by Rev. J. H. Michael, B.A.,

formerly of Headingley College, on *The Gift of Tongues in the Corinthian Church*. He holds that the Glossolalia was 'an ecstatic spiritual rapture—a state of deep emotion during which utterance was given to sounds not taking shape in the intelligible words of any language.'

The Expository Times (July and August).—Amongst the most notable articles in recent numbers of this useful and suggestive periodical are those on *The Origin and Character of our Gospels*, by the late Dr. Fr. Blass, translated by Mrs. Gibson; *Some Modern Views on the Atonement*, by J. H. Beibitz, and *Recent Biblical Archaeology*, by Prof. Sayce. The writer of the paper on *Jesus as Humanist* is not happy in his title. The object of the article is to show that in our Lord's teaching we have 'a criticism of life based on sympathetic insight,' or a 'psychological concernment that is the condition of vital teaching.' Such an obvious characterization of the words and methods of the Lord Jesus is not improved by being phrased in the jargon of the schools.

Readers of the September number will enjoy *A Zoroastrian Idyll* in verse, by Dr. J. H. Moulton; a suggestive article on *The Theology of the Parables*, by R. M. Lithgow; and Rev. D. Smith's contribution on the meaning of the title *Son of Man*. He views it as a name of scorn, a 'nickname,' given by our Lord's opponents and accepted by Him, enabling Him to show the glory which was hidden under humiliation, the true dignity of the Messiah who was content to bear a name of lowliness and of sympathy with the weak and the despised.

AMERICAN.

Bibliotheca Sacra.—The first article in the July number is an old acquaintance somewhat disguised by the quaint title, *The Genesis of Reginald Campbell's Theology*, by the Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D. The main feature in a somewhat slight discussion of the subject is the attempt to prove that the New Theology is 'old and travel-worn,' by showing that it marks no advance 'beyond what was, in fact, the earliest form of Schleiermacher's *Reden über die Religion*.' The Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle refers to an interview with the editor of *The Hibbert Journal* in which Mr. Jacks is reported to have said that 'the main sources of the religious ferment should be looked for in social conditions, and only in a minor degree in the work of scholars and critics. . . . The higher criticism would have little influence if the social conditions were not favourable to a new development of Christian doctrine.' Dr. James Lindsay's estimate of *The Contribution of Greek Literature to the World's Religious Thought* dwells on 'the propaedeutic' it supplied for Christian teaching, but points out that the Greek religion 'bore to the end the character mainly of nature-religion.' It was because 'neither men nor nations can continuously triumph without religious devotion,' that 'Athenian greatness was unable to survive the loss of living religious faith.'

American Journal of Theology (July).—The series of articles on recent changes in theology in the Churches of America is continued in this number by an anonymous writer who deals with the Protestant Episcopal Church. He sums up an interesting survey by saying that Scripture, the Creeds, and the Prayer-Book are in future 'less likely to be treated as precise and arbitrary forms of contract' and more as 'divine records of the life of God in the human soul and in the world.' They are 'limited as to authoritatively exact expression to the times of their making,' but are valid as symbols needing constantly new interpretation. In other words dogma is making way for doctrinal evolution. Prof. M'Giffert's article on *Mysticism in the Early Church* is very suggestive: a harmonious combination of the mystical with the ethical constitutes one of the distinctive features of Christianity. Other able articles are *Three Conceptions of God*, by Prof. Youtz; *Acts versus Galatians*, by Prof. Bacon, who will not succeed in reviving Baur's view that the difference between 'Pauline' and 'Petrine' principles gives 'the key to the history of Christian origins;' and *Modern Italy and Pius X*, by Prof. Walter Köhler of Giessen.

Methodist Review (New York, edited by W. V. Kelley) (July-August); **Methodist Review** (Nashville, edited by Gross Alexander) (July).—The two leading Methodist Reviews in the United States are the organs of the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South respectively. The former is issued 'bi-monthly'—which must be understood as once in two months, not twice in one month—and the latter quarterly. Both are worthy of the great Churches they represent, and we need not institute any invidious comparison between them. Perhaps the tendency in both, as it is the tendency of periodical literature generally, is to provide less for the thinker and more for the active worker in the Church. Doctrine gives place to sociology and no longer *cedunt arma togae*. Two bishops contribute to the latest number of the Northern Review—Bishop Andrews writing on *The New Testament Method of Law*, and Bishop Vincent on *A Unique Church Club*; whilst Bishop Hoss of the Church South discusses *The Methodist Episcopacy: an Interior View*. Other articles in the New York Review are on *The Problem of the Modern City*, *What our Country Churches Need*, and *English Literature and the Minister*. The Nashville Review discusses such timely practical subjects as *The Church and the Labouring Classes*, *Child Labour, its History and Present Status*, *The Negro Migration in the North*, *The Decrease in the Supply of Ministers*, and *The Sociological Lessons of Genesis*. Both numbers well sustain the reputation of the several Reviews, furnishing lively, vigorous and eminently readable articles.

The Princeton Theological Review (July) deserves credit for ably maintaining the old-fashioned thoughtful and dignified style of theological quarterly. Four articles, covering more than 120 pages,

constitute the body of the number. Prof. Warfield writes on *Augustine's Doctrine of Knowledge and Authority*, W. H. Johnson on *Was Paul the Founder of Christianity?* Prof. Vos on *The Priesthood of Christ*, and Dr. Beaton on *Thomas Boston*. Each of these articles is thoughtful, valuable, and weighty—some would say ponderous. But just as it is refreshing to come upon a preacher who in these degenerate days dare preach more than twenty minutes, so it is delightful to find here and there a writer in a modern review who chooses a theological theme worth careful discussion, and deliberately takes the time and space necessary to do it justice. The fifty pages devoted to notices of current theological literature also contain carefully written and solid articles.

Review and Expositor (Louisville, Ky.) (July).—This Review is edited by the Faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The chief articles in this number are one on *The First Epistle to the Corinthians*, by Dr. Danson Walker, an instalment of *The Story of Missions in Five Continents*, by W. T. Whitley, and an examination into *The Significance of Gnosticism with special reference to the 'Pistis Sophia'*, by Douglas C. Mackintosh. The Gnostic development in the Early Church is compared by the writer to the speculative theology of the neo-Hegelians in our day, and he gives a more favourable estimate of this great spiritual and intellectual movement of the second century than Harnack admits in his well-known discussion of the subject.

FOREIGN.

Theologische Literaturzeitung.—Dr. Krüger (No. 16) includes Dr. Workman's Fernley Lecture on *Persecution in the Early Church* amongst the English works which even German specialists ought not to neglect. True historic insight is said to be manifested; prominence is given to the basal questions, and for thoroughness of research the English scholar is compared favourably with Linsenmeyer, the author of the latest German work on the same subject. The last chapter on 'The Experiences of the Persecuted' is commended for its fullness of treatment, and for its inclusion of interesting information not easily accessible.

The same number contains a lengthy review by Dr. Lobstein of an important work by Dr. Wobbermin. It has the same title as Harnack's famous lectures on *Das Wesen des Christentums* (English translation, *What is Christianity?*) and discusses the same questions, but from a philosophic rather than from an historical point of view. Enough is said of the contents of the work to show that an English translation would find many appreciative readers. In the classification of religions Christianity is assigned the highest place in the group entitled 'Religions of Redemption.' Its differentiating feature is the significance attached to the Person of Christ for the develop-

ment of the religious life in man. The Christian view of the world is described as 'idealistic and optimistic,' not meaning thereby a fanaticism contrary to experience, but a belief that life may be made more and more worth living, and that the world is progressing towards perfection. The criticism of pantheistic monism in its naturalistic and idealistic forms is said to be worthy of special praise. According to Wobbermin the ultimate goal of the universe is 'the evolution of moral and spiritual personalities and their realization of fellowship with God.' It is claimed that this view of the world best harmonizes with facts, though it is not arrived at by methods of investigation and proof recognized by the exact sciences.

Religion und Geisteskultur.—An opportunity to see ourselves as others see us is furnished by Dr. Carl Brinkman's article on *The Philosophy of Religion in England*, which appears in the July number. An unwillingness to allow theory to predominate is regarded as the chief characteristic of the English philosopher. To him breadth is usually of greater importance than depth, and he is probably either a born politician or a born pedagogue. Regret is expressed that amongst us the philosophy of religion has too frequently been treated as a branch of apologetics, and has sometimes been associated with ecclesiastical politics.

The *Hibbert Journal* has been carefully studied. Commenting on Sir Oliver Lodge's statement that neither the educated classes nor the masses are indifferent to religious questions, Dr. Brinkman affirms that the materialistic view of the world is most widely held by the German proletariat. This is not yet the case in England; there is unrest, but there is no such general acceptance, as there is in Germany, of imperfect and premature solutions of the riddles of the universe. The situation is not without its encouraging features, but it calls for the most strenuous efforts on the part of the leaders of thought.

An appreciation is given of the contributions made by English theologians towards the furnishing of religion with a scientific basis. The author's sympathies are with the Cambridge rather than with the Oxford School. High praise is given to the articles by Dr. Tennant and Dr. Caldecott in the volume of *Cambridge Theological Essays* on 'The Being of God in the light of Physical Science and Philosophy.' An interesting article concludes with an expression of opinion that England might, with advantage to herself, emulate Germany in her independence of tradition and in her absolute freedom of thought, whilst Germany would be all the better for more closely imitating England, especially by cultivating a greater sense of reality and by striving after practical ends in all her speculations.

Theologische Rundschau.—In the August number Prof. Bousset reviews recent works on *The History of Judaism*. He makes special mention of the important new discoveries which cast light on the origin and growth of the Jewish Diaspora. Inscriptions on Egyptian

papyri yield abundant proof that there were Jews in Egypt in the second half of the third century B.C. They were probably military colonists. A document which has an important bearing on the antiquity of synagogue-worship has been edited by Reinach. It bears witness to the existence of a Jewish synagogue in Schedia, near Alexandria, in the time of Ptolemy III Euergetes (247-222). The information derived from the Assuan papyri is also summarized. As early as the Persian period (470-411 B.C.) there is now clear evidence that there were Jewish colonists settled in Assuan and in Jeb. In the latter place there was an altar to the god Jahu; mention is also made of a Jewish proselyte. These Jews, too, were military colonists to whom for their services in the Persian army grants of land were assigned.

The growth of the Jewish Diaspora in the post-Maccabean age led to anti-semitic agitations. A clear account of these movements is given in Stähelin's *Der Antisemitismus des Altertums*. He describes the attitude of the Greeks and of the Romans from the time of Hecataeus and of Manetho to the time of Vespasian and of Hadrian. Bousset is not convinced that anti-semitic tendencies appeared so early; he prefers to regard a passage quoted by Stähelin as a later addition to the work of Manetho.

Very interesting is the account of the development of a kind of Jewish Apologetic, designed to counteract these anti-semitic movements, and serving to prepare the way for the work of the Christian apologist in later times. High praise is given to Geffcken's treatment of this subject in his great work, entitled *Zwei griechische Apologeten*. The main lines on which Jewish apologetic moved and the causes of its gradual extension are clearly shown. Philo and Josephus take their proper place in the general movement of thought, and it becomes evident that their attitude and influence can be understood only in the light of the principles underlying the wider evolution. Geffcken brings the Jewish controversy with paganism into close connexion with the polemic of the later Hellenic philosophy against the popular faith. In the study both of Jewish and Christian apologetics the theologian will, in Bousset's judgement, derive much assistance from this work by an expert philologist.

The feature of most general interest in the *Mercur de France* for the last six months has been an International Inquiry on *La Question Religieuse*, in which no fewer than 141 of those who are considered to be representatives of current European thought gave their ideas as to whether the present movement in religious thought and feeling is an evolution or a dissolution. The names of the English writers invited to send answers do not appear to have been particularly well-chosen. With one or two exceptions, they would hardly have been selected by an English jury as representatives of English theology, or as specially placed or qualified to express an opinion as to the trend of religious thought or life. Still, it is interesting to know what such men as Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. I. Zangwill

think on such questions, to say nothing of Mr. E. Gosse, Mr. G. Tyrrell, and Mr. Havelock Ellis. Among continental writers are to be found the names of E. Naville, G. Monod, T. Ribot, C. Wagner, E. Menegoz, G. Brandes, M. Blondel, P. Sabatier, C. Lombroso, D. Merejkowski, A. Fogazzaro, &c., &c. The answers they send are exceedingly interesting, and many of them are valuable; but the upshot of the inquiry is that in religious matters we are witnessing both an evolution and a dissolution—an evolution and a dissolution both of religious thought and of religious sentiment. The subject has evidently appeared to most of the respondents to be too vast and too complex for a categorical reply. From some points of view, and in some particulars, the movement is an evolution, and from others a dissolution. Those who read French would find it worth their while to look up the numbers from April 15 to July 1, inclusive.

In the *Revue de Deux Mondes* (Aug. 15) M. T. de Wyzewa discusses two *New Estimates of Shakespeare*, Tolstoi's and Professor Raleigh's. He notices that, whilst Tolstoi's brochure has been much discussed all over Europe, it has been almost entirely ignored in England. Few of those who have noticed it, he thinks, have taken the trouble to read it; otherwise they would have perceived that it is based on an erroneous diagnosis of Shakespeare's genius, which was poetic rather than realistic. Tolstoi judges the plays from the standpoint of his own theory of dramatic art, and this, says M. de Wyzewa, is as absurd as it would be for a deaf mute to criticize a performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies from the gestures and actions of the performers, and the attitudes and the action of the audience. The mute would leave out of account the music, which is the essential thing in the symphony, just as Tolstoi has left the poetry out of account in his estimate of Shakespeare's plays. The reviewer has formed a high estimate of Prof. Raleigh's *Shakespeare* in the E. M. L. Series. He regards the publication of the little volume as 'a considerable literary event,' and notes in its favour that it has been received with *empressement* in England. It abounds, he says, in valuable information, in erudition, in original reflections, in pretty turns of phrase. It is 'a little subtle sometimes in its diction, but always elegant in its subtlety. Its sole defect is that it offers a sort of essay on Shakespeare in place of the simple biographical and critical study that we should have expected in a volume in this series.' As a whole, it is one of the best books we have on the life and work of the poet. The biographical part, in which the results of three hundred years' research are compressed into twenty pages, is said to be 'particularly good.'

